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What Shall the United States Do About Mexico?

The always delicate question of the relations between the United States and Mexico assumed a new form last week. It was reported that the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries in Mexico had joined in a note to their Governments urging that the failure of the United States formally to recognize the present provisional Government of Mexico was proving a detriment to peace and quiet in Mexico and a source of danger to all foreign residents. As the United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, is unwilling that any other foreign nation should take coercive steps in Mexico, it has a special responsibility, it is urged, for the condition bordering upon anarchy which now exists there. This brings the Wilson Administration face to face with the problem of its relations to Mexico. It will be remembered that our Ambassador to Mexico, Mr. Wilson, almost, as it has been said, before the blood of Madero was dry, urged the Government of Washington to recognize the Huerta régime. Under ordinary circumstances, no doubt, the new Administration would have recalled the Ambassador appointed by the preceding and Republican Administration; but to do so would naturally have been followed by the appointment of a new Ambassador, and that in itself would have been an act of formal recognition. To do nothing is always the easiest thing, but not always the best thing. Mr. Wilson was continued as Ambassador, and the Washington Administration may hold that, as we were still represented in Mexico City, and as our Ambassador there was perfectly willing to carry on relations with the Huerta Administration as being *de facto* in power at the Mexican capital, it could not be said that a special formal act of recognition was demanded. Other nations, however, did so recognize the Huerta Government, and the result was animosity on the part of the supporters of the present Mexican régime. Of late there have followed some demonstrations against Americans, and it has been alleged, although without much evidence, that these have been encouraged by the Mexican Government.

The Question of Recognition

The representations of the diplomats above referred to were followed by something like a remonstrance from at least one European Power—generally reported to be Great Britain. The receipt of this remonstrance at Washington has brought the whole question into an active stage of discussion. Ambassador Wilson was summoned from Washington to report personally at Washington as to the state of affairs in Mexico. There is little doubt that he will urge an act of formal recognition. It may be said, on the other side, that there is no definite principle of international law which makes it a cause of offense for one country not to recognize a new Government in another country within any specific time. It has been pointed out, for instance, that Porfirio Diaz was not recognized by the United States as President of Mexico for nearly a year after he had been so recognized by Germany, and only after a year and a half had elapsed since he proclaimed himself President. England took much longer than this before recognizing the Government set up in Servia after the murder of King Alexander and his Queen. And there is thus resemblance between the present Mexican situation and that which existed in Servia, namely, that in each case the new régime was founded, as it seemed to its enemies, upon treachery and assassination. On the other hand, too much has been said to the effect that for the United States now to recognize Mexico would be a humiliating reversal of its previous policy. A nation has, under international law, a right to select its own time for recognition; the present rule in Mexico is provisional; we are waiting the result of the Mexican Presidential election, which is now expected to take place in October; and it is agreed that the resistance

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to the Huerta Government is not based on its relations to the United States, nor would it cease if recognition were given at once—in point of fact, the armed opposition in the North is so serious that connection by rail with the United States is very much interrupted, while insurrections and conflict exist in different ways in a very large proportion of the Mexican States. But with Americans fleeing the country, other foreigners complaining that life and property are in danger, and no end in sight to the armed resistance offered to the Mexican Government, the time seems near at hand, if it has not already come, when the United States should either definitely recognize the Huerta Government or should withdraw its Ambassador from Mexico and say in effect to European Powers, "We cannot undertake to be responsible for the protection of non-citizens in Mexico, and you may do what is necessary to protect them;" in other words, should to that extent abandon the Monroe Doctrine; or else the United States should vigorously, emphatically, and effectively say to the Mexican Government, "If you cannot protect non-Mexicans in Mexico, we shall have to do it."

Recent Diplomatic Appointments

The President sent to the Senate last week the names of a number of appointees to foreign posts. To Germany he nominated Justice James W. Gerard, of New York City. Mr. Gerard has long been favorably known as a man singularly fitted for such a position, and his nomination, we are glad to say, was immediately welcomed by the German Government. To Austria President Wilson has appointed Mr. Frederic C. Penfield, of Philadelphia. Of all the Democrats named for foreign positions, Mr. Penfield is the only one, we believe, who has seen foreign service. In the first Cleveland Administration he was Vice-Consul to London, and in the second Cleveland Administration he was Consul-General to Egypt, with the rank of Minister-Resident. Mr. Penfield has made a study of international affairs; he is skilled in foreign languages, and is a widely traveled man. The fact that he is also a rich man does not, of course, disqualify him for a diplomatic position, as he happens to be well qualified otherwise. But his wealth has called forth some comment on the part of those who always seek to establish a connection between campaign contributions and subsequent office-holding. As Minister to Spain the President has sent the name of Joseph E. Willard, of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Willard is a lawyer; he saw military service in Cuba; he has been in the Virginia Legislature; and he has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

The New American Ambassador to Japan

If the appointment of a Minister at Peking, the capital of China, is important, the appointment of an Ambassador at Tokyo, the capital of Japan, is very important, in view of the present Americo-Japanese situation. The new Ambassador is the Hon. George W. Guthrie, ex-Mayor of Pittsburgh. Mr. Guthrie is a public-spirited and highly respected citizen; certainly he made a courageous Mayor. We hope that he will make a good Ambassador. Doubtless he would not have been appointed if the President had not been convinced of this. Unfortunately, however, like most of our representatives in China and Japan, Mr. Guthrie has had little, if any, previous experience to fit him to deal with Oriental problems in an Oriental country. The men appointed to the East ought, if possible, to have known it before they start. The threads cannot be picked up in a day. Other Governments realize this, if ours does not. For instance, England has had one Ambassador at Tokyo during the twelve years when we have had six there; and, what is more, Sir Claude Macdonald, the Ambassador in question, went there from another Eastern post. It has been a misfortune that, during all the recent trouble about the Japanese in California, we should have had no Ambassador at Tokyo. To be sure, Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, our *chargé d'affaires* in the Ambassador's absence, is a charming man with abundant tact. But the Japanese, also charming and polite, not unnaturally consider it a sign of amateur diplomacy for our Government to leave such a post vacant at such a time. Under any circumstances, if Great Britain, Germany, and Russia send their ablest and most experienced men to Peking and Tokyo, we should do the same. We need at these posts clear-headed, broad-minded men, both of experience and of imagination.

Dangerous Falsehoods

By the publication of a monthly "Bulletin" of news regarding Japan, the Japan Society of New York is endeavoring to enlighten those Americans whose ignorance of the Japanese

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makes them the victims of the unscrupulous yellow press, which persistently misreports other countries and uses every opportunity to awaken national antagonism and excite race hatred. The headlines in these newspapers are very correctly described as "scare lines," and form a considerable part of the stock in trade of those irresponsible journals to which nothing is of any consequence except the sale of an edition. These newspapers, by unpardonable exaggerations and misstatements, have given many Americans the idea that Japan is filled with excited mobs clamoring for war. The "Bulletin" prints a few specimen headlines taken from these journals that trade on the ignorance of their readers:

"War is Japan's Opportunity for Plunder."
"Japan has Army of 40,000 Ready on Pacific Coast."
"Japan Protest now Amounts to Ultimatum."
"Washington Alarmed by Hostility in Tokio."
"U. S. Reply to Japan drawn up; Fleet on War Basis. Japan in a Deal to Land Troops on Mexican Soil."
"U. S. Rushes Troops to the Pacific; 7,500 in a Year."
"U. S. Replies to Japan: Crisis Near."
"Japan's Last Reply said to be the Most Menacing in Tone."

In this choice collection of "scare heads" there is not one true statement; they are fabrications from beginning to end. To one who knows how they are manufactured in the offices of the journals which print them, they are interesting as specimens of technical skill; the mischief lies in the fact that people who do not know that they are made to order, exactly as cheap fiction is made, take them seriously as news reports. They are news in the exact sense in which Dr. Cook's visit to the North Pole was news.

One Man One Vote in England

We are glad to record that last week the House of Commons of the British Parliament passed the "one man one vote" bill through its third reading. The bill now goes to the House of Lords. The Lords, rather than the Commons, will be most affected by this bill, for most of the great landed proprietors in England are titled folk. Hitherto a man could vote where he had property. Henceforth he may vote but once. In other words, the bill abolishes plural voting based on ownership of property. It is said by some that the number of plural voters is about four per cent of the total electorate. The Lords should take a common-sense view of the situation and retreat from the position of some of them that the number of great landowners in England is so small in comparison with the whole electorate as to have no substantial influence on the result of an election. Perhaps they are right with regard to many elections, but where an election is close that influence might be vital. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the Opposition in the House of Lords can make any really successful attack upon this bill. They may say, and probably will, that there should be no reform in the franchise unless there is at the same time a reform in the distribution of Parliamentary seats. Of course, when one member represents a constituency of, say, two hundred thousand voters, while another, with equal rights in Parliament, represents a constituency of only, say, fifteen thousand voters, there is certainly a glaring need for reform. But, in our opinion, franchise reform should precede redistribution reform, and we trust that the present bill may before long pass the House of Lords and become law.

The Charges of Bulgarian Atrocities

The Bulgarian Government's claim that it did not begin the present Balkan conflict seems disproved, if we may believe the reliable "Journal de Genève," whose correspondent is close to the scene of carnage. When the Russian Emperor offered his arbitration in the difficulty between Bulgaria and Servia, the Servians accepted the arbitration without making any conditions. The Greeks also petitioned for such arbitration. But the Bulgarians made practically impossible conditions. Moreover, when the Servians proposed a simultaneous disarming and demobilizing, Bulgaria replied by demanding that the contested territory, occupied by the Servians, should first be occupied by the Bulgarians. At two o'clock in the morning, chronicles the "Journal de Genève," after the Servian formal refusal, the Bulgarian army suddenly attacked the Servians and Greeks on a long line across Macedonia. The Bulgarian forces, says the "Journal's" correspondent, comprised more than a hundred battalions and about two hundred cannon. The massing of this armed strength on so long a line showed, he says, that the attack had been systematically prepared long before, and that Bulgaria had determined to solve the difficulty with Servia by force. This conviction, he adds, is rein-

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forced by the papers found on the captured Bulgarian officers, as well as by their own declarations. The carnage which followed has been dreadful enough in all conscience; but this is not all. The rumors of Bulgarian atrocities will not down. They began last October, says the King of Greece in a despatch to the New York "Times," when the Bulgarians massacred the men of the villages, outraged the women and locked them in the mosques, which they then set on fire. In the present conflict, if the New York "Times's" account is true, at town after town, the Greek Bishop and other notables were slaughtered and Christian women and girls outraged by those who stood for a Bulgarian type of Christianity. The Greek Government has now protested to the European Governments with regard to these atrocities. As might be expected, the Bulgarian King is not silent under the accusations; he declares that they have been falsely made by Greece with a view to preparing the ground to future territorial claims. He accuses the Greeks and Servians of similar atrocities. Be this as it may, any savagery, only faintly veneered by civilization, whether Bulgarian, Servian, or Greek, will make a deeper impression, we fear, on the civilized world than have all the victories of these nations in their war against Turkey. It is pitiful that the driving of the Turk out of Europe by the Christian nations of the Balkans should be overshadowed by their own covetousness and brutality. Civilization, however, will be slow to judge the Balkan peoples for what may have been the fault of their rulers.

Rumanian and Turkish Activity

The end of the Balkan conflict, however, so far as Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece are concerned, may be already in sight. The Bulgarian Government has at last appealed to the Russian Government to secure a cessation of hostilities. Greece and Servia have proposed as conditions of peace (1) that Bulgaria shall abandon all claims to the territory occupied by them; (2) that she shall pay an indemnity for the expenses of the new war and the damage done to the inhabitants of the towns and villages burned by the Bulgarians; (3) that she shall guarantee the lives and property of Greeks and Servians inhabiting Thrace, and especially that she shall permit the free exercise of religion and education. But this does not solve the whole situation. Rumania has intervened. Her land force already occupies a large part of northern Bulgaria, the advance guard now being within forty miles of Sofia, the capital, and her sea force is blockading the Bulgarian coast. This has been done practically without opposition, the Bulgarian troops, of course, being well occupied elsewhere in resisting the crossing of the Bulgarian mountain border by the Greeks and Servians. And now Turkey intervenes! With an eye not only to the material advantages to be gained from such a move, but also because of the moral effect on the Turkish internal situation, the Ottoman Government has marched its troops across the new frontier line between Bulgaria and Turkey. They have already penetrated past the battlefield of Lule Burgas, and are proceeding in the direction of Adrianople. The hope once more to occupy that city—a holy city to many Mohammedans—is inspiring them to great effort. Greeks, Servians, Rumanians, and Turks alike have suddenly become convinced that they ought to dictate terms of peace at Sofia. If they do, the Bulgarian Government will be indeed humiliated, but perhaps deservingly humiliated.

The Net Result to Date

There has naturally been a feeling among many lovers of peace that the European Powers should intervene and stop the war. The reply of the Powers has just been expressed by Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Secretary. He speaks for the Ambassadors specially accredited by the Powers to deal with the whole Balkan situation. He declared last week in the House of Commons that "mere words from the outside can have no effect upon the situation," and that "the best prospect which I can put before the House is that the war is so horrible and exhausting that it should not last long. Its mere intensity should bring it to a conclusion." Regarding the suspicion that the Powers were no longer united, Sir Edward declared: "I see every prospect of the Powers' continuing in touch with each other to overcome any complications in the future." Let us hope that unity will prevail and that the Russian Emperor's arbitration will be just, not only in giving to each of the Balkan States that to which the State by its success in arms is entitled, but also in assigning in Macedonia each particular district most largely inhabited by Bulgar, Serb, or Greek, respec-

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tively, to Bulgaria, Servia, or Greece. This more than anything else would be a pledge of lasting peace. Meanwhile we see the Balkan nations, as Sir Edward Grey said, exhausted, having lost enormous numbers of their young men, having emptied their treasuries and incurred vast debts, having paralyzed their agriculture and industries—and all because Bulgaria was determined to realize her overweening ambition in Macedonia. Those results are disheartening enough. But there is another result equally deplorable, and that is the danger of the disappearance of the ideal of Balkan federation. The Balkan Federation was to have helped both internal and external development. It was to have created a wide area of free exchange in trade and transportation, in postal and other facilities. These things would have developed the whole Balkan Peninsula into one economic entity. Again, the Federation was fast becoming a political entity. It had already dictated army increases in various countries. It had shown not a few signs of exercising its power for good. It might have wielded the balance of power in Europe.

Civil War in China

Last week the long-threatened revolt of the South against the North in China broke out. Its immediate pretext was the anger of the Southern Chinese against President Yuan Shi-kai because of the murder of General Sung, who was recently killed, so some Southern Chinese believe, with the President's connivance. So far the Northern troops have been successful along the Yangtse River, which is the center of the revolt. It was also the center of the revolution which changed China to a republican form of government. It is claimed at Peking that the Japanese are no strangers to the present strife. The presence of several Japanese gunboats in the fighting zone encourages the belief that they are aiding the revolt. Be that as it may, the revolt is regrettable. It emphasizes the opinion of such well-informed observers as Mr. J. O. P. Bland, for instance, who in his recent "Present Policies in China" declared that the new government was merely the old despotism under a new name. That may be true if the responsibility of the Sung murder lies with the Chinese President. On the other hand, "the most democratic form of government known to modern times has arisen," according to Mr. Launcelot Lawton in the latter's "Empires of the East." Now "this most democratic form" is the work not so much of Yuan Shi-kai as of Sun Yat-sen, who was provisional President before the election of the present President. Sun is a Southerner; Yuan, a Northerner. Sun is an idealist; Yuan, a practical man. Sun inspired his countrymen to the effort recently made by them in getting a Chinese Republic. Yuan declared his belief that a constitutional monarchy was the best adapted to Chinese needs, but that if the people decided otherwise he would side with them. They did so decide, and, as he appeared loyal and abler than any one else, made him their chief. Yuan has his manifest limitations, but he is still, as he has always been, "the strong man of China." His own experience and the history of Oriental peoples may be responsible for arbitrary and even despotic acts on his part. But it has to be shown that he is in general acting contrary to the best interests of the Chinese nation. If he is, that nation will, we believe, know how to solve its problem. Meanwhile the good wishes of all those who wish to see civilization triumph should go out to China in this new time of storm and stress.

The Railway Arbitration

The threatened strike of conductors and trainmen on the Eastern railways was averted last week by an agreement to arbitrate under the now revised Erdman Law. The conference at the White House between President Wilson and representatives of both sides of the controversy and party leaders in Congress ended in an understanding that, if Congress should promptly pass the Newlands amendment to the Erdman Law, the method of settling the difficulty then afforded would be followed. Congress acted almost instantly. The amended law creates a Board of Mediation, the chairman of which is to be called the Commissioner of Mediation, and is to be named by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate; the other two members are to be Government officials appointed by the President. President Wilson has sent to the Senate the nomination of William Lee Chambers, of Washington, to be Commissioner of Mediation. He has also named Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis F. Post, and Judge Martin Knapp, of the Commerce Court, as the two Government officials to serve on the Board of Mediation with Mr. Chambers. Mr. Chambers was from 1897 to 1901 Chief Justice of the International

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Court at Samoa, and from 1901 to 1910 a member of the Spanish Claims Commission. In case of a railway labor dispute the Board of Mediators may be called upon to intervene by either party, or may act on its own volition. Where the Board of Mediation cannot directly bring the contending parties to an agreement, and arbitration is determined upon, the disputants may choose between a board of arbitrators with three members (as now) and one with six members. Where the matters involved are of large consequence, it is practically certain that the larger board will be chosen, for the chief complaint against the Erdman Law has been that the parties to the dispute were not represented in the arbitration. If the larger is chosen, under the Newlands amendment, each disputant will name two of the six, and these four will name the other two, or, if they fail to agree in choice, then the Board of Mediation will name the two men; it is thought probable that in practice the four will usually be called upon to act in this matter of appointment. The Board of Mediation will be in every way independent of the Department of Labor. Altogether the law in its improved form is a distinct advance in industrial legislation. If the old law, with its limitations and incompleteness, has prevented (as it undoubtedly has) several labor struggles portentous and vast in extent, what may not be expected with the opportunities for peace and justice now offered? The simple truth is that under modern conditions a cessation of service on large systems of railway is unbearable. The experience of Great Britain last year has shown that if voluntary compromise and arbitration will not answer, drastic measures of coercion must be adopted. But it is clear that in such disputes as the present the mere presenting of a possible way out is likely to answer, because neither disputant dare face an outraged public if it takes the responsibility of refusing fair arbitration. Some difficulty has arisen in the present case because the railway companies wish to include as subjects of the arbitration certain contentions of their own not directly related to the demands of the employees, and because one of the railways—the Erie—has declined to assent to the proposed arbitration. Stating the case of the employees as to the first matter, Mr. Seth Low, of the National Civic Federation, says:

> They do not question the right of the railroads to submit in a proper way and at a proper time questions which the railroads wish arbitrated. . . . They [the employees] do believe, however, that the railroads are honorably bound to dispose of the questions raised by them on their own merits and apart from any other question before they are asked to consider new and far-reaching problems, to which neither they nor their brotherhoods have given the slightest consideration.

We doubt if either difficulty above described will prove insurmountable, and trust that wisdom and moderation will prevail.

Fusion in New York City

If the speeches at the recent dinner of Kings County Progressives may be taken as a criterion, the approaching municipal campaign in New York City will be conducted upon a genuine fusion basis. At the dinner Timothy Woodruff, Progressive Chairman of Kings County, sat between the Democratic President of the Borough of Manhattan, Mr. McAneny, and the Republican District Attorney, Mr. Whitman. Mr. Woodruff, alluding to the two guests of honor, paid each of them compliments which would have sounded strange at an old-time political rally, and then proceeded to outline the position of the Progressive party. For a party leader to admit the existence of virtue in a political opponent (especially under the shadow of an approaching election) is not so common as to have lost all flavor of novelty. Mr. Woodruff said:

> It is inconceivable that any one of these favorably considered candidates for the mayoralty would, if elected, seek to build up or allow himself to be a party to the building up of a political organization in opposition to any large element that loyally supported him.
>
> I am asked by some why we don't ignore the Committee of 107 and go it alone. Some ask why we do not nominate a ticket regardless of the fact, in considering his name, that Mr. John Purroy Mitchel has been appointed to the highest Federal position in our State by the Democratic National Administration; that Mr. McAneny, than whom New York City has never had a better public servant, is also a Wilson Democrat; and that the Republicans are availing themselves of the valuable asset they doubtless have in him who seems to be, in general opinion, the man of the hour, Mr. Charles S. Whitman. My answer to these questions is that we cannot afford to allow any such considerations to influence us against pursuing the course which will most surely prevent Tammany Hall from getting control of the affairs, not only of the city, but of all the five boroughs which constitute it.
>
> Nothing, my friends, could injure the cause of the Progressive party more than to be justly accused of being the cause of the failure of the anti-Tammany effort. Because the Democrats

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have as assets a McAneny and a Mitchel and the Republicans a Whitman, just as we have one to be proud of in Comptroller Prendergast, we must not allow our jealousy or any external or internal political differences to stain the record of the Progressive party to whose principles of justice and non-partisanship we have irrevocably committed ourselves.

A World's Conference for Christian Citizenship

The second World's Christian Citizenship Conference closed its eight days' session at Portland, Oregon, on July 8. It was deeply impressive to a thoughtful imagination. In the very region to which, just seventy years ago, Marcus Whitman, a missionary to its savage tribes, led the first caravan of emigrants from the Mississippi Valley in proof that it was not an inaccessible and worthless portion of our National domain, eminent representatives of many nations in Europe and Asia came together to confer with ours on ways and means for a world-wide Christianizing of civic life. That they assembled there rather than in any Atlantic city bore significant testimony to the fact that the Pacific is the Mediterranean of the modern world. It is safe to say that their audiences, varying from ten to twenty thousand in the great Multnomah Stadium, could have been excelled in numbers and enthusiasm in no Eastern city. The business of the Conference was to hear and discuss the reports of Commissions previously appointed to investigate assigned subjects from a world-wide view-point for the suggestion of feasible reforms. Nearly a dozen such were considered in simultaneous sectional meetings from day to day—viz., The Family, Peace, Capital and Labor, Public Education, Prison Reform, Intemperance, Social Purity, Immigration, the Sabbath, Mormonism. The sectional discussion of these themes and their branch topics was continued in the mass-meetings at the Stadium in addresses on Christanizing a State, The Moral Evolution of the City, Personal Evangelism and Social Service, Religious Fundamentals in the Common Law, Divorce and Social Welfare, The Press and Public Morals, Emigration and Immigration in Relation to the Moral Progress of Nations, Direct Democracy, The Conflict of Christianity and Infidelity in France, Christianity in the New China, Christian Forces in the Levant, Social Conditions in Japan, The Impact of the Occident on the Orient, Practical Patriotism. These, with other similarly varied topics, show the ecumenical range of active interests presented, and call for an equal wideness of interest in the full report of the proceedings when published. The principal speakers from other countries were Dr. Charles Merle d'Aubigné, of Paris; Lieutenant David Bosio, of Palermo, Sicily; Professor Theophil Mann, of Frankfort, Germany; Professor B. Stoylen, of Christiania, Norway; F. de Rougemont, of Neuchatel, Switzerland; Dr. R. J. Patterson, of Belfast, Ireland; the Rev. John Lamond, of Edinburgh; Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto; Dr. William Hay, of New Zealand; Dr. Armenag Haigazian, of Konia, Asia Minor; Dr. J. S. Motoda, of Tokyo; Dr. Ng Poon Chew, of Canton; and Pyong K. Yoon, of Seoul, Korea. Governor West, of Oregon, and former Vice-President Fairbanks bore an active part throughout the proceedings. The delegates were numbered by the thousand. Among forty cities from which invitations for the next meeting have been received, San Francisco seems likeliest to receive it, probably in 1915.

A Programme of Christian Citizenship

The programme of Christian citizenship set forth by the Conference is to be widely circulated throughout the country. It includes, with its fundamental principles, the definite lines of action proposed to give them effect. The advance of the Kingdom of God among men is to be promoted in and through the Family, the Church, and the State, each of them a divine institution for that end. The special concern of the Conference is to emphasize our civic and social obligations, to interpret the principles of Christianity in social terms, and to suggest ways of making them regnant in society. Church and State alike rest on the family as the primary social unit, and are alike responsible for securing the fulfillment of its functions for social progress. After defining this responsibility of the Church, the Conference declares the State divinely obligated to realize among men the righteousness of God according to the law of Christ. This is drawn out into twenty specifications, from the education of youth in the principles of Christian morality and good citizenship to the particulars of endeavor to interpret Christian principles in the terms of international as well as of church and family life. "Nations," says the Conference, "are moral agents, having a moral responsibility." The entire programme assumes the indisputable truth that all social

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problems are moral and therefore religious problems. It also appears that the adjective "Christian" is used in the broad sense given it by the late Edward Caird, the Master of Balliol, to denote "the ever-growing ideal of humanity." The Portland "Oregonian" comments upon the Conference thus: "One would think that Jesus himself had come back to earth, and had resumed the utterance of his common-sense doctrines." Summing up what the Conference proposes, the "Oregonian" concludes: "When all this and much more of the same kind comes to pass, we shall be living 'in the Kingdom.' Who will refuse to join the Conference in the prayer 'Thy Kingdom come'?" The programme finally urges the organization of a similar Conference in every State, the appointment by every national religious body of a Committee on Christian Citizenship and Social Service, and an international Conference of all such national bodies on questions of international reform. This is by no means too ambitious a proposal. Looking backward, one can now entertain a reasonable hope of it. Fifty years ago a few prophetic souls organized at Xenia, Ohio, the National Reform Association, now located at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, under whose auspices the Portland Conference has been held. Three charter members of it, aged men, were introduced to the thronged Stadium by Dr. H. C. Minton, of Trenton, New Jersey, President of both bodies. Thirty years ago the late Dr. T. P. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, Corresponding Secretary of the Association, proposed such a Conference as has met at Portland. He promoted the idea persistently till it was indorsed, in 1900, by the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York. In 1904 a call was issued, preliminary work for it was begun, and in 1910 the first World's Christian Citizenship Conference met in Philadelphia, more than realizing all expectations. Much more than the assembly at Portland has sprung from the tiny seed that sprouted at Xenia in the agony of civil war. It has in it the power of personal growth.

The Sagamore Sociological Conference

The seventh annual Sociological Conference, held lately at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts, promises to be of no slight influence in the present movement for the betterment of humanity. Two hundred members and guests returned to their work as writers, professors, ministers, manufacturers, social workers, farmers, and wage-earners, surcharged with ideals and ideas, and the spirit of open-minded sympathy, which cannot but act as a potent force. Labor, that omnipresent factor of this economic age, was the subject of the addresses and discussions—labor from the varying points of view of the worker, the employer, and the impartial student. For it is the policy of the Conference to seek for the solution of problems; and such cannot be reached except as all sides of the problem, from all kinds of persons, are heard. George W. Perkins, financier and painstaking student of industry, gave an admirable address on "The Worker's Fair Share." Mr. Perkins believes that the solution of industrial difficulties rests upon the satisfaction of the workingmen's desire for a share in the profits of their labor. He advocates a system of profit-sharing, like the one in use in the United States Steel Corporation, which gives the employees an opportunity to invest in shares of stock, and which he claims has made a "colossal" improvement in conditions there. Other contributors to the discussion of this topic suggested (1) that the workers desire a share in the management as well as in the profits; (2) that they want enlarged opportunity for education and the higher things of life; (3) that account should also be taken of the consuming public; and (4) that the Government should have a hand in controlling industry. Giovannitti, of I. W. W. fame, defended his ideals with driving sincerity, and in very good English, against A. J. Portenar, a "union" man and author of a very recent and creditable book entitled "Problems of Labor." The most valuable contributions were made by Robert G. Valentine, former Indian Commissioner, and Miner Chipman, Efficiency Engineer—that is, if we make practicability the basis of judgment. Mr. Valentine, pioneer in the new profession of Counselor of Labor, is enthusiastic on the subject of the need of scientific treatment of labor problems. He declares that industrial troubles can be treated best by thorough diagnosis at the very root and source, and by a careful audit of the relations of employer and employees as men and women. "Scientific management" does not solve the problem, because it makes "machines of men." Complementary to this plan is that of Mr. Chipman. He has discovered the root of labor agitation to be inefficiency. His remedy, based upon careful observation, study, and experiment, is the establishment

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of forums where employees and employer meet upon common ground and talk over their common interests. Efficiency is well and good, if standards are first set according to individual capacities. "It was a revelation," says a correspondent who was present, "to hear Professor Edward A. Steiner speak on the immigrant and his place in our American life. Perhaps no one is better fitted to speak on this subject than this world-wide seeker of the truth about immigrants, who confesses, 'I have suffered as much as Giovannitti; yes, I have even been in jail.' But he has come to conclusions diametrically opposed to those of Giovannitti. He saw in the immigrant, not the most revolutionary of men, but the hope of democracy." The members and guests of the Conference had a broadening and wholesome experience in the three days of informal and sympathetic contact, meeting and exchanging ideas with persons of all kinds of views, even the most extreme. An eagerness to understand one another, and a helpful give-and-take attitude, characterized the Conference. One must agree with Helen Keller in her statement made at one of the meetings that "there is always hope for improvement when people are willing, and try, to understand."

Social Work For Young College Graduates

In the past many college men have entered upon their life's work without the advantage of suggestion and advice as to the possibility of agreeable and useful occupation outside their regular employment. It is the purpose of the nine Civic Service Committees which have recently been organized in New York City, representing nine colleges, to show those who are willing to help where and how they may begin social work. The nine colleges in question are Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, the Universities of Michigan, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Williams, and Yale. The social work may be found in various movements. Such movements in New York City are, for instance, as the Civic Service Committees recite:

The University Settlement, 184 Eldridge Street, where boys from the crowded lower East Side meet in clubs for athletics, games, debating, and literary work. Other settlements in different parts of the city have similar needs.

The Boys' Club work. For instance, the Boys' Club at Tenth Street and Avenue A wants men now to go down to camp for a week or more and help with the athletics and boating.

The Big Brother movement, whose secretary may be addressed at 200 Fifth Avenue, "knows a boy on probation from the Children's Court who needs your friendship and advice."

The Boy Scout movement now comprises over a hundred successful troops of boy scouts in New York City alone. Boys are eager to form new troops, and scouting furnishes fine material for an interested leader to do helpful work with boys.

Then there is the Public School Athletic movement. The Civic Service Committee thus exhorts: "You can help the school-boys by coaching, acting as umpire or field judge at the meets."

The Recreation Pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth Street is an experiment as a neighborhood social center. Activities are held for all ages—athletics, dancing, concerts, and so forth. Supervisors are wanted.

The Charity Organization Society of course finds place in such a list as this. Volunteers can help by applying to the Superintendent at 105 East Twenty-second Street.

With regard to political work, men are always wanted in all the parties as speakers, personal workers, and watchers at the polls. With regard to New York City politics in particular, many of the men interested in good government may be found at the City Club, of which the young college graduate might well become a member.

The Civic Service Committee does not omit to say with regard to military life that "we will put you in touch with officers of any branch of the National Guard."

In these days religion is more intimately connected with social work than ever. The Young Men's Christian Association, for instance, gives many opportunities for service in its boys' work and in teaching English to foreigners. The various churches also want men workers.

The College Graduate a Citizen

The Civic Service Committees have been at work only a year, but their work has told. Williams, for instance, is a small college, but during the past year fifty-seven of its recent graduates in New York City have manifested an active interest in some one or more of the above endeavors. It is to be hoped that the New York City movement will become general among the colleges. Those who are behind it are moving to make it effective in other cities as well. The result should be twofold. First, such social activities as those above mentioned would be immensely helped by the zest of an enthusiasm formed in college, and a continuation of the suppleness and elasticity of youth in the affairs of a maturer age. Second, each man would help himself by applying the ideals of good citizenship learned at college. Certainly it seems a discredit to our college-bred youth if they do not more or less quickly

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place that which has been given to them by society, in their college education, to the service of society—namely, to the service of movements which make for social betterment and good citizenship.

College Student Army Camps

An excellent movement has been started by Major-General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army. It is a plan by which college undergraduates may receive military instruction in camp this summer. They would undergo discipline; they would get a feeling of personal responsibility. In war time men have generally had such a feeling, but not always in peace time. In war time, inspired by that feeling, men have gone out at the first call. They were enthusiastic, but they were raw. They had no training which would have helped them to look out for their own health and lives from the start. They had no training which would have made them quickly available, efficient, and effective. General Wood's plan would fit some of these men to learn by experience and not by emergency. Accordingly, two experimental military camps of instruction for students in educational institutions will be held this summer. If these camps prove a success, it is expected to hold them annually, one in each of the four sections of the country. So far as the army is concerned, the primary object of these camps is, of course, to increase the present inadequate personnel of the trained military reserve by a class of men from whom, in time of emergency, some proportion of officers could be drawn. All students over seventeen years of age, volunteering for this instruction and properly recommended, may be allowed to enter in the camps of instruction, provided that their attendance there is for the entire period, that they render themselves entirely subservient to the rules of military discipline, and that the expense of transportation to and from camp and cost of uniforms and subsistence be borne by the student and be deposited in advance. This summer's camps are to be held at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and at Monterey, California. If the army is helped by this operation, the student should be no less helped. He will get a healthy out-of-door life for his summer vacation, and at a less expense than usually required when away from home; he will learn the habits of obedience, self-control, and personal hygiene; he will receive benefit by mixing with other students; and, finally, he will gain a knowledge of the military art through which, should his country at any time need his services, he may be fitted to discharge his duty.

The Wanamaker Expedition

Our country is a melting-pot for many races; the stock of all the Old World is here assimilated and welded into useful citizenship. There is one people, however, that has been reluctant to slough off the attributes of its past to assume the responsibilities of our civilization. The North American Indian yet holds a bit aloof. First conquered by the white man, then defrauded by his conqueror of most of his remaining possessions, the red man has perhaps little cause to love the white. In view of these considerations the Rodman Wanamaker Expedition of Citizenship to the North American Indian gains particular significance. This expedition, which left Philadelphia last month with the sanction of the President, is visiting every one of the 169 Indian tribes in the country, bearing to the Indians a message of good will and sympathy from the Great White Father at Washington and his people. The mission of the expedition is to heal the old wounds that time has partly closed, and to plant in the bosoms of these original Americans a love for the flag of the country that has adopted them. Mr. Wanamaker is the donor of the Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, New York, which was dedicated by President Taft and thirty-three full-blooded Indian chiefs on the last anniversary of Washington's Birthday. The flag raised then is carried by the Wanamaker party to be hoisted aloft by members of every one of the tribes. Furthermore, each tribe is made the gift of an American flag by the white men. Many of these flags are already flying over Indian reservations, an event in itself noteworthy, for although the Government office on each reservation has its flag, never before, it is said, have the Stars and Stripes floated over the soil reserved for the Indians. Not less full of meaning is the signing of the declaration of allegiance to the United States, voluntarily drawn up and signed by the thirty-three chiefs at the memorial ceremonies. Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon is the leader of the delegation that is smoking the pipe of peace with the Indians, and with him are Rollin Lester Dixon, H. Trevor Booth, M. Harris Cole, and Major

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James McLaughlin, who represents the Department of the Interior. Before these men have visited all of the eighty-nine reservations they will have traveled 20,802 miles. The native population of the territory now the United States has been estimated as between one and two millions when the first English settler landed. Including half-breeds, there are now 350,000 Indians in the country. In them is the material of which good citizens are being made by such institutions as the schools at Carlisle and Hampton. The Wanamaker party is assuring the Indian that the white man is anxious to give him a lift. That the Indian is not unappreciative of these intentions and that he is at least determined never again to dig up the hatchet is borne out by the following remarks of Chief Two Moons (a veteran of the fray in which Custer was killed) uttered recently in the course of a discussion of that memorable battle: "My White Father has told me to fight no more, and I fight no more. I am a very old man. At the Little Big Horn it was fight, fight, fight all the time, but now the white man and the Indian smoke the pipe of peace and will never fight again."

The Children's Motion Picture League

Moving pictures have made the fortunes of thousands, but until comparatively recently their importance as a factor in education has been ignored. The foundation a few weeks ago of the Children's Motion Picture League was a step in the right direction. Mrs. Laura Cogswell, the founder and president of the League, had long fought for a supervision of picture theaters and a censorship of the films therein shown, which would make them fit places of entertainment for children. Failing in this effort, she determined to provide theaters for the children in which their instruction and moral development as well as their pleasure would be considered. The co-operation of a number of persons interested in child welfare was secured and funds were subscribed by sympathizers. Arrangements were made with the proprietors of several theaters in New York City by which the seats in these houses were to be bought up by the League and distributed gratis to children for performances every Saturday from nine till one o'clock in the afternoon and during the same hours every week day during the public school vacation. Already five theaters in New York have been secured, and it is planned to throw open a score more to the children in that city alone. The law does not permit the presence in moving picture houses of children under sixteen unless accompanied by adults; but this difficulty was obviated when the Mayor and Aldermen sanctioned the League's plan to have a salaried matron in each theater as an official chaperon. The League is strictly non-sectarian, and distributes tickets to children regardless of their race or creed. On the opening day of this campaign for the moral and mental betterment of those who are to be the men and women of to-morrow, Jefferson Theater, on Fourteenth Street, was packed with children of several creeds and of every race that make New York the great cosmopolitan city of the world. A committee of inspection exercises great care in selecting "entertaining educational films illustrating history, geography, industry, commerce, science, plant and animal life, and thus revealing the virtues of patriotism, honesty, loyalty, humaneness, courage, and the purity of the home." No pictures are shown, says the president of the organization, "which might sadden the children." The programme is varied occasionally with music and descriptive lectures. President Wilson is one of the League's honorary presidents, and on its advisory board are, among others, Bishop David H. Greer, Cardinal Farley, Rabbi F. D. Mendes, the Count de Lafayette, and former United States District Attorney James L. Bennett. This movement, begun in New York, is becoming national. A National Committee, composed of citizens from cities in the South and West, is co-operating with the organization in New York in opening playhouses for children elsewhere. P. J. Besosa, a prominent citizen of San Juan, Porto Rico, journeyed to New York to inspect the League's exhibit at the recent Moving Picture Exposition to get suggestions that would aid him in introducing the delights of the "movies" to dusky little West Indians. Lady Aberdeen is taking up the work of the League in London, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has promised to begin the moving picture education of juvenile Paris. As an influence upon the lives of children, the moving picture theater has tremendous possibilities. In the cities it is for many children the only alternative to the street. There are a million children susceptible to its influence in New York alone. In pointing the way to what is at least a partial solution of the problem of educating and

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providing beneficial recreation for the younger population of the cities the Children's Motion Picture League has rendered signal service.

The French Working-Girl

The working-girls in the Paris department stores have no time to go home for their midday meal, and the restaurants near where their work lies are generally too expensive for them; if not too expensive, they are apt to have moral drawbacks. Accordingly, restaurants especially designed for these girls were founded a dozen years ago by a Jesuit, Père du Lac. The managers of these restaurants are women, and none but women are admitted. The prices are low. One can lunch for ten or twelve cents. Besides these restaurants, there exist what are called *réchauds*, namely, kitchens. A *réchaud* contains several gas stoves, plenty of water, all the essential kitchen implements, and tables and chairs. Here the girl can cook her own lunch. She pays two cents for the use of the gas, water, and saucepans. She unpacks her own provisions and cooks them. The result of these endeavors has been of great benefit both morally and economically. The Protestants in Paris have also been active in this direction, especially the Young Women's Christian Association. The so-called "foyers" are boarding-houses, but with restaurants where young girls may find food at a low price—the low price is decidedly necessary to the many shop-girls who are paid not more than forty to seventy cents a day. The first foyer was opened ten years ago. There are now six of them. Numerous country houses are now under the patronage of the Young Women's Christian Association to afford to these girls, at very low rates, the opportunity of passing their vacation in the country or by the sea. Thus it is inspiring to find Catholics and Protestants competing with each other in a noble rivalry to aid the Paris shop-girl often overworked and underpaid.

How to Get Military Efficiency

At least two Secretaries of War and many military officers, who have most at heart the importance of making our small army efficient, have repeatedly pointed out the necessity, first, of certain methods of concentration; and, second, of union, in case of actual war, between the regular army and the militia. Lately in The Outlook the urgent need of providing what may be called a rear defense for our coast fortifications was presented. That is only one of several problems which our military administration is considering and urging upon Congress. On the one hand, it is our National tradition that we shall not maintain a large standing army; on the other hand, adequate defense with a small army scattered about the country is impossible. A reserve force is essential; and last year a bill passed Congress which moved very inadequately in this direction. It is now urged that, in order to provide an efficient reserve force, the time of service in the regular army should be shortened to two or three years, and that re-enlistment of any but non-commissioned officers, and a small proportion (perhaps one-fourth) of the very best of the privates should be forbidden. From the ranks of those who have served a short term in the army a large and steadily increasing reserve could be built up; while the soldiers retained in the regular army would act as an instructing force. The plan would include a nominal pay to the reservists, in order that the authorities could keep in touch with them, and the expense thus incurred would be saved if other plans proposed by the War Department which involve great economies could be carried out. Briefly stated, these plans would, first, include the abandonment of useless army posts (a little has been done in this way, but not enough) and the concentration of the army in a few posts in selected localities; second, a plan for converting the State militia into a National force whenever war actually breaks out, so that the present legal obstruction to moving State troops out of the country could, in case of need (as, for instance, conceivably in war with Mexico), no longer obstruct military operations. A volunteer law is also recommended which would allow the President, with the consent of Congress, to raise volunteers immediately if war seems imminent, with the power in Congress to fix the number. Finally, a Council of National Defense is recommended to formulate a general policy for National defense, and to bring Congress, the War and Navy Departments, and the whole Administration into unison as regards military preparations. All these things look towards what may be called "team work" and scientific efficiency. The popular notion that coast fortifications and a navy are all that is needed is quite wrong. The navy is best defending the country when

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attacking the enemy; and the coast defense system requires a mobile military force to make it complete. Details must be worked out by intelligent co-operation between the War Department and Congress; the essential thing is to make our small army possible of instant massing at the right point, to provide a large reserve force, to make it feasible for the regular army and the militia to act in concert, and in every way to plan exactly as if war were probable instead of assuming that war is so improbable that bad system and no system may prevail without serious damage.

A State's Constructive Work

Louisiana as a State is doing a great work of public improvement of which the people of the country at large know little or nothing. Louisiana is proving herself not only a progressive State, but a conservationist of the highest type, by proposing to add nine millions of fertile acres to the territory of the United States, without giving the promoter or get-rich-quick operator an opportunity to impose upon the credulous investing public. It is unfortunate that many thousands of dollars have been lost in some reclamation and irrigation projects of the West, but Louisiana does not intend to have a repetition of these experiences within her borders. The great Mississippi, running from the frozen North to the Gulf of Mexico, has for centuries deposited silt and virgin soil from three climatic zones which it drains, and has thereby created millions of acres of wet prairie lands, which when drained not only yield semi-tropical products, but many of the products of Kansas, Wisconsin, and Dakota. These delta lands thus formed are believed to be richer, indeed, than those of the Nile, which have been called the richest lands in the world. This vast acreage of lower Louisiana only awaits levees, canals, and ditches to prove its worth. Some of the honest-minded sons of the State became fearful that speculators would associate her in the public mind with wildcat land operations and despoil her fair name as others had done during the days of the carpetbaggers. As a result, her public-spirited citizens determined to put the seal of sovereign approval on the work of reclamation in such a way that the speculator would have no foothold. Great credit is due the men who have drafted and passed the laws for the perfection of this great constructive work for their State, and much could be said of what they have done and how they have done it.

How the Project is Financed

An amendment to the State Constitution was adopted permitting the creation of drainage districts and giving them quasi-municipal standing. These districts were granted the right to issue bonds against the land to be reclaimed, to cover the cost of reclamation, and were given the right to levy taxes not exceeding three and one-half dollars per acre per year, to provide for the payment of principal and interest on those bonds and the maintenance of the drainage. The tax levied is co-ordinate with and covered by the same liens as State and parish (county) taxes. The bonds are not to run more than forty years, and are to be retired serially after five years. The courts have passed their approval on the constitutionality and legality of these bonds; therefore the legal tests have all been made. The bonds differ from other classes of securities to accomplish the same end, in that liens for taxes do not accumulate year after year, but are adjusted yearly. The State provides that bonds shall be issued only on the petition of two-thirds in acreage of the property affected or to be reclaimed. The cost of reclamation, however, is not figured by the landowner or by his representative, but is figured entirely by the Board of State Engineers, who make the surveys and certify the necessary amount required to accomplish the work in hand. It can readily be seen that the whole project is left to the operation, control, and management of a State agency beyond the reach of the landowner or speculator, and giving him no opportunity for manipulation. The bonds bear interest at the rate of five per cent, and must be sold at not less than par, and they are attested by the Secretary of State. The proceeds of sale of the bonds are made, under the law, a trust fund to pay for the work of reclamation. It is patent that all can develop their lands in a legitimate manner, not through the medium of land companies or speculating land investors, but through a public State agency commissioned, appointed, and recognized as one of the public boards of the State, with exclusive jurisdiction over the particular work in hand. The State is only encouraging legitimate projects that accomplish legitimate ends.

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PUBLIC OFFICE AND PUBLIC DUTY

Mr. Bryan has left Washington for a six weeks' lecture tour in the various Chautauqua Assemblies of the country. In an official statement to the press he has replied to those who have criticised him for leaving the work of the Secretary of State to be carried on by others. That statement we here give to our readers in full:

As this is my first Chautauqua lecture since becoming a member of the Cabinet, it may not be out of place to say that I find it necessary to lecture in order to supplement the salary which I receive from the Government, the salary not being sufficient to cover my expenses. As I have lectured for eighteen years, this method of adding to my income is the most natural one to which to turn, and I regard it as extremely legitimate. I know of no better audience than the Chautauqua audience.

I did not think it improper to go from the Chautauqua platform into a Presidential race, and if I had been elected President I would have thought it no stepping down to return to the Chautauqua platform.

These meetings enable me to keep in touch with the people. I know of no better opportunity than they offer to present a message worth presenting to those to whom it is worth while to present a message.

In a later statement Mr. Bryan says:

For seventeen years the sources of my income have been writing and lecturing, but each year I have made more public speeches without compensation and where I have paid my own traveling expenses than I have where compensation was received. My earning capacity has been large, and I have made not only an income sufficient for my immediate needs, but have saved on an average something more than $10,000 a year.

In accepting the office which I now hold I gave up the opportunity to add to my accumulation, for I do not expect to increase during my term the amount I have laid aside; that is, I am willing to forego whatever advantage I might derive from the acquiring of $40,000 more for the privilege of serving the country in this office during the coming four years.

This last statement indicates an accumulation of $170,000, which at a conservative estimate should yield $6,000 a year in addition to Mr. Bryan's official income of $12,000, giving him a total income of $18,000 or more to expend without affecting his "accumulation."

The Outlook does not think that in this reply Mr. Bryan justifies his course. The question is not whether the salary which he receives from the Government is sufficient to cover his expenses. The question is not whether, if he desires to add to his income, lecturing is a legitimate employment; nor whether Chautauqua audiences are good audiences to which to lecture; nor whether, if his term of office had expired, it would be stepping down to return to the Chautauqua platform; nor whether lecturing to Chautauqua audiences affords a good opportunity for presenting a worthy message to the people.

The question is whether it is fair to accept a public office from the people, knowing what the salary is, and then to neglect the duties of that office in order to increase the income furnished by the salary. It would not be fair for a lawyer to accept a retainer from a client and then, at a time when critical questions concerning his client were waiting solution, for him to turn aside from his client's business because the retainer was not sufficient. It would not be fair for a doctor to accept a fee from a patient and then, at a critical period in his patient's disease, to leave his patient in the hands of a subordinate because the fee was not sufficient. It would not be fair for Mr. Bryan to receive the fees which the Chautauqua Assemblies pay him for delivering lectures and then fail to deliver the lectures because the fees were not adequate to cover his expenses. Neither is it fair to accept from the people a public office and then neglect the duties of that office because the salary which the people pay is inadequate.

And there are critical questions before the State Department waiting solution; at this moment four such questions, of really capital importance.

The Senate has not renewed the General Arbitration Treaty made by preceding Administrations. The question whether the policy of a General Arbitration Treaty shall be maintained or abandoned is a question of first importance in our international relations.

Great Britain affirms that our Act exempting coastwise vessels from Canal tolls is a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and asks that either the Act be repealed or the question be submitted to arbitration. It is a matter of the first importance that this unsettled question be not left to cause international irritation between the two countries.

The property and persons of Americans and of Europeans in Mexico are said to be in great hazard. What duty the United States owes to others than Mexicans residing in Mexico, and what steps it ought to take to fulfill those duties, are questions of first

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importance and deserve the best thought of the Secretary of State.

Japan complains that the recent law in California violates our treaty with Japan. It is for the Department of State to find some way of peacefully adjusting the question at issue between two heretofore friendly countries.

These problems the Secretary of State leaves unsolved, or for others to solve, while he devotes himself to a lecture tour, and defends his abandonment of his public duties on the ground that his salary is not sufficient and that Chautauqua audiences are worth receiving a worthy message. If a clerk in one of the Departments were to follow Mr. Bryan's example and go off for six weeks on a money-making enterprise on the ground that his salary was inadequate and his money-making enterprise was a worthy one, when he returned to Washington he would certainly find his place occupied by some one else. The same principle should be applied to all officers of the Government, irrespective of their rank. In the judgment of The Outlook, the President should advise the Secretary of State that the country expects him either to perform the duties of his office or to resign the office to which those duties are attached.

AN AMBASSADOR SPEAKS

The New York "Sun" complains that our Ambassador in England, the Hon. Walter H. Page, made what it calls a "stump speech" in London on July 4. The American Society's banquet, which is given on July 4 in London, has become an institution of importance. It is attended by many English guests as well as Americans, and it is the custom to have some distinguished American make the chief address of the occasion. The "Sun" printed Ambassador Page's speech in full, for it is brief, and criticises it as having been wholly inappropriate as an address to an "assemblage of Americans and of Englishmen met to celebrate an American National holiday." We take issue with the "Sun," and congratulate the American Society of London and its guests on having heard the admirable address of Ambassador Page. He was endeavoring to interpret to his hearers the new social, industrial, and political spirit in this country. He pointed out how "the incalculable business energy of the people" so immersed them during the last twenty-five years in industrial development that the Government was either definitely directed or unconsciously permitted to be employed for the granting of special privileges to special classes. There was even an attempt made to justify such a use of the machinery of the Government. But it could not be justified, nor could such a prostitution of the Government and society to mere money-making long exist without a protest. This protest, beginning with individuals here and there, finally became the expression of a great popular movement against special privilege and in favor of social and industrial justice. In the following telling passage Ambassador Page epitomizes this protest:

> The people found out this gradual abridgment of economic freedom and they set about removing it. They demanded the reduction of the tariff, which is the mother of privilege. They demanded the removal of the restriction of credit. They demanded the dethronement of speculation in the necessaries of life with the money that they needed in their own affairs. They demanded the reorganization of their school work. They demanded the building up of country life, which the industrial organization had neglected while it built up the towns. They demanded the removal of all artificial direction of their work and of their lives. And this was the beginning of our latest American revolution. For when they discovered how firm a grip privilege had got on government, they set about the task of loosing it in many ways, some wise and some foolish, some direct and some indirect; by investigation, by agitation, by experiment with new devices. This is the meaning of such social unrest as we have had. This is the meaning of the revolution in education. This is the meaning of the war on speculation and monopoly. This is the meaning of the referendum and the recall. This is the meaning of the commission form of city government. This is the meaning of the popular election of Senators. You will find running through all American life these ten years the struggle for the restoration of free and open opportunity. It is political, but it is also social. It is also commercial. It is also educational. It is fundamental in our democracy. The change of party control is only one expression of this desire and an experiment to satisfy it. If it does not succeed, they will again change party control.

Such a speech as this on such an occasion seems to us pre-eminently the appropriate work of a diplomat. One of the functions of an ambassador is to interpret to the nation he is visiting the people of his own country, as well as to interpret to his own people the nation to which he is accredited. The best way to avoid international misunderstanding is to promote international understanding; and we venture to say that not

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only many Englishmen, but many Americans, who heard Ambassador Page's speech on the Fourth of July went away from the dinner at which it was delivered with a better understanding of the causes and the purposes of the political turmoil through which the United States has been passing during the last ten years, a turmoil which is really the sign of the struggling into life and activity of new ideals, new purposes, and new achievements in our National life.

THE MYSTERY OF HEAVEN

The imagination cannot go far ahead of experience; it can travel simply along routes only faintly marked by adventurous explorers, but it always needs a starting-point, and it cannot project paths into wholly unknown regions. The word "unimaginable" suggests the limitation of the creative, pictorial faculty which has made progress possible and is the open door through which, as Dr. Bushnell said, God finds access to men. It is significant that all attempts to describe Heaven end in a luminous vagueness, while Hell and Purgatory have been not only suggested but pictured with terrifying and convincing power. Dante walks the awful paths of Hell with commanding authority; he not only sees and understands, but he describes and interprets, the world of punishment with compelling power. And in the world of purification, though less dramatic and realistic, he is not less at home; he knows whence flow the tears of Purgatory. But when the gates of Paradise open to his unaccustomed feet, the sight is too dazzling; he cannot see for the unfamiliar brightness; he speaks as one in a half-remembered dream. His vision has traveled far beyond his experience. Sin he knows, and remorse and pain and tears he understands, but he cannot grasp the bliss of Heaven; he walks with faltering step in "worlds not realized."

The Milton of "Paradise Lost" is a greater poet than the Milton of "Paradise Regained;" and the Bible, the most concrete and definite of books in dealing with the deep things of God and with the mysteries of man's life, in the infrequent references to Heaven takes refuge in a symbolism which the Western reader often mistakes for pictorial imagery, and is rather hindered than helped by what he reads. In literature the great sinner is far more powerfully drawn than the great saint, and the most pathetic and appealing figures in the drama and in fiction are the men and women who, by breaking the law, have set in motion the tremendous tragic forces. The great artist finds his imagination reinforced and energized by experience when he deals with Satan, with Agamemnon, with Faust, with Richard III; but his skill falters when he tries to paint a Saint John or a Galahad. Sin we know, and all the tragic consequences that follow it in inevitable companionship; but the peace which flows from perfect purity, the radiance that shines, as the old painters saw, from the faces of the sinless, the bliss that waits for those who stand at home in the presence of God like happy children, lie beyond our experience; and, try as we may, we cannot give them form or body. When we try, we become irreverent and take refuge in a kind of sentimental materialism, or the Heaven we picture is a golden cloud on the edge of the horizon or a shining dome hanging unsupported in midair.

The world of punishment and of purification we know, but the world of bliss we not only do not know, but it cannot be revealed to us; that is the reason why the longings of the heart are not met, and the cry of the soul for power to realize the surroundings of those who have gone on into the next stage of life is not answered: we are not told because we could not understand. A description of the heavenly life by one who was in the heart of it would come to us in an unknown tongue; nothing in our experience would interpret it to us. It does not lie even in the power of the Heavenly Father to make these mysteries plain to us, as it does not lie in our power to make clear to the little children we love the principles of philosophy, the more abstract truths of science, the revelations of ripe Christian experience.

We can know the direction of the paths which lead us to that highest plane of living which we call Heaven, but we cannot see the paths; we can know the elements out of which the heavenly happiness is compounded, but we cannot visualize the conditions in which that happiness is shared; we can neither give power and shape to the spirits of those who have departed, nor dimensions and body to the things which surround them. All the reports of these things which credulous people are asked to believe are crude, materialistic, or so vague that they have only the substance of a dream.

Heaven is beyond our power of imagina-

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tion, not because it is unreal, but because it is a higher reality not yet grasped by the mind. All life predicts it; punishment and purification foretell and affirm it; but it waits on our fuller experience to reveal it. Mr. Beecher has somewhere said that knowledge is given us in this life, not to satisfy intellectual curiosity, but to aid in the development of character; and Heaven, which rests immovable on character both divine and human, comes at the end of a process not of thinking but of living; that is what makes it more real than the things we know, more substantial and enduring than the things we paint and carve and describe. When the scientist begins to experiment with a short circuit of wire, he may dream of the time when messages will travel under great seas along thousands of miles of cable; he cannot foresee the hour when they will fly through the air itself. That vision will come only when he has mastered the resources of the wire and his experience has given his imagination a new vantage ground for further flight.

THE FALLACY OF PESSIMISM

Dr. Wallace in his latest book [1] charmingly illustrates the resources of the resolute pessimist. Select the best quotations you can find in ancient pagan literature expressive of high ideals, and the most sordid illustrations you can find of a degraded and tragic life in the slums of our great cities, and put them in contrast with each other, and assume that the first are typical of ancient paganism and the second are typical of modern Christendom, and the conclusion is easy: the world has degenerated from the ideals of the Vedic hymns to the practices of the London slums. This was the method which missionary preachers pursued fifty years ago, only they turned it the other way round. They selected the most appalling instances of bestiality and cruelty they could find in pagan life and set them in contrast with the noblest specimens of self-sacrificing heroism they could find in Christian life; and the demonstration of the infinite superiority of Christianity to paganism was accomplished.

There are three common fallacies in the philosophy of pessimism, three fundamental facts which it ignores.

I. It assumes that the world is at least ten thousand years old, and see! what little progress it has made in ten thousand years. In fact, the house men live in is much over ten thousand years old; but the world of men who live in it is not a hundred years old. Each new generation comes upon the earth as devoid of character as the previous generation. The progress of humanity is to be measured by the progress made by each individual man between the cradle and the grave. If a traveler were to return to his native village after an absence of fifty years, and visit the primary school, and were to see the children four or five years of age painfully learning to spell and read and write, much as he was doing half a century before, and thereupon should conclude that the school was doing nothing for the boys and girls, he would fall into the same blunders that the pessimist falls into when he concludes that life is doing nothing for men and women because men and women are committing the same sins and are painfully learning the same lessons as their ancestors of a thousand years ago.

II. Pessimism sometimes compares the highest ideals of the past with the highest ideals of the present, sometimes compares the worst practices of the past with the worst practices of the present, and so reaches the conclusion that the world is stationary; but oftener it compares the highest ideals of the past with the worst practices of the present, and reaches the conclusion that the world is retrograding. The only true comparison is between the average of the past with the average of the present. There is no modern dramatist superior to Shakespeare; but there are a thousand to-day who read Shakespeare with delight to one who read him with delight in his own lifetime. Burglary and rape are no better now than they were in the age of which Scott wrote in "Ivanhoe." But the Front de Bœuf and the Knight Templar belonged to the nobility. Now such criminals hide in the dark corners of the earth and skulk along through its narrow and noisome alleys. It is not true that the oppression of the laborer in the modern factory is as horrible as the oppression of the slave seventy years ago on the sugar and cotton plantations in the Black Belt. But even if it were, the oppressed laborer now has an appeal for protection and redress which he did not then possess. Dr. Wallace's indictment of modern industrial conditions will be read alike by employer and employed. A similar indictment of slavery

[1] Social Environment and Moral Progress. By Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. Cassell & Co., New York.

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seventy years ago would have been taboo alike to slave and slaveholder.

III. The Jewish and the Christian religion—for the two are one—was the first religion to teach men that God is the friend and physician of men, that he loves them in their ignorance, their superstition, their vice and crime, and that by his love, service, and sacrifice he seeks to deliver from their bondage to ignorance and sin all who are willing to accept his aid. And from that faith in a life-saving God has come an inspiration which has sent unnumbered thousands into hospitals, asylums, reform movements, missionary activities, social settlements, to carry succor to the suffering and the sinful. It is this curative quality in the Jewish and Christian religion which distinguishes it from all pagan religions. The ideals of moral character and conduct in Siddartha, Confucius, and Jesus may be, and in some respects are, analogous. But we would look in vain in the literature of Buddhism, Confucianism, Greek and Roman paganism, or Mohammedanism for a portraiture of God as a welcoming, helping, saving Father analogous to that portrayed by Jesus in the story of the Prodigal Son.

The world is growing better because each generation, though not each individual in each generation, graduates from life's school a little wiser, better, and stronger for its instruction and its discipline; because the average life of mankind is better than was the average life six thousand years ago; and because the inspirational faith in a helpful, companionable God is gradually penetrating the hearts and minds of men, and creating in them a spirit of love, service, and sacrifice which makes the present age pre-eminently a humanitarian age. And it is this last fact which will secure for Dr. Wallace's book a hearing it could not have secured three hundred years ago, and a serious consideration, though not an unqualified acceptance, of the four radical remedies which he proposes for present industrial ills:

The substitution of universal co-operation in lieu of universal competition.

The substitution of economic brotherhood in lieu of economic antagonism.

The substitution of freedom of access to land and capital for all in lieu of monopoly.

And, if we understand him aright, the abolition of individual inheritances and the substitution of universal inheritance by the State in trust for the whole community.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

From a letter of inquiry written by a Professor of Science in one of our leading educational institutions the following condensed statement is taken:

In giving a course of lectures dealing with evolution, genetics, and similar subjects, there frequently arise some very spirited discussions concerning the relation of these subjects to the teachings of the Bible. The trend of thought among many of the young, especially among those who are of a scientific turn of mind, seems to be leading toward a discrediting of the teachings of the Bible. With a view to doing what I can to counteract such a pernicious tendency, I have attempted to show that the teachings of science are not incompatible with those of the Bible, provided that those of the latter be interpreted aright. It is much simpler, I know, to avoid the issue by saying that the Bible should not be taken as a text-book of matters scientific, and that a discussion of Biblical teachings has no place in a course dealing with scientific subjects. This, however, is an extremely unsatisfactory method, for the matter must be threshed out in one's mind at least; and, if not directed in the proper channels by some one who has proper ideas on the subject, students are apt to throw overboard all Biblical teachings as soon as there are any apparent contradictions between the Bible and the facts taught in college.

I think it is Lessing who has said that if God offered him Truth in one hand and Search for Truth in the other, he would choose Search for Truth. What God offers to his children in the Bible is Search for Truth. I wish the reader would stop a moment and reflect on that sentence before he proceeds to read with an open mind the interpretation of it which follows.

The old-time view of the Bible was that it consisted of matter dictated by God to the writers as amanuenses, or communicated by God to the writers as private secretaries. The discovery of any errors, contradictions, or imperfections in the matter so dictated or communicated in the Bible naturally seemed inconsistent with this conception of its origin, and it was natural for those who discovered such imperfections, contradictions, and errors to say, "False in one, false in all," and in consequence either to demand some unerring test by which they could determine what is true and what is false, or else to discard the Bible altogether.

The new view of the Bible regards it not as a book *about* religion but as a book *of* religion. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. The Bible is a collection of

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writings of different authors living in different civilizations and in different epochs, containing an account of this life of God in their own souls. It is the story of their religious experiences. The statesman saw in conscience the voice of God. The commands of conscience he interpreted as the laws of God. The historian adopted, long before Hegel's time, Hegel's interpretation of history as an account of God's working out of his plans in human life, and he recorded, not the deeds of the great heroes of Israel, but the dealings of God with Israel. The poet made no attempt to understand the causes of natural phenomena. In natural phenomena he perceived the presence of Jehovah, and described the cyclone as he thus conceived it:

"He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, he soared upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his hiding-place, his pavilion round about him;
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
Jehovah also thundered in the heavens,
And the Most High uttered his voice;
Hailstones and coals of fire."

I see no reason to think that this poet knew anything about meteorology or electricity, about the laws which govern the course of the clouds, and the movements of the wind, and the electric currents. I see no reason to suppose that he or any of the Bible writers knew anything more than did their contemporaries about any of the sciences—such as geology, cosmogony, astronomy, chemistry, anthropology. Nor do I see any reason to think that if they had possessed such knowledge it would have enabled them to render any more effectively the service which they desired to render to their fellow-men. They were not concerned to teach their fellow-men the laws of nature. They described the phenomena of nature as those phenomena appeared to them, for the purpose of illustrating moral lessons and inspiring the life of the spirit—the life of faith and hope and love.

I recall the lines of Rudyard Kipling:

"Only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as They are!"

To draw things as one sees them is not the same as to draw things as they are. The poet Wordsworth describes an evening sunset:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea."

This is the sunset as the poet saw it, but the reality was this: The sun was traveling through space at an incredible rate of speed, and round it the world was revolving and at the same time spinning on its axis like a top. If the poet had described the thing as it was, he would not have inspired that spirit of calmness and quietness, breathless with adoration, which it was his purpose to inspire. If he had described the thing as it was, he would not have described it as he saw it. The Bible writers portrayed life as they saw it; not things only, but also experiences. The Bible is true because it is a true record of human experience, not because it is a scientific statement of actual facts.

This principle applies no less to the Biblical interpretation of the phenomena of the spirit than to the Biblical interpretation of the phenomena of the material world. A single illustration may serve to make my meaning clear.

The Book of Job portrays the experience of one who lived in the early time, before a Temple had been built in Jerusalem, or a Tabernacle set up in the wilderness, or a Law given on Mount Sinai. He believed in goodness, truth, justice. He believed in a God who was just and true, who would reward righteousness and punish wrong-doing. His simple philosophy was, Be virtuous and you will be happy. He was virtuous, but he was not happy. He had obeyed the voice of his conscience, he had ministered to the wants of his fellow-men, he had lived both a humane and a devout life; but disaster after disaster came upon him. His children had been slain, his property had been swept away, his health had been taken from him, he had left to him only a wife who advised him to curse God and die because his piety was unprofitable, and friends who, educated in his philosophy, insisted that he could not have been virtuous or he would not have suffered these disasters. His faith furnished him no comfort. He could not look forward to a future life for which this life made preparation, for no Christ had brought life and immortality to

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light. He could see "There is hope of the tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again," but he saw no sign of life in man after his body had been laid in the tomb. "Man dieth, and wasteth away," he cried; "yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be roused out of their sleep." As he could see no evidence in nature of life after death for man, so, dazed by the experience which had shattered his philosophy of life, he could see no evidence of a God present in life.

He portrayed life as he saw it. He could not understand the mystery of life. He would not accept the false interpretation of his friends and justify the ways of God by confessing to faults of which he knew he was not guilty. And yet, despite his inability to see a life beyond the grave or to understand the ways of God in the life that now is, he held fast to his faith in the Eternal Goodness: "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

It is impossible to believe that God dictated to an amanuensis or directed a secretary to write that man "lieth down, and riseth not," or that man cannot perceive in life Him in whom we live and move and have our being. But it is easy to understand how one who had no knowledge of immortality and no understanding of the glory of tribulation—"because tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us"—should record for the instruction of men in all ages the tragic experience of the soul which in an hour of calamity has no support beyond that furnished by what men call the religion of nature, no basis for his faith in God except what he can see in the outward circumstance and condition of the life about him.

If one regards the Bible as a series of writings dictated by God to amanuenses or communicated by God to private secretaries, he meets with imperfections, contradictions, and errors at every step, which puzzle his faith and may well eventually destroy it. If, on the other hand, he accepts the Bible as a book of religious experience, a book in which the writers have portrayed God as they knew him, the very imperfections, contradictions, and errors in their portrayal are a help, not a hindrance, to faith. The agnostic finds in Job a devout agnostic, who sympathizes with him in his inability to see a life beyond the grave, or a God in the outward circumstances and course of human life. But he also sees in this agnostic a longing desire to know where he may find God, that he may come even to his seat, and a hope that somehow, somewhere, at some time, the God who has tried him will bring him forth as gold refined in the fire. He turns over the pages of his Bible and he comes to another seeker after God, one whose faith is a militant faith, who holds it as a soldier holds fast to the banner given him to bear in the midst of the battlefield. "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He finds a soldier whom forces, natural and supernatural, are attempting to detach from his faith in the love of God, who has put on the whole armor of God that he may be able to withstand these forces in the evil day, and who, having done all, still stands in an embattled faith. He turns the pages of his Bible again and comes to another experience of God, the experience of one who has passed through the conflicts of life into the anticipatory repose of the final victory, and who writes with untroubled assurance, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

He who thus accepts the Bible as a library of experience of men in various stages of intellectual and spiritual development, men who share the errors, the ignorances, and the vices of their time, men who are not saints but sinners, yet sinners seeking after God, can join them in their quest and take heart of courage from their very failures, and press forward to the ultimate goal of truth and righteousness, because he is in company with men of like nature as himself. He who accepts the Bible as a library of human experience, and studies those experiences in this spirit, will not be concerned by the discovery that men who portrayed life as they saw it did not see all of it, and neither saw it nor portrayed it with scientific accuracy.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A PHYSICIST AT WORK IN THE LIGHTING RESEARCH LABORATORY. HE IS WORKING WITH A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE

INVENTING THE LIGHT OF OUR DESCENDANTS

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

A FAMOUS English physicist once remarked that if the secret of the firefly were known, a boy turning a crank might be able to generate sufficient energy to light a whole street. Translated into more intelligible but less picturesque language, he meant simply that nature long ago evolved the "cold light" of the scientist, and that in comparison the best electric light is a sorry, inefficient thing indeed.

You can hold a firefly in your hand; you can boil water with an incandescent lamp. Not only is much heat generated in all our lighting, but the humbling truth is that, after centuries of thinking and experimenting, after inventing amazingly ingenious engines, dynamos, arcs, and filaments, we waste in heat no less than forty units of energy for every single unit that we convert into light. Forty pilgrims start out to reach the shrine, and thirty-nine drop by the wayside! This, mind you, is the pitiful result obtained not merely with moderately good machinery, but with the most perfect water-driven dynamo that can be made and with the most highly efficient electric lamp thus far invented. If there is no waterfall at hand, so that large quantities of fuel must be burned at the lighting station, and if the inefficient electric carbon filament lamp is employed, we waste from 200 to 2,000 heat units for every unit converted into light. Add to this circumstance the fact that in nine cases out of ten we do not use the light effectively when it finally reaches us, and the immense possibilities that await the successful inventor of a system of illumination only approximately as good as that of the firefly are apparent. Is it any wonder that experts in artificial lighting devote years to ceaseless study and experimenting in the hope of discovering the firefly's secret? Is it any wonder that in Europe and America a score of physicists, chemists, and engineers are employed by

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great manufacturing companies at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars to solve the problem of the cold light?

The manner of producing an electric light is clumsy and indirect enough. A fireman shovels coal under a boiler to heat water. Steam is generated, which is fed to an engine or a turbine. The engine or turbine in turn drives a dynamo. Thus current is generated, which is conducted by wires to the lamps. At every step there is a loss of energy; but the greatest loss of all occurs at the lamp itself—the very end of the chain that links the coal pile with the human eye. Surely, we have no reason to be proud of our attempts to produce light if we consider that the firefly has a luminous efficiency of more than ninety-five per cent, and that the most carefully made metal filament lamp of this twentieth century has a luminous efficiency of only about one and one-tenth per cent. Assuming that your electric light bill for a given month is $2.10, you pay for light about $0.02, and $2.08 for heat that you do not want.

Regarded as a combined power plant and illuminant, the firefly is not without his weak points. It is not that his light is dim (in the National Museum at Washington the visitor may see a pierced wooden firefly cage or lantern which was formerly used by the natives of the West Indies, and which, stocked with fireflies, gave enough light to read by), but that the color of his light is undeniably bad—too yellowish-green for most practical purposes, too much like the radiation of the mercury arc-tube, beneath which all color values are lost and human flesh becomes a ghastly green tissue traversed by hideous purple veins. While a thousand candle-power firefly flitting up and down a street would be cheaper than an equivalent number of electric lamps, the insect would not be a complete success. Color as well as cheapness of production must be reckoned with in devising the light of the future. That is why the illuminating specialists of two continents not only study fireflies but also concern themselves with the production of what may be regarded as artificial daylight.

Most of our artificial lights are very much alike in color. They are far removed from daylight. Brighter, better, and cheaper than the whale-oil lamps and candles of our great-grandfathers though they may be, in color they are very much the same. Even the bluish electric arc lamp is a light yellow in comparison with the sun.

If night is to be turned into day, the first step is to study daylight and to compare it scientifically with artificial light of different kinds. This has been done. Every light, natural or artificial, is a blend of many colors. To separate the colors, to find out of what colors daylight or electric light is composed, the scientist employs a glass prism. After the rays from a source of light have passed through the prism, the different colors of which that light is in reality composed are made to appear in vertical bands side by side. The scientist determines which bands are weaker in a given artificial light and which bands are stronger than the corresponding bands in sunlight. He knows exactly what colors he must add or subtract, and he knows exactly what are the shortcomings of his incandescent filament, arc, or flame. The result is that even now it is possible for the expert to produce an exact artificial equivalent of daylight.

Two general recipes can be employed. Couched in the vernacular of the kitchen, the first reads: "To so many candle-power of light from lamp No. 1, add so many candle-power of light from lamp No. 2. Mix thoroughly, and the resulting combination will have the color of average daylight." This is the additive method. According to it white light can be made by adding to one candle-power of a mercury vapor arc lamp (the greenish light used by photographers) 0.57 candle-power from a gas mantle, or 0.54 candle-power from a tungsten incandescent electric lamp.

The second method, the subtractive, provides a recipe that reads: "Take so many candle-power from such and such a lamp; carefully sift out the superfluous amount of certain colors (see directions on special sieve herewith provided), and the remaining light will have the color of average daylight. Serve plain or on colored objects." The results are somewhat better than those obtained with the additive method. The subtractive method has been so far developed that it leaves nothing to be desired from the stand point of color. It is less economical than the other, however, and is employed, not for the general illumination of large rooms, but for the inspection and comparison of colored objects. The subtractive apparatus used consists of a screen of colored glass made by a special formula and coated with a dye film. This screen or sieve filters out the undesirable rays from a metal filament lamp. The

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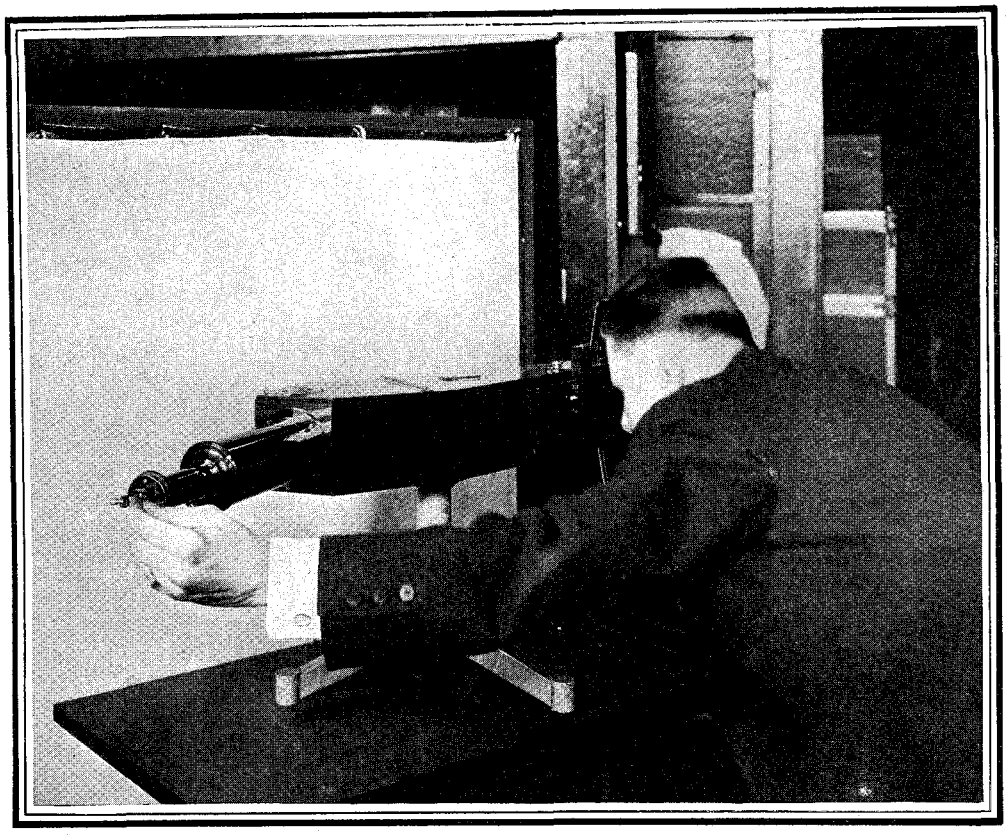

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE USE OF A SPECTOGRAPH WHICH IS EMPLOYED IN PHOTOGRAPHING SPECTRA IN THE COLOR ANALYSIS OF LIGHT. THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLY WHEN EXAMINED BY THIS INSTRUMENT IS FOUND TO BE OF YELLOWISH-GREEN COLOR

issuing light is found to have the same color as average daylight.

While it is indisputable that with artificial daylight color-tints could be matched, so that silk manufacturers, painters, dyers, and specialists in color printing could work by night as well as by day, it may be questioned whether the light of our descendants will be a miniature man-made sun.

When that light of our descendants comes, it must be judged ultimately by the eye. No more wonderful testing-machine was ever devised. Considered together, the two optics are a pair of miniature cameras, arranged for taking stereoscopic moving pictures in colors. Unlike a man-made camera, each eye is focused by changing the shape of the elastic lens. No less than fourteen muscles turn the lenses in their sockets whenever you fix your gaze on an object. Look at a pencil held an inch from your nose and both eyes turn inward, so that you appear cross-eyed; but for all that the focusing apparatus simultaneously adjusts itself to the new condition. Wonderful as this is, more wonderful still is the nervous control by which each muscle is made to play its part at the right instant with flashlike shifts of vision in different directions from near objects to far objects and back again. This delicate ocular machinery is in constant action practically every waking moment.

The sensitive photographic plate of this living camera, a plate that we call the retina, is perhaps its most wonderful element. Three sets of nerve cells with complex interlacing fibers compose that plate. From them a large nerve leads to the brain, branching out into still more complicated nerve structures which interpret the pictures taken. That marvelous photographic plate can develop a picture in colors and submit it for your inspection in one-tenth of a second. In the same brief interval it can restore itself and be ready for another exposure. It can distinguish several thousand different colors, including black and white and intermediate grays, all the colors of the rainbow, the pur-

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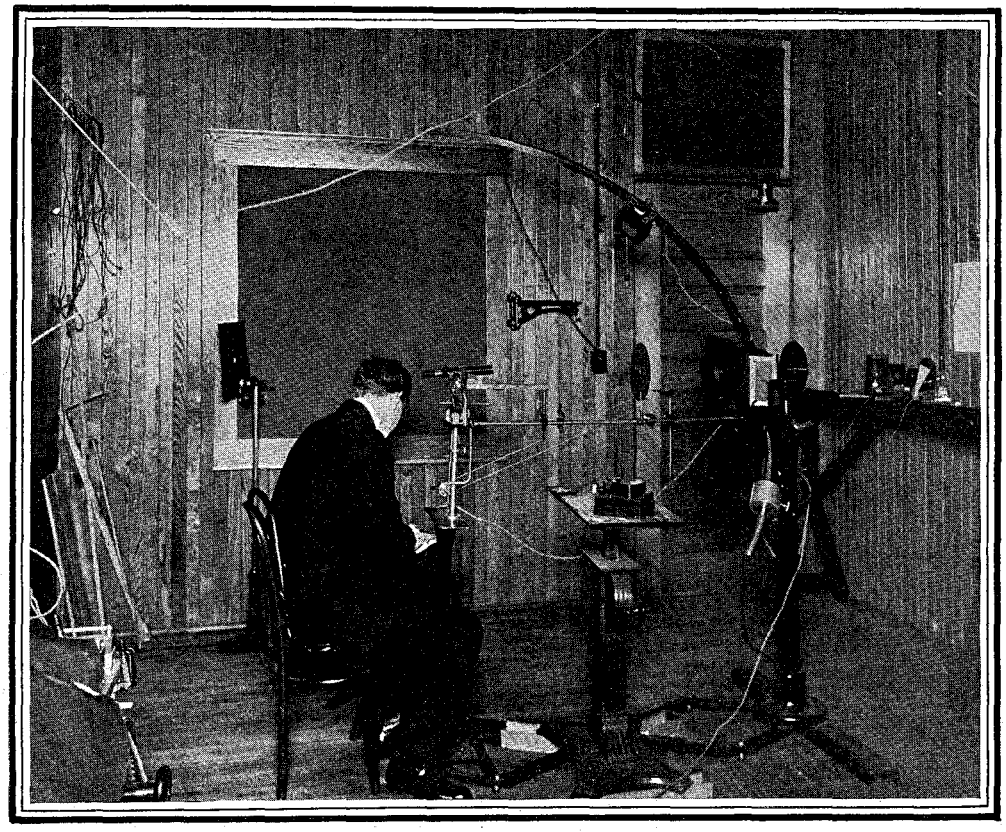
ples (which are not in the rainbow), and an enormous number of combinations produced by mixing the simple colors. It can increase its sensitiveness to an astounding degree, so that feebly lighted objects become visible, which could not have been seen at once unless several thousand times as much light had been available. Is it at all strange that the light of the future must first be approved by the physiologist and the psychologist before it will be given to our descendants?

In seeking to emulate the firefly and to produce an artificial illuminant which will be agreeable in color and which will have no injurious effect on the eye, we find laboratory workers following two practical methods—two methods that are exemplified in the light that comes from white-hot iron and from the familiar gas mantle.

Thrust a piece of iron into a forge. The metal glows more brightly as its temperature is raised. From "red heat" it passes to "white heat," which means that, of the energy consumed in heating the iron, a constantly increasing proportion is transformed into light. If, then, a metal be employed, it seems that we have simply to heat it sufficiently in order to obtain light. Unfortunately, there is a limit to the amount of heat that a metal can withstand. Eventually it melts and disintegrates.

In the early days of the electric incandescent filament, materials were sought which would stand a high temperature. At first it was thought that platinum, which melts at about 3,182° F., might answer; but almost immediately it was superseded by carbon, which melts in the neighborhood of 7,000° F. Soon it was discovered that, while the carbon filament does not melt, it disintegrates rapidly at temperatures above 3,600° F. Hence, up to the present time, it has not been found practicable to operate it at the higher temperature which would result in greater efficiency. In the ordinary arc lamp the carbon is carried to the melting point; consequently the efficiency of the arc is high.

Scientific men are also experimenting with a different principle—"the white-hot iron" principle, it may be called. It has been found



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE PERIMETER, AN APPARATUS USED IN INVESTIGATING THE EFFECT ON THE EYE OF LIGHT ENTERING FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

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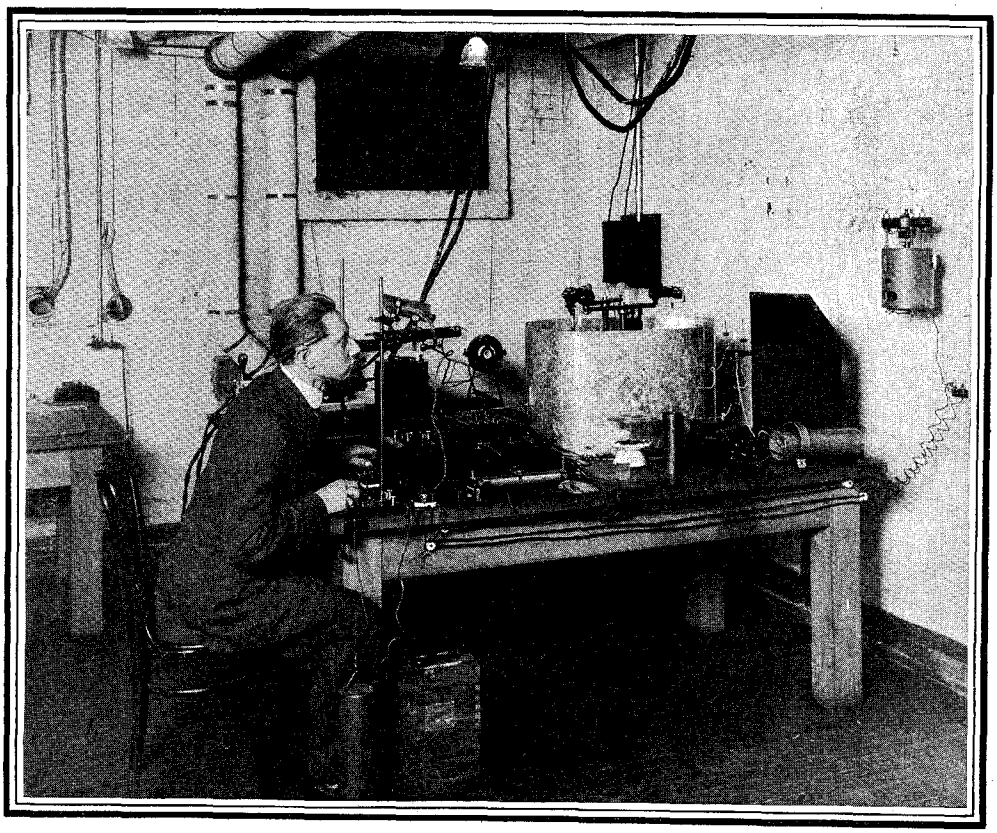
that certain elements have the property of radiating most of their energy in visible vibrations when heated to incandescence; that the temperature required to bring them to the light-giving point is comparatively low. The gas mantle is an example. An almost invisible gas flame heats a fabric, impregnated with what are known as "rare earths," to incandescence. A brilliant light is the result. With that example before them, chemists and physicists endeavor to discover materials which, while their melting points may be lower, will, at practical temperatures, transform into electric light a greater portion of the radiant energy than carbon. In the search for metals which will stand higher temperatures without too rapid disintegration, osmium, tantalum, and tungsten have given especially promising results. It has been found that not only will they operate satisfactorily at high temperatures, but that if we consider carbon as normal, all these metals, when fashioned into filaments and used in electric lamps, emit a large amount of energy as light. With these materials, as with carbon, other factors enter to reduce the operating temperatures considerably below the melting point. Still, the metal filaments can withstand a sufficiently high temperature to make them much more efficient and desirable than carbon. The result is that the tungsten lamp is the cheapest electric light producer of the present day.

In the actual testing of thousands of different substances and methods to ascertain whether they can be applied to the making of better lamps, engineers and chemists have accomplished wonders in the past ten years, although they have not yet given us a light at all comparable in efficiency with that of the firefly. Thanks to their efforts, we can now obtain several times as much light from either a gas lamp or an electric bulb as we could at the beginning of the twentieth century, for a given amount of gas or electric current consumed.

After these men have experimented for months, an electric lamp may be constructed which seems to offer great commercial possibilities. Your true scientist contemplates such



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS APPARATUS USED IN INVESTIGATING THE DEEP RED AND INFRA-RED PORTIONS OF THE SPECTRUM

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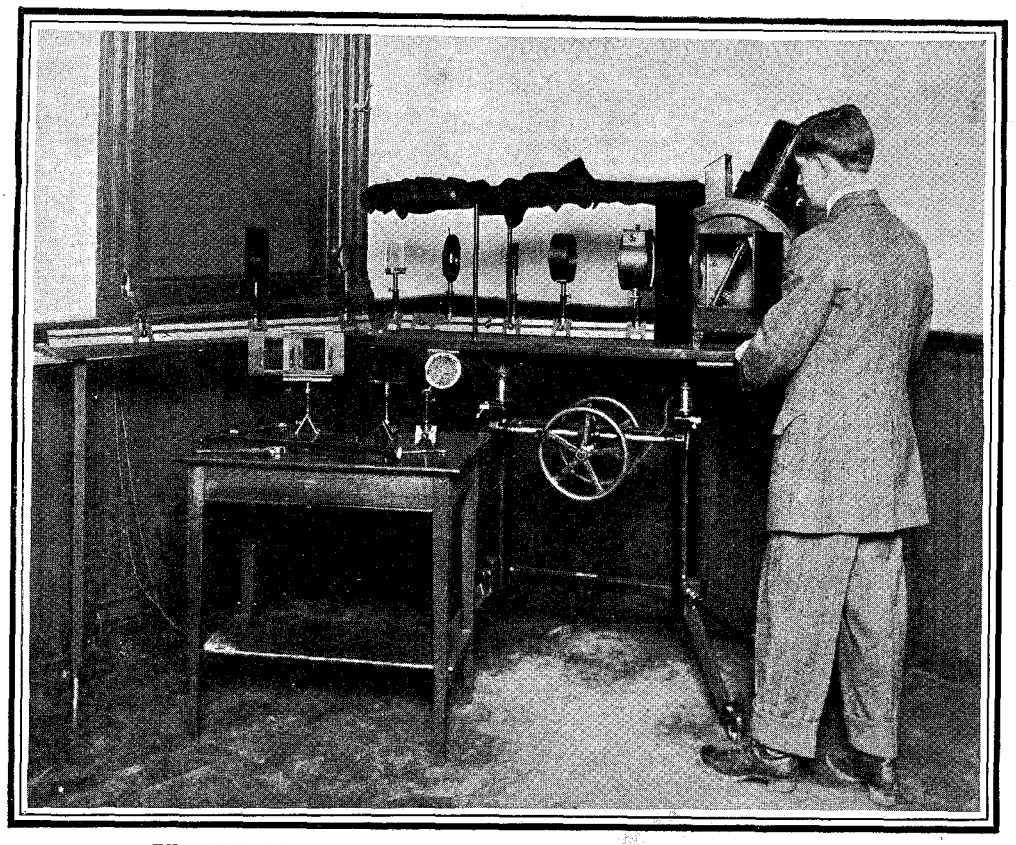

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE ZEISS COLOR PROJECTING MACHINE

an achievement with more suspicion than elation. So numerous have been the failures, success comes almost as a surprise. Hundreds of tests are forthwith instituted in order to compare the new lamp with the old, in order to reveal hidden defects. Thus, when the tungsten lamp was invented, it was subjected to the most minute scrutiny before you were allowed to screw it into a socket in your house or your office.

The qualities which lamp-users consciously or unconsciously demand, and to which lamp-makers must give heed, are curiously analogous to the points of a well-constructed automobile. Endurance, power, and economy—three cardinal virtues of a motor car—find their counterpart in every good illuminant.

To ascertain whether it has these three cardinal virtues, a new lamp is tested in several ways. One way of discovering its endurance is to burn it until it breaks down. The number of hours of its life and its candle-power are carefully noted. Second to its luminous endurance is its mechanical endurance. It must be able to withstand accidental knocks and blows, vibrations and falls. In order to test the strength of the glass parts, numerous bumping and thwacking engines have been devised, most of them so arranged that the lamps can be lighted, if desired, at any time during the test.

The scientific use of a completed incandescent lamp is not the only, nor indeed the most important, method employed to study its mechanical endurance. It is by the inspection of the filament removed from the bulb that perhaps the most information is obtained. Very delicate instruments must be employed for that purpose, because the filament is often of almost microscopic diameter. To ascertain the secrets of its weakness the surface or fracture of the filament is photographed with a microscope. The resultant picture (an enlargement of several hundred diameters) shows that an exterior apparently smooth to the naked eye may in reality be curiously pitted and seamed. Then, again, refined apparatus is employed, consisting of tiny weights and levers, with electrical auxilia-

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ries, for measuring the strains and stresses when a filament is broken or bent.

The horse-power of an automobile finds its counterpart in the candle-power of an electric lamp. An instrument known as a photometer measures the intensity of the lamp's light. Fully equipped, a laboratory photometer may cost five hundred dollars. Only in the hands of a trained and experienced photometrician is it of any value.

Economy of current is relatively quite as important in an electric lamp as fuel economy in a motor car. Instead of being measured, however, in miles per gallon of gasoline, it is measured in what the scientist calls "lumens per watt," which, interpreted, means the amount of light delivered in proportion to the electrical power consumed.

So difficult is this problem of providing a cheap efficient light for our descendants, a light that will measurably approach the high standard set by the firefly, that it is not likely to be solved by any one man. The day of the master of all trades has passed. As college commencement orations annually remind us, we are living in an age of specialization. No man has money enough, no man is omniscient enough, to produce unaided the light of the future. A regiment of scientists must attack the problem. In the research laboratories devoted to the task throughout the world are chemists and engineers, who search out new methods and substances for lamp-making; physicists who work mainly along advanced theoretical lines, studying the very nature and properties of light; physiologists, who specialize on the effects of light on the eye; and psychologists, who concern themselves with such nice questions as the effect of side glare. There is nothing haphazard in the studies of these men. They know exactly what is wanted; they waste no time in useless experiments. When, therefore, it comes, the light of the future will be the product of the brain concentration of two hemispheres and of perhaps several generations—a work built up as patiently as the Egyptian pyramids.

THE SECRET PLACE

BY RICHARD BURTON

When I shake off the outer things
  That, thronging, drag me fifty ways—
The busy needs, the little stings
  That hum about my usual days—
I come into a secret place
  And meet my true self, face to face.

Quiet removal from the press,
  A breathing-room wherein the soul
Knows love and love's own tenderness,
  And in a dream descries the goal;
There wholesome thoughts and sweet confer,
  Like garments laid in lavender.

Anew I feel that I belong—
  Alien and outcast though I be—
To the great Spirit whose far song
  Makes an ineffable harmony;
And, with a rhythm in my feet,
  I fare me forth my fate to greet.

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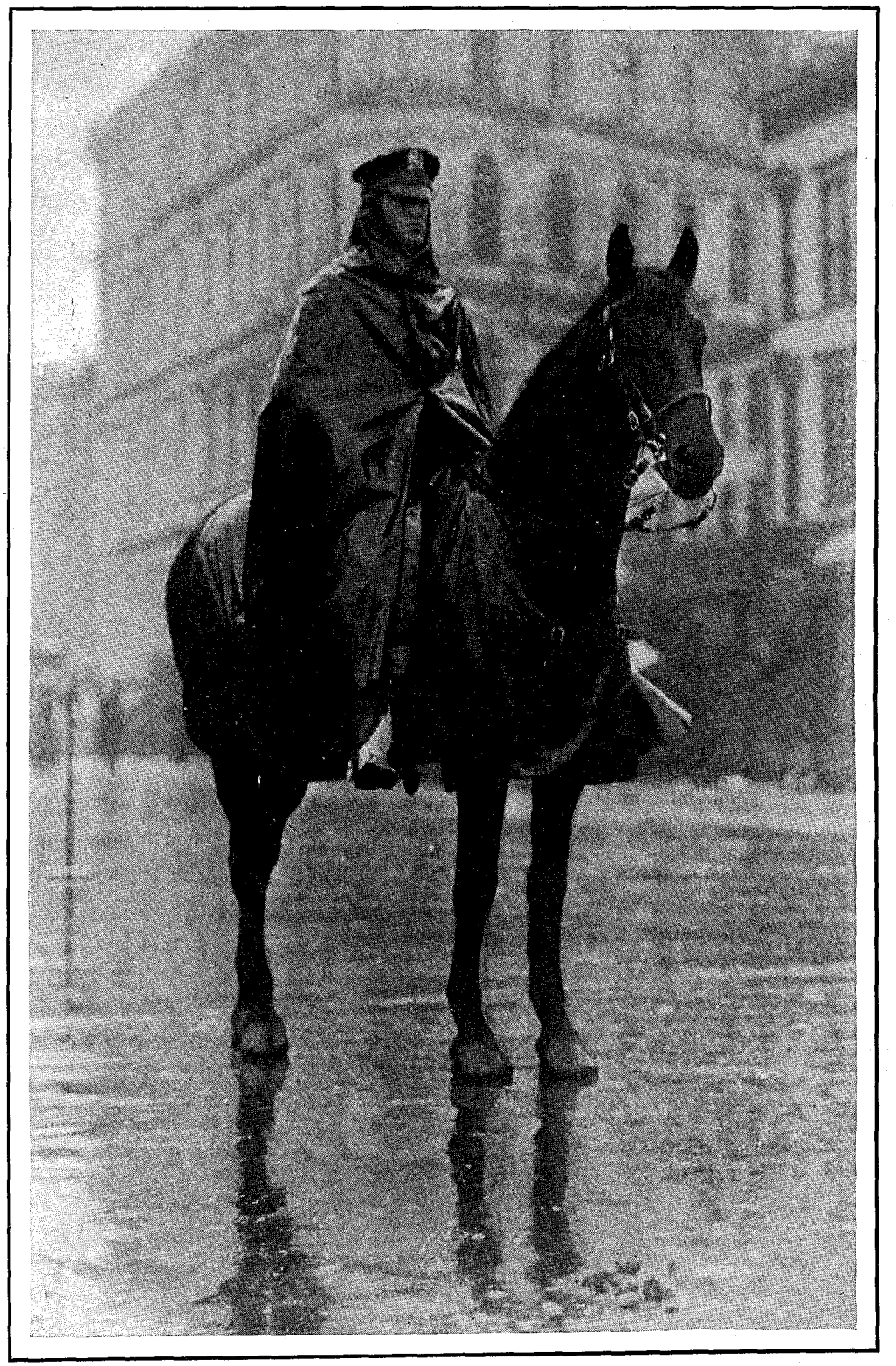

GUARDIAN OF THE CITY

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THE NEW YORK POLICE

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE SIXTH INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY" [1]

IN the spring of 1895 I was appointed by Mayor Strong Police Commissioner, and I served as President of the Police Commission of New York for the two following years. Mayor Strong had been elected Mayor the preceding fall, when the general anti-Democratic wave of that year coincided with one of the city's occasional insurrections of virtue and consequent turning out of Tammany from municipal control. He had been elected on a non-partisan ticket—usually (although not always) the right kind of ticket in municipal affairs, provided it represents not a bargain among factions but genuine non-partisanship, with the genuine purpose to get the right men in control of the city government on a platform which deals with the needs of the average men and women, the men and women who work hard and who too often live hard. I was appointed with the distinct understanding that I was to administer the Police Department with entire disregard of partisan politics, and only from the standpoint of a good citizen interested in promoting the welfare of all good citizens. My task, therefore, was really simple. Mayor Strong had already offered me the Street-Cleaning Department. For this work I did not feel that I had any especial fitness. I resolutely refused to accept the position, and the Mayor ultimately got a far better man for his purpose in Colonel George F. Waring. The work of the Police Department, however, was in my line, and I was glad to undertake it.

JACOB RIIS AND "THE OTHER HALF"

The man who was closest to me throughout my two years in the Police Department was Jacob Riis. By this time, as I have said, I was getting our social, industrial, and political needs into pretty fair perspective. I was still ignorant of the extent to which big men of great wealth played a mischievous part in our industrial and social life, but I was well awake to the need of making ours in good faith both an economic and an industrial as well as a political democracy. I already knew Jake Riis, because his book "How the Other Half Lives" had been to me both an enlightenment and an inspiration for which I felt I could never be too grateful. Soon after it was written I had called at his office to tell him how deeply impressed I was by the book, and that I wished to help him in any practical way to try to make things a little better. I have always had a horror of words that are not translated into deeds, of speech that does not result in action—in other words, I believe in realizable ideals and in realizing them, in preaching what can be practiced and then in practicing it. Jacob Riis had drawn an indictment of the things that were wrong, pitifully and dreadfully wrong, with the tenement homes and the tenement lives of our wage-workers. In his book he had pointed out how the city government, and especially those connected with the departments of police and health, could aid in remedying some of the wrongs.

WANTED: A WORKINGMAN'S MAYOR

As President of the Police Board I was also a member of the Health Board. In both positions I felt that with Jacob Riis's guidance I would be able to put a goodly number of his principles into actual effect. He and I looked at life and its problems from substantially the same standpoint. Our ideals and principles and purposes, and our beliefs as to the methods necessary to realize them, were alike. After the election in 1894 I had written him a letter which ran in part as follows:

It is very important to the city to have a business man's Mayor, but it is more important to have a workingman's Mayor; and I want

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Mr. Strong to be that also. . . . It is an excellent thing to have rapid transit, but it is a good deal more important, if you look at matters with a proper perspective, to have ample playgrounds in the poorer quarters of the city, and to take the children off the streets so as to prevent them growing up toughs. In the same way it is an admirable thing to have clean streets; indeed, it is an essential thing to have them; but it would be a better thing to have our schools large enough to give ample accommodation to all who should be pupils and to provide them with proper playgrounds.

And I added, while expressing my regret that I had not been able to accept the street-cleaning commissionership, that "I would have been delighted to smash up the corrupt contractors and put the street-cleaning force absolutely out of the domain of politics."

This was nineteen years ago, but it makes a pretty good platform in municipal politics even to-day—smash corruption, take the municipal service out of the domain of politics, insist upon having a Mayor who shall be a working-man's Mayor even more than a business man's Mayor, and devote all the attention possible to the welfare of the children.

CONCENTRATION OF POWER

Therefore, as I viewed it, there were two sides to the work: first, the actual handling of the Police Department; second, using my position to help in making the city a better place in which to live and work for those to whom the conditions of life and labor were hardest. The two problems were closely connected; for one thing never to be forgotten in striving to better the conditions of the New York police force is the connection between the standard of morals and behavior in that force and the general standard of morals and behavior in the city at large. The form of government of the Police Department at that time was such as to make it a matter of extreme difficulty to get good results. It represented that device of old-school American political thought, the desire to establish checks and balances so elaborate that no man shall have power enough to do anything very bad. In practice this always means that no man has power enough to do anything good, and that what is bad is done anyhow.

In most positions the "division of powers" theory works unmitigated mischief. The only way to get good service is to give somebody power to render it, facing the fact that power which will enable a man to do a job well will also necessarily enable him to do it ill if he is the wrong kind of man. What is normally needed is the concentration in the hands of one man, or of a very small body of men, of ample power to enable him or them to do the work that is necessary; and then the devising of means to hold these men fully responsible for the exercise of that power by the people. This of course means that, if the people are willing to see power misused, it will be misused. But it also means that if, as we hold, the people are fit for self-government—if, in other words, our talk and our institutions are not shams—we will get good government. I do not contend that my theory will automatically bring good government. I do contend that it will enable us to get as good government as we deserve, and that the other way will not.

CHECKING EFFICIENCY

The then government of the Police Department was so devised as to render it most difficult to accomplish anything good, while the field for intrigue and conspiracy was limitless. There were four Commissioners, two supposed to belong to one party and two to the other, although, as a matter of fact, they never divided on party lines. There was a Chief, appointed by the Commissioners, but whom they could not remove without a regular trial subject to review by the courts of law. This Chief and any one Commissioner had power to hold up most of the acts of the other three Commissioners. It was made easy for the four Commissioners to come to a deadlock among themselves; and if this danger was avoided, it was easy for one Commissioner, by intriguing with the Chief, to bring the other three to a standstill. The Commissioners were appointed by the Mayor, but he could not remove them without the assent of the Governor, who was usually politically opposed to him. In the same way the Commissioners could appoint the patrolmen, but they could not remove them, save after a trial which went up for review to the courts.

As was inevitable under our system of law procedure, this meant that the action of the court was apt to be determined by legal technicalities. It was possible to dismiss a man from the service for quite insufficient reasons, and to provide against the reversal of the sentence, if the technicalities of procedure were observed. But the worst criminals were apt to be adroit men, against whom it was impossible to get legal evidence which a court could properly consider in a criminal trial (and the

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENT

mood of the court might be to treat the case as if it were a criminal trial), although it was easy to get evidence which would render it not merely justifiable but necessary for a man to remove them from his private employ—and surely the public should be as well treated as a private employer. Accordingly, most of the worst men put out were reinstated by the courts; and when the Mayor attempted to remove one of my colleagues who made it his business to try to nullify the work done by the rest of us, the Governor sided with the recalcitrant Commissioner and refused to permit his removal.

Nevertheless, an astounding quantity of work was done in reforming the force. We had a good deal of power, anyhow; we exercised it to the full; and we accomplished some things by assuming the appearance of a power which we did not really possess.

KEEPING POLITICS OUT

The first fight I made was to keep politics absolutely out of the force; and not only politics, but every kind of improper favoritism. Doubtless in making thousands of appointments and hundreds of promotions there were men who contrived to use influence of which I was ignorant. But these cases must have been few and far between. As far as was humanly possible, the appointments and promotions were made without regard to any question except the fitness of the man and the needs of the service. As Civil Service Commissioner I had been instructing heads of departments and bureaus how to get men appointed without regard to politics, and assuring them that by following our methods they would obtain first-class results. As Police Commissioner I was able practically to apply my own teachings.

GETTING GOOD MEN

The appointments to the police force were made as I have described in the last chapter. We paid not the slightest attention to a man's politics or creed, or where he was born, so long as he was an American citizen;

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and on an average we obtained far and away the best men that had ever come into the Police Department. It was of course very difficult at first to convince both the politicians and the people that we really meant what we said, and that every one really would have a fair trial. There had been in previous years the most widespread and gross corruption in connection with every activity in the Police Department, and there had been a regular tariff for appointments and promotions. Many powerful politicians and many corrupt outsiders believed that in some way or other it would still be possible to secure appointments by corrupt and improper methods, and many good citizens felt the same conviction. I endeavored to remove the impression from the minds of both sets of people by giving the widest publicity to what we were doing and how we were doing it, by making the whole process open and aboveboard, and by making it evident that we would probe to the bottom every charge of corruption.

THE OPEN DOOR

For instance, I received visits at one time from a Catholic priest, and at another time from a Methodist clergyman, who had parishioners who wished to enter the police force, but who did not believe they could get in save by the payment of money or through political pressure. The priest was running a temperance lyceum in connection with his church, and he wished to know if there would be a chance for some of the young men who belonged to that lyceum. The Methodist clergyman came from a little patch of old native America which by a recent extension had been taken within the limits of the huge, polyglot, pleasure-loving city. His was a small church, most of the members being shipwrights, mechanics, and sailormen from the local coasters. In each case I assured my visitor that we wanted on the force men of the exact type which he said he could furnish. I also told him that I was as anxious as he was to find out if there was any improper work being done in connection with the examinations, and that I would like him to get four or five of his men to take the examinations without letting me know their names. Then, whether the men failed or succeeded, he and I would take their papers and follow them through every stage so that we could tell at once whether they had been either improperly favored or improperly discriminated against. This was accordingly done, and in each case my visitor turned up a few weeks later, his face wreathed in smiles, to say that his candidates had passed and that everything was evidently all straight. During my two years as President of the Commission I think I appointed a dozen or fifteen members of that little Methodist congregation, and certainly twice that number of men from the temperance lyceum of the Catholic church in question. They were all men of the very type I most wished to see on the force—men of strong physique and resolute temper, sober, self-respecting, self-reliant, with a strong wish to improve themselves.

OTTO RAPHAEL

Occasionally I would myself pick out a man and tell him to take the examination. Thus one evening I went down to speak in the Bowery at the Young Men's Institute, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the request of Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge. While there he told me he wished to show me a young Jew who had recently, by an exhibition of marked pluck and bodily prowess, saved some women and children from a burning building. The young Jew, whose name was Otto Raphael, was brought up to see me; a powerful fellow, with good-humored, intelligent face. I asked him about his education, and told him to try the examination. He did, passed, was appointed, and made an admirable officer; and he and all his family, wherever they may dwell, have been close friends of mine ever since. Otto Raphael was a genuine East Sider. He and I were both "straight New York," to use the vernacular of our native city. To show our community of feeling and our grasp of the facts of life, I may mention that we were almost the only men in the Police Department who picked Fitzsimmons as a winner against Corbett. Otto's family had come over from Russia, and not only in social standing but in pay a policeman's position meant everything to them. It enabled Otto to educate his little brothers and sisters who had been born in this country, and to bring over from Russia two or three kinsfolk who had perforce been left behind.

PROMOTION WITHOUT CORRUPTION

Rather curiously, it was by no means as easy to keep politics and corruption out of the promotions as out of the entrance examinations. This was because I could

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take complete charge of the entrance examinations myself; and, moreover, they were largely automatic. In promotions, on the other hand, the prime element was the record and capacity of the officer, and for this we had largely to rely upon the judgment of the man's immediate superiors. This doubtless meant that in certain cases that judgment was given for improper reasons.

However, there were cases where I could act on personal knowledge. One thing that we did was to endeavor to recognize gallantry. We did not have to work a revolution in the force as to courage in the way that we had to work a revolution in honesty. They had always been brave in dealing with riotous and violent criminals. But they had gradually become very corrupt. Our great work, therefore, was the stamping out of dishonesty, and this work we did thoroughly, so far as the ridiculous bi-partisan law under which the Department was administered would permit. But we were anxious that, while stamping out what was evil in the force, we should keep and improve what was good. While warring on dishonesty, we made every effort to increase efficiency. It has unfortunately been shown by sad experience that at times a police organization which is free from the taint of corruption may yet show itself weak in some great crisis or unable to deal with the more dangerous kinds of criminals. This we were determined to prevent.

WILLIAM L. STRONG
Elected Mayor of Greater New York on a non-partisan ticket in November, 1894

MAKING THE FORCE HONEST

Our efforts were crowned with entire success. The improvement in the efficiency of the force went hand in hand with the improvement in its honesty. The men in uniform and the men in plain clothes—the detectives—did better work than ever before. The aggregate of crimes where punishment followed the commission of the crime increased, while the aggregate of crimes where the criminal escaped punishment decreased. Every discredited politician, every sensational newspaper, and every timid fool who could be scared by clamor was against us. All three classes strove by every means in their power to show that in making the force honest we had impaired its efficiency; and by their utterances they tended to bring about the very condition of things against which they professed to protest. But we went steadily along the path we had marked out. The fight was hard, and there was plenty of worry and anxiety, but we won. I was appointed in May, 1895. In February, 1897, three months before I resigned to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Judge who charged the Grand Jury of New York County was able to congratulate them on the phenomenal decrease in crime, especially of the violent sort. This decrease was steady during the two years. The police, after the reform policy was thoroughly tried, proved more successful than ever before in protecting life and property and in putting down crime and criminal vice.

DARING AND PROWESS

The part played by the recognition and reward of actual personal prowess among the members of the police force in producing this state of affairs was appreciable, though there were many other factors that combined

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to bring about the betterment. The immense improvement in discipline caused by punishing all offenders without mercy, no matter how great their political or personal influence; the resolute warfare against every kind of criminal who had hitherto been able corruptly to purchase protection; the prompt recognition of ability even where it was entirely unconnected with personal prowess—all these were elements which had enormous weight in producing the change. Mere courage and daring, and the rewarding of courage and daring, cannot supply the lack of discipline, of ability, of honesty. But they are of vital consequence, nevertheless. No police force is worth anything if its members are not intelligent and honest; but neither is it worth anything unless its members are brave, hardy, and well disciplined.

We showed recognition of daring and of personal prowess in two ways: first, by awarding a medal or a certificate in remembrance of the deed; and, second, by giving it weight in making any promotion, especially to the lower grades. In the higher grades—in all promotions above that of sergeant, for instance—resolute and daring courage cannot normally be considered as a factor of determining weight in making promotions; rather is it a quality the lack of which unfits a man for promotion. For in the higher places we must assume the existence of such a quality in any fit candidate, and must make the promotion with a view to the man's energy, executive capacity, and power of command. In the lower grades, however, marked gallantry should always be taken into account in deciding among different candidates for any given place.

POLICE HEROISM

During our two years' service we found it necessary over a hundred times to single out men for special mention because of some feat of heroism. The heroism usually took one of four forms: saving somebody from drowning, saving somebody from a burning building, stopping a runaway team, or arresting some violent lawbreaker under exceptional circumstances. To illustrate our method of action, I will take two of the first promotions made after I became Commissioner. One case was that of an old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, who was at the time a roundsman. I happened to notice one day that he had saved a woman from drowning, and had him summoned so that I might look into the matter. The old fellow brought up his record before me, and showed not a little nervousness and agitation; for it appeared that he had grown gray in the service, had performed feat after feat of heroism, but had no political backing of any account. No heed had ever been paid him. He was one of the quiet men who attend solely to duty, and, although a Grand Army man, he had never sought to use influence of any kind. Now, at last, he thought there was a chance for him. He had been twenty-two years on the force, and during that time had saved some twenty-five persons from death by drowning, varying the performance two or three times by saving persons from burning buildings. Twice Congress had passed laws especially to empower the then Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, to give him a medal for distinguished gallantry in saving life. The Life-Saving Society had also given him its medal, and so had the Police Department. There was not a complaint in all his record against him for any infraction of duty, and he was sober and trustworthy. He was entitled to his promotion; and he got it, there and then. It may be worth mentioning that he kept on saving life after he was given his sergeantcy. On October 21, 1896, he again rescued a man from drowning. It was at night, nobody else was in the neighborhood, and the dock from which he jumped was in absolute darkness, and he was ten minutes in the water, which was very cold. He was fifty-five years old when he saved this man. It was the twenty-ninth person whose life he had saved during his twenty-three years' service in the Department.

THE LINE OF DUTY

The other man was a patrolman whom we promoted to roundsman for activity in catching a burglar under rather peculiar circumstances. I happened to note his getting a burglar one week. Apparently he had fallen into the habit, for he got another the next week. In the latter case the burglar escaped from the house soon after midnight, and ran away toward Park Avenue, with the policeman in hot chase. The New York Central Railroad runs under Park Avenue, and there is a succession of openings in the top of the tunnel. Finding that the policeman was gaining on him, the burglar took a desperate chance and leaped down one of these openings, at the risk of breaking his neck. Now the burglar was running for his liberty, and it

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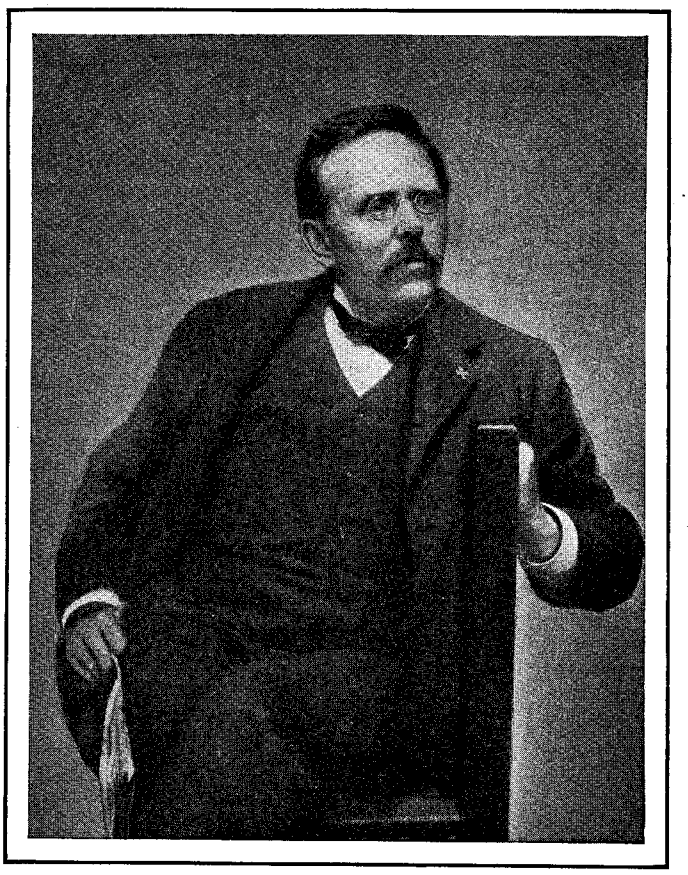

JACOB A. RIIS

"He and I looked at life and its problems from substantially the same standpoint. Our ideals and principles and purposes, and our beliefs as to the methods necessary to realize them, were alike"

was the part of wisdom for him to imperil life or limb; but the policeman was merely doing his duty, and nobody could have blamed him for not taking the jump. However, he jumped; and in this particular case the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the unrighteous. The burglar had the breath knocked out of him, and the "cop" didn't. When his victim could walk, the officer trotted him around to the station-house; and a week after I had the officer up and promoted him, for he was sober, trustworthy, and strictly attentive to duty.

THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE

Now I think that any decent man of reasonable intelligence will agree that we were quite right in promoting men in cases like these, and quite right in excluding politics from promotions. Yet it was because of our consistently acting in this manner, resolutely warring on dishonesty and on that peculiar form of baseness which masquerades as "practical" politics, and steadily refusing to pay heed to any consideration except the good of the service and the city, and the merits of the men themselves, that we drew down upon our heads the bitter and malignant animosity of the bread-and-butter spoils politicians. They secured the repeal of the Civil Service Law by the State Legislature. They attempted and almost succeeded in the effort to legislate us out of office. They joined with the baser portion of the sensational press in every species of foul, indecent falsehood and slander as to what we were doing. They attempted to seduce or frighten us by every species of intrigue and cajolery, of promise of political reward and threat of political punishment. They failed in their purpose. I believe in political organizations, and I believe in practical politics. If a man is not practical, he is of no use anywhere. But when politicians treat practical politics as

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foul politics, and when they turn what ought to be a necessary and useful political organization into a machine run by professional spoilsmen of low morality in their own interest, then it is time to drive the politician from public life, and either to mend or destroy the machine, according as the necessity may determine.

WHEN SHOOTING IS NECESSARY

We promoted to roundsman a patrolman, with an already excellent record, for gallantry shown in a fray which resulted in the death of his antagonist. He was after a gang of toughs who had just waylaid, robbed, and beaten a man. They scattered and he pursued the ringleader. Running hard, he gained on his man, whereupon the latter suddenly turned and fired full in his face. The officer already had his revolver drawn, and the two shots rang out almost together. The policeman was within a fraction of death, for the bullet from his opponent's pistol went through his helmet and just broke the skin of his head. His own aim was truer, and the man he was after fell dead, shot through the heart. I may explain that I have not the slightest sympathy with any policy which tends to put the policeman at the mercy of a tough, or which deprives him of efficient weapons. While I was Police Commissioner we punished any brutality by the police with such immediate severity that all cases of brutality practically came to an end. No decent citizen had anything to fear from the police during the two years of my service. But we consistently encouraged the police to prove that the violent criminal who endeavored to molest them or to resist arrest, or to interfere with them in the discharge of their duty, was himself in grave jeopardy; and we had every "gang" broken up and the members punished with whatever severity was necessary. Of course where possible the officer merely crippled the criminal who was violent.

One of the things that we did while in office was to train the men in the use of the pistol. A school of pistol practice was established, and the marksmanship of the force was wonderfully improved. The man in charge of the school was a roundsman, Petty, whom we promoted to sergeant. He was one of the champion revolver shots of the country, and could hit just about where he aimed. Twice he was forced to fire at criminals who resisted arrest, and in each case he hit his man in the arm or leg, simply stopping him without danger to his life.

In May, 1896, a number of burglaries occurred far uptown, in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street and Union Avenue. Two officers were sent out each night to patrol the streets in plain clothes. About two o'clock on the morning of May 8 they caught a glimpse of two men loitering about a large corner house, and determined to make them explain their actions. In order to cut off their escape, one officer went down one street and one the other. The first officer, whose name was Ryan, found the two men at the gateway of the side entrance of the house, and hailed to know what they were doing. Without answering, they turned and ran toward Prospect Avenue, with Ryan in close pursuit. After running about one hundred feet, one of them turned and fired three shots at Ryan, but failed to hit him. The two then separated, and the man who had done the shooting escaped. The other man, whose name proved to be O'Connor, again took to his heels, with Ryan still after him; they turned the corner and met the other officer, whose name was Reid, running as hard as he could toward the shooting. When O'Connor saw himself cut off by Reid, he fired at his new foe, the bullet cutting Reid's overcoat on the left shoulder. Reid promptly fired in return, his bullet going into O'Connor's neck and causing him to turn a complete somersault. The two officers then cared for their prisoner until the ambulance arrived, when he was taken to the hospital and pronounced mortally wounded. His companion was afterward caught, and they turned out to be the very burglars for whom Reid and Ryan had been on the lookout.

IN THE DAY'S WORK

In December, 1896, one of our officers was shot. A row occurred in a restaurant, which ended in two young toughs drawing their revolvers and literally running amuck, shooting two or three men. A policeman, attracted by the noise, ran up and seized one of the toughs, whereupon the other shot him in the mouth, wounding him badly. Nevertheless, the officer kept his prisoner and carried him to the station-house. The tough who had done the shooting ran out and was seized by another officer. The tough fired at him, the bullet passing through the officer's overcoat, but the assailant was promptly knocked down, disarmed, and brought to the station-house. In this case neither policeman used his revolver, and each brought in his man,

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although the latter was armed and resisted arrest, one of the officers taking in his prisoner after having been himself severely wounded. A lamentable feature of the case was that this same officer was a man who, though capable of great gallantry, was also given to shirking his work, and we were finally obliged to dismiss him from the force, after passing over two or three glaring misdeeds in view of his record for courage.

We promoted another man on account of finding out accidentally that he had performed a notable feat, which he had forborne even to mention, so that his name never came on the roll of honor. Late at night, while patrolling a lonely part of his post, he came upon three young toughs who had turned highwaymen and were robbing a peddler. He ran in at once with his night-stick, whereupon the toughs showed fight, and one of them struck at him with a bludgeon, breaking his left hand. The officer, however, made such good use of his night-stick that he knocked down two of his assailants, whereupon the third ran away, and he brought both of his prisoners to the station-house. Then he went round to the hospital, had his broken hand set in plaster, and actually reported for duty at the next tour, without losing one hour. He was a quiet fellow, with a record free from complaints, and we made him roundsman.

INSPECTOR JOHN McCULLOUGH
"One of my right-hand men in the Department"

RUNAWAYS

The mounted squad have, of course, many opportunities to distinguish themselves in stopping runaways. In May, 1895, a mounted policeman named Heyer succeeded in stopping a runaway at Kingsbridge under rather noteworthy circumstances. Two men were driving in a buggy, when the horse stumbled, and in recovering himself broke the headstall, so that the bridle fell off. The horse was a spirited trotter, and at once ran away at full speed. Heyer saw the occurrence, and followed at a run. When he got alongside the runaway he seized him by the forelock, guided him dexterously over the bridge, preventing him from running into the numerous wagons that were on the road, and finally forced him up a hill and into a wagon-shed. Three months later this same officer saved a man from drowning.

The members of the bicycle squad, which was established shortly after we took office, soon grew to show not only extraordinary proficiency on the wheel, but extraordinary daring. They frequently stopped runaways, wheeling alongside of them, and grasping the horses while going at full speed; and, what was even more remarkable, they managed not only to overtake but to jump into the vehicle and capture, on two or three different occasions, men who were guilty of reckless driving, and who fought violently in resisting arrest. They were picked men, being young and active, and any feat of daring which could be accomplished on the wheel they were certain to accomplish.

THREE BRAVE MEN

Three of the best riders of the bicycle squad, whose names and records happen to occur to me, were men of the three ethnic strains most strongly represented in the New York police force, being respectively of native American, German, and Irish parentage.

The German was a man of enormous power, and he was able to stop each of the many runaways he tackled without losing his wheel. Choosing his time, he would get alongside the horse and seize the bit in his left hand, keeping his right on the crossbar of the wheel. By degrees he then got the animal under control. He never failed to stop it, and he never lost his wheel. He also never failed to overtake any "scorcher."

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although many of these scorchers were professional riders who deliberately violated the law to see if they could not get away from him; for the wheelmen soon get to know the officers whose beats they cross.

The Yankee, though a tall, powerful man and a very good rider, scarcely came up to the German in either respect; he possessed exceptional ability, however, as well as exceptional nerve and coolness, and he also won his promotion. He stopped about as many runaways; but when the horse was really panic-stricken he usually had to turn his wheel loose, getting a firm grip on the horse's reins and then kicking his wheel so that it would fall out of the way of injury from the wagon. On one occasion he had a fight with a drunken and reckless driver who was urging to top speed a spirited horse. He first got hold of the horse, whereupon the driver lashed both him and the beast, and the animal, already mad with terror, could not be stopped. The officer had of course kicked away his wheel at the beginning, and after being dragged along for some distance he let go the beast and made a grab at the wagon. The driver hit him with his whip, but he managed to get in, and after a vigorous tussle overcame his man, and disposed of him by getting him down and sitting on him. This left his hands free for the reins. By degrees he got the horse under control, and drove the wagon round to the station-house, still sitting on his victim. "I jounced up and down on him to keep him quiet when he turned ugly," he remarked to me parenthetically. Having disposed of the wagon, he took the man round to the court, and on the way the prisoner suddenly sprang on him and tried to throttle him. Convinced at last that patience had ceased to be a virtue, he quieted his assailant with a smash on the head that took all the fight out of him until he was brought before the judge and fined. Like the other "bicycle cops," this officer made a number of arrests of criminals, such as thieves, highwaymen, and the like, in addition to his natural prey—scorchers, runaways, and reckless drivers.

The third member of the trio, a tall, sinewy man with flaming red hair, which rather added to the terror he inspired in evil-doers, was usually stationed in a rather tough part of the city, where there was a tendency to crimes of violence, and incidentally an occasional desire to harass wheelmen. The officer was as good off his wheel as on it, and he speedily established perfect order on his beat, being always willing to "take chances" in getting his man. He was no respecter of persons, and when it became his duty to arrest a wealthy man for persistently refusing to have his carriage lamps lighted after nightfall, he brought him in with the same indifference that he displayed in arresting a street-corner tough who had thrown a brick at a wheelman.

THE POLICE AS FIREMEN

Occasionally a policeman would perform work which ordinarily comes within the domain of the fireman. In November, 1896, an officer who had previously saved a man from death by drowning added to his record by saving five persons from burning. He was at the time asleep, when he was aroused by a fire in a house a few doors away. Running over the roofs of the adjoining houses until he reached the burning building, he found that on the fourth floor the flames had cut off all exit from an apartment in which there were four women, two of them over fifty, and one of the others with a six-months-old baby. The officer ran down to the adjoining house, broke open the door of the apartment on the same floor—the fourth—and crept out on the coping, less than three inches wide, that ran from one house to the other. Being a large and very powerful and active man, he managed to keep hold of the casing of the window with one hand, and with the other to reach to the window of the apartment where the women and child were. The firemen appeared, and stretched a net underneath. The crowd that was looking on suddenly became motionless and silent. Then, one by one, he drew the women out of their window, and, holding them tight against the wall, passed them into the other window. The exertion in such an attitude was great, and he strained himself badly; but he possessed a practical mind, and as soon as the women were saved he began a prompt investigation of the cause of the fire, and arrested two men whose carelessness, as was afterward proved, caused it.

CAN POLICEMEN BE HONEST?

Now and then a man, though a brave man, proved to be slack or stupid or vicious, and we could make nothing out of him; but hardihood and courage were qualities upon which we insisted and which we rewarded. Whenever I see the police force attacked and vilified, I always remember my association with it. The cases I have given above are merely instances chosen almost at random among

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STOPPING A RUNAWAY

hundreds of others. Men such as those I have mentioned have the right stuff in them! If they go wrong, the trouble is with the system, and therefore with us, the citizens, for permitting the system to go unchanged. The conditions of New York life are such as to make the police problem therein more difficult than in any other of the world's great capitals. I am often asked if policemen are honest. I believe that the great majority of them want to be honest and will be honest whenever they are given the chance. The New York police force is a body thoroughly representative of the great city itself. As I have said above, the predominant ethnic strains in it are, first, the men of Irish birth or parentage, and, following these, the native Americans, usually from the country districts, and the men of German birth or parentage. There are also Jews, Scandinavians, Italians, Slavs, and men of other nationalities. All soon become welded into one body. They are physically a fine lot. Moreover, their instincts are right; they are game, they are alert and self-reliant, they prefer to act squarely if they are allowed so to act. All that they need is to be given the chance to prove themselves honest, brave, and self-respecting.

The law at present is much better than in our day, so far as governing the force is concerned. There is now a single Commissioner, and the Mayor has complete power over him. The Mayor, through his Commissioner, now has power to keep the police force on a good level of conduct if with resolution and common sense he insists on absolute honesty within the force and at the same time heartily supports it against the criminal classes. To weaken the force in its dealings with gangs and toughs and criminals generally is as dam-

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aging as to permit dishonesty, and, moreover, works towards dishonesty. But while under the present law very much improvement can be worked, there is need of change of the law which will make the Police Commissioner a permanent, non-partisan official, holding office so long as he proves thoroughly fit for the job, completely independent of the politicians and privileged interests, and with complete power over the force. This means that there must be the right law, and the right public opinion back of the law.

HANDLING A JEW-BAITER

The many-sided ethnic character of the force now and then gives rise to, or affords opportunity for, queer happenings. Occasionally it enables one to meet emergencies in the best possible fashion. While I was Police Commissioner an anti-Semitic preacher from Berlin, Rector Ahlwardt, came over to New York to preach a crusade against the Jews. Many of the New York Jews were much excited, and asked me to prevent him from speaking and not to give him police protection. This, I told them, was impossible; and if possible would have been undesirable because it would have made him a martyr. The proper thing to do was to make him ridiculous. Accordingly I had detailed for his protection a Jew sergeant and a score or two of Jew policemen. He made his harangue against the Jews under the active protection of some forty policemen, every one of them a Jew! It was the most effective possible answer; and incidentally it was an object-lesson to our people, whose greatest need it is to learn that there must be no division by class hatred, whether this hatred be that of creed against creed, nationality against nationality, section against section, or men of one social or industrial condition against men of another social and industrial condition. We must ever judge each individual on his own conduct and merits, and not on his membership in any class, whether that class be based on theological, social, or industrial considerations.

JERRY SULLIVAN

Among my political opponents when I was Police Commissioner was the head of a very influential local Democratic organization. He was a State Senator usually known as Big Tim Sullivan. Big Tim represented the morals of another era; that is, his principles and actions were very much those of a Norman noble in the years immediately succeeding the Battle of Hastings. (This will seem flattery only to those who are not acquainted with the real histories and antecedents of the Norman nobles of the epoch in question.) His application of these eleventh-century theories to our nineteenth-century municipal democratic conditions brought him into sharp contact with me, and with one of my right-hand men in the Department, Inspector John McCullough. Under the old dispensation this would have meant that his friends and kinsfolk were under the ban.

Now it happened that in the Department at that time there was a nephew or cousin of his, Jerry D. Sullivan. I found that Jerry was an uncommonly good man, a conscientious, capable officer, and I promoted him. I do not know whether Jerry or Jerry's cousin (Senator Sullivan) was more astonished. The Senator called upon me to express what I am sure was a very genuine feeling of appreciation. Poor Jerry died, I think of consumption, a year or two after I left the Department. He was promoted again after I left, and he then showed that he possessed the very rare quality of gratitude, for he sent me a telegram dated January 15, 1898, running as follows: "Was made sergeant to-day. I thank you for all in my first advancement." And in a letter written to me he said: "In the future, as in the past, I will endeavor at all times to perform my duty honestly and fearlessly, and never cause you to feel that you were mistaken in me, so that you will be justly proud of my record." The Senator, though politically opposed to me, always kept a feeling of friendship for me after this incident. He served in Congress while I was President.

The police can be used to help all kinds of good purposes. When I was Police Commissioner much difficulty had been encountered in locating illegal and fraudulent practitioners of medicine. Dr. Maurice Lewi called on me, with a letter from James Russell Parsons, the Secretary of the Board of Regents at Albany, and asked me if I could not help. After questioning him I found that the local authorities were eager to prosecute these men, but could not locate them; and I made up my mind I would try my hand at it. Accordingly, a sealed order was sent to the commanding officer of each police precinct in New York, not to be opened until just before the morning roll call, previous to the police squad going on

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duty. This order required that, immediately upon reaching post, each patrolman should go over his beat and enter upon a sheet of paper, provided for that purpose, the full name and address of every doctor sign there appearing. Immediately upon securing this information, the patrolman was instructed to return the sheet to the officer in charge of the precinct. The latter in turn was instructed to collect and place in one large envelope and to return to Police Headquarters all the data thus received. As a result of this procedure, within two hours the prosecuting officials of the city of New York were in possession of the name and address of every person in New York who announced himself as a physician; and scores of pretended physicians were brought to book or driven from the city.

THE EXCISE

One of the perennially serious and difficult problems, and one of the chief reasons for police blackmail and corruption, is to be found in the excise situation in New York. When I was Police Commissioner, New York was a city with twelve or fifteen thousand saloons, with a State law which said they should be closed on Sundays, and with a local sentiment which put a premium on violating the law by making Sunday the most profitable day in the week to the saloon-keeper who was willing to take chances. It was this willingness to take chances that furnished to the corrupt politician and the corrupt police officer their opportunities.

There was in New York City a strong sentiment in favor of honesty in politics; there was also a strong sentiment in favor of opening the saloons on Sundays; and, finally, there was a strong sentiment in favor of keeping the saloons closed on Sunday. Unfortunately, many of the men who favored honest government nevertheless preferred keeping the saloons open to having honest government; and many others among the men who favored honest government put it second to keeping the saloons closed. Moreover, among the people who wished the law obeyed and the saloons closed there were plenty who objected strongly to every step necessary to accomplish the result, although they also insisted that the result should be accomplished.

CAPTAIN EDWARD J. BOURKE

"'King' Calahan's saloon had never before in its history been closed, and to have a green cop tell him to close seemed to him so incredible that he regarded it merely as a bad jest"

ENFORCING LAW DISHONESTLY

Meanwhile the politicians found an incredible profit in using the law as a club to keep the saloons in line; all except the biggest, the owners of which, or the owners of the breweries back of which, sat in the inner councils of Tammany, or controlled Tammany's allies in the Republican organization. The police used the partial and spasmodic enforcement of the law as a means of collecting blackmail. The result was that the officers of the law, the politicians, and the saloon-keepers became inextricably tangled in a network of crime and connivance at crime. The most powerful saloon-keepers controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorized and blackmailed all the other saloon-keepers. It was not a case of non-enforcement of the law. The law was very actively enforced, but it was enforced with corrupt discrimination.

TAMMANY AND THE SALOON-KEEPERS

It is difficult for men who have not been brought into contact with that side of political life which deals with the underworld to understand the brazen openness with which this blackmailing of lawbreakers was carried out. A further very dark fact was that many of the men responsible for putting the law on the statute-books in order to please one element of their constituents, also connived at or even profited by the corrupt and partial non-enforcement of the law in order to

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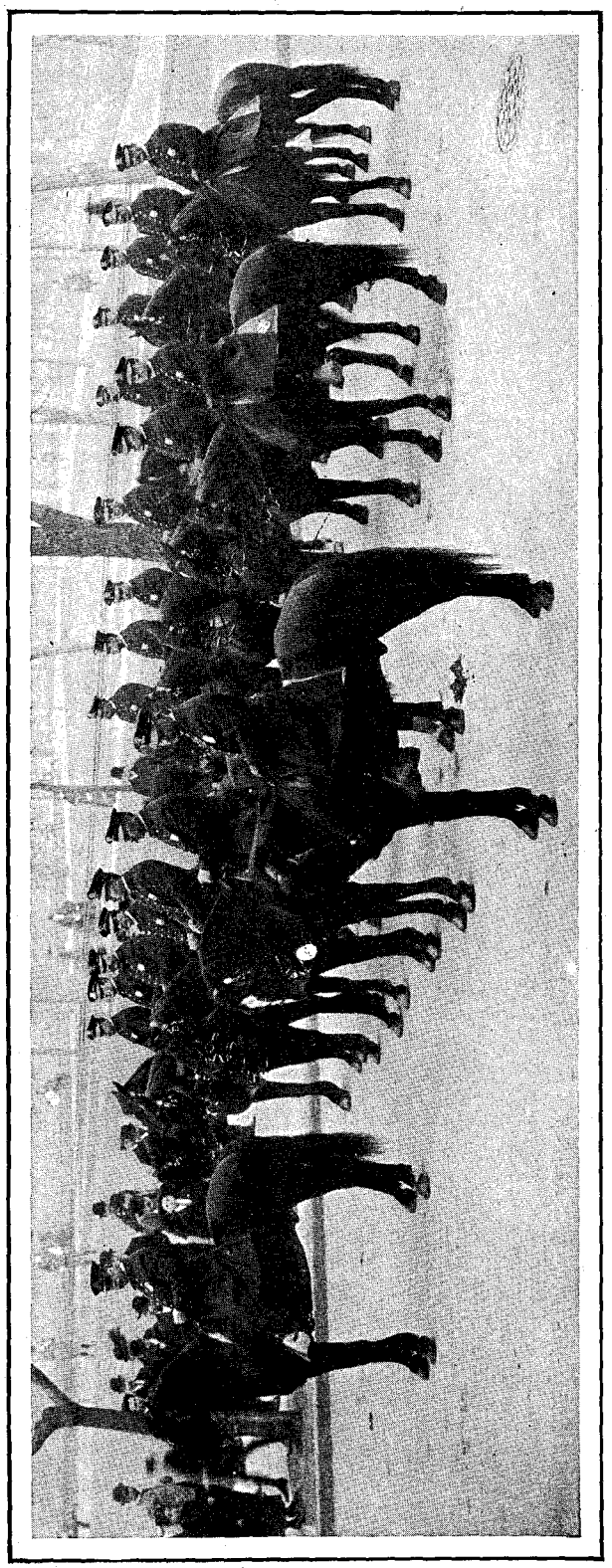

A SQUAD OF MOUNTED POLICE

please another set of their constituents, or to secure profit for themselves. The organ of the liquor-sellers at that time was the "Wine and Spirit Gazette." The editor of this paper believed in selling liquor on Sunday, and felt that it was an outrage to forbid it. But he also felt that corruption and blackmail made too big a price to pay for the partial non-enforcement of the law. He made in his paper a statement, the correctness of which was never questioned, which offers a startling commentary on New York politics of that period. In this statement he recited the fact that the system of blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor dealers themselves, that they communicated at length on the subject with Governor Hill (the State Democratic boss) and then with Mr. Croker (the city Democratic boss). Finally the matter was formally taken up by a committee of the Central Association of Liquor Dealers in an interview they held with Mr. Martin, my Tammany predecessor as President of the police force. In a matter-of-course way the editor's statement continues:

"An agreement was made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor dealers according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the force should be discontinued in return for political support." Not only did the big bosses, State and local, treat this agreement, and the corruption to which it was due, as normal and proper, but they never even took the trouble to deny what had been done when it was made public. Tammany and the police, however, did not fully live up to the agreement; and much discrimination of a very corrupt kind, and of a very exasperating kind to liquor-sellers who wished to be honest,

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continued in connection with the enforcing of the law.

MILLIONS IN BLACKMAIL

In short, the agreement was kept only with those who had "pull." These men with "pull" were benefited when their rivals were bullied and blackmailed by the police. The police, meanwhile, who had bought appointment or promotion, and the politicians back of them, extended the blackmailing to include about everything from the pushcart peddler and the big or small merchant who wished to use the sidewalk illegally for his goods, up to the keepers of the brothel, the gambling-house, and the policy-shop. The total blackmail ran into millions of dollars. New York was a wide-open town. The big bosses rolled in wealth, and the corrupt policemen who ran the force lost all sense of decency and justice. Nevertheless, I wish to insist on the fact that the honest men on the patrol posts, "the men with the night-sticks," remained desirous to see honesty obtain, although they were losing courage and hope.

ENFORCING LAW HONESTLY

This was the situation that confronted me when I came to Mulberry Street. The saloon was the chief source of mischief. It was with the saloon that I had to deal, and there was only one way to deal with it. That was to enforce the law. The howl that rose was deafening. The professional politicians raved. The yellow press surpassed themselves in clamor and mendacity. A favorite assertion was that I was enforcing a "blue" law, an obsolete law that had never before been enforced. As a matter of fact, I was only enforcing honestly a law that had hitherto been enforced dishonestly. There was very little increase in the number of arrests made for violating the Sunday law. Indeed, there were weeks when the number of arrests went down. The only difference was that there was no protected class. Everybody was arrested alike, and I took especial pains to see that there was no discrimination, and that the big men and the men with political influence were treated like every one else. The immediate effect was wholly good. I had been told that it was not possible to close the saloons on Sunday and that I could not succeed. However, I did succeed. The warden of Bellevue Hospital reported, two or three weeks after we had begun, that for the first time in its existence there had not been a case due to a drunken brawl in the hospital all Monday. The police courts gave the same testimony, while savings banks recorded increased deposits and pawnshops hard times. The most touching of all things was the fact that we received letters, literally by the hundred, from mothers in tenement-houses who had never been allowed to take their children to the country in the wide-open days, and who now found their husbands willing to take them and their families for an outing on Sunday. Jake Riis and I spent one Sunday from morning till night in the tenement districts, seeing for ourselves what had happened.

SEVENTEEN BEERS AND A PRETZEL

During the two years that we were in office things never slipped back to anything like what they had been before. But we did not succeed in keeping them quite as highly keyed as during these first weeks. As regards the Sunday-closing law, this was partly because public sentiment was not really with us. The people who had demanded honesty, but who did not like to pay for it by the loss of illegal pleasure, joined the openly dishonest in attacking us. Moreover, all kinds of ways of evading the law were tried, and some of them were successful. The statute, for instance, permitted any man to take liquor with meals. After two or three months a magistrate was found who decided judicially that seventeen beers and one pretzel made a meal—after which decision joy again became unconfined in at least some of the saloons, and the yellow press gleefully announced that my "tyranny" had been curbed. But my prime object, that of stopping blackmail, was largely attained.

EDWARD J. BOURKE AND THE "FRIENDS OF PERSONAL LIBERTY"

All kinds of incidents occurred in connection with this crusade. One of them introduced me to a friend who remains a friend yet. His name was Edward J. Bourke. He was one of the men who entered the police force through our examinations shortly after I took office. I had summoned twenty or thirty of the successful applicants to let me look over them; and as I walked into the hall, one of them, a well-set-up man, called out sharply to the others, "Gangway," making them move to one side. I found he had served in the United States navy. The incident was sufficient to make me keep him in

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mind. A month later I was notified by a police reporter, a very good fellow, that Bourke was in difficulties, and that he thought I had better look into the matter myself, as Bourke was being accused by certain very influential men of grave misconduct in an arrest he had made the night before. Accordingly, I took the matter up personally. I found that on the new patrolman's beat the preceding night —a new beat—there was a big saloon run by a man of great influence in political circles known as "King" Calahan. After midnight the saloon was still running in full blast, and Bourke, stepping inside, told Calahan to close up. It was at the time filled with "friends of personal liberty," as Governor Hill used at that time, in moments of pathos, to term everybody who regarded as tyranny any restriction on the sale of liquor. Calahan's saloon had never before in its history been closed, and to have a green cop tell him to close it seemed to him so incredible that he regarded it merely as a bad jest. On his next round Bourke stepped in and repeated the order. Calahan felt that the jest had gone too far, and by way of protest knocked Bourke down. This was an error of judgment on his part, for when Bourke arose he knocked Calahan down. The two then grappled and fell on the floor, while the "friends of personal liberty" danced around the fight and endeavored to stamp on everything they thought wasn't Calahan. However, Bourke, though pretty roughly handled, got his man and shut the saloon. When he appeared against the lawbreaker in court next day, he found the court-room crowded with influential Tammany Hall politicians, backed by one or two Republican leaders of the same type; for Calahan was a baron of the underworld, and both his feudal superiors and his feudal inferiors gathered to the rescue. His backers in court included a Congressman and a State Senator, and so deep-rooted was the police belief in "pull" that his own superiors had turned against Bourke and were preparing to sacrifice him. Just at this time I acted on the information given me by my newspaper friend by starting in person for the court. The knowledge that I knew what was going on, that I meant what I said, and that I intended to make the affair personal, was all that was necessary. Before I reached the court all effort to defend Calahan had promptly ceased, and Bourke had come forth triumphant. I immediately promoted him to roundsman. He is a captain now. He has been on the force ever since, save that when the Spanish War came he obtained a holiday without pay for six months and re-entered the navy, serving as gun captain in one of the gunboats, and doing his work, as was to be expected, in first-rate fashion, especially when under fire.

FIRST-RATE MEN

Let me again say that when men tell me that the police are irredeemably bad I remember scores and hundreds of cases like this of Bourke, like the case I have already mentioned of Raphael, like the other cases I have given above. It is useless to tell me that these men are bad. They are naturally first-rate men. There are no better men anywhere than the men of the New York police force; and when they go bad it is because the system is wrong, and because they are not given the chance to do the good work they can do and would rather do. I never coddled these men. I punished them severely whenever I thought their conduct required it. All I did was to try to be just; to reward them when they did well; in short, to act squarely by them. I believe that, as a whole, they liked me. When, in 1912, I ran for President on the Progressive ticket, I received a number of unsigned letters inclosing sums of money for the campaign. One of these inclosed twenty dollars. The writer, who did not give his name, said that he was a policeman, that I had once had him before me on charges, and had fined him twenty dollars; that, as a matter of fact, he had not committed the offense for which I fined him, but that the evidence was such that he did not wonder that I had been misled, and never blamed me for it, because I had acted squarely and had given honest and decent men a chance in the Police Department; and that now he inclosed a twenty-dollar bill, the amount of the fine inflicted on him so many years before. I have always wished I knew who the man was.

DISCIPLINE

The disciplinary courts were very interesting. But it was extraordinarily difficult to get at the facts in the more complicated cases—as must always be true under similar circumstances; for ordinarily it is necessary to back up the superior officer who makes the charge, and yet it is always possible that this superior officer is consciously or unconsciously biased against his subordinate.

In the courts the charges were sometimes

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN CONFERENCE

brought by police officers and sometimes by private citizens. In the latter case we would get queer insights into twilight phases of New York life. It was necessary to be always on our guard. Often an accusation would be brought against the policeman because he had been guilty of misconduct. Much more often the accusation merely meant that the officer had incurred animosity by doing his duty. I remember one amusing case where the officer was wholly to blame but had acted in entire good faith.

One of the favorite and most demoralizing forms of gambling in New York was policy-playing. The policy slips consisted of papers with three rows of figures written on them. The officer in question was a huge pithecoid lout of a creature, with a wooden face and a receding forehead, and his accuser whom he had arrested the preceding evening was a little grig of a red-headed man, obviously respectable, and almost incoherent with rage. The anger of the little red-headed man was but natural, for he had just come out from a night in the station-house. He had been arrested late in the evening on suspicion that he was a policy-player, because of the rows of figures on a piece of paper which he had held in his hand, and because at the time of his arrest he had just stepped into the entrance of the hall of a tenement-house in order to read by lamplight. The paper was produced in evidence. There were the three rows of figures all right, but, as the accuser explained, hopping up and down with rage and excitement, they were all of them the numbers of hymns. He was the superintendent of a small Sunday-school. He had written down the hymns for several future services, one under the other, and on the way home was stopping to look at them, under convenient lamp-posts, and finally by the light of the lamp in a tenement-house hallway; and it was this conduct which struck the sagacious man in uniform as "suspicious."

VICE AND LAW

One of the saddest features of police work is dealing with the social evil, with prostitutes and houses of ill fame. In so far as the law gave me power, I always treated the men taken in any raid on these houses precisely as the women were treated. My experience brought me to the very strong conviction that there

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ought not to be any toleration by law of the vice. I do not know of any method which will put a complete stop to the evil, but I do know certain things that ought to be done to minimize it. One of these is treating men and women on an exact equality for the same act. Another is the establishment of night courts and of special commissions to deal with this special class of cases. Another is that suggested by the Rev. Charles Stelzle, of the Labor Temple—to publish conspicuously the name of the owner of any property used for immoral purposes, after said owner has been notified of the use and has failed to prevent it. Another is to prosecute the keepers and backers of brothels, men and women, as relentlessly and punish them as severely as pickpockets and common thieves. They should never be fined; they should be imprisoned. As for the girls, the very young ones and first offenders should be put in the charge of probation officers or sent to reformatories, and the large percentage of feeble-minded girls and of incorrigible girls and women should be sent to institutions created for them, and thereby remove from this hideous commerce the articles of commerce. Moreover, the Federal Government must in ever-increasing measure proceed against the degraded promoters of this commercialism, for their activities are inter-State, and the Nation can often deal with them more effectively than the States, although, as public sentiment becomes aroused, Nation, State, and municipality will all co-operate towards the same end of rooting out the traffic. But the prime need is to raise the level of individual morality; and, moreover, to encourage early marriages and a strict sense of reciprocal conjugal obligation. The women who preach late marriages are by just so much making it difficult to better the standard of chastity.

WORSE THAN MURDER

As regards the white slave traffic, the men engaged in it, and the women too, are far worse criminals than any ordinary murderers can be. For them there is need of such a law as that recently adopted in England through the efforts of Arthur Lee, M.P., a law which includes whipping for the male offenders. There are brutes so low, so infamous, so degraded and bestial in their cruelty and brutality, that the only way to get at them is through their skins. Sentimentality on behalf of such men is really almost as unhealthy and wicked as the criminality of the men themselves. My experience is that there should be no toleration of any "tenderloin" or "red light" district, and that, above all, there should be the most relentless war on commercialized vice. The men who profit and make their living by the depravity and the awful misery of other human beings stand far below any ordinary criminals, and no measures taken against them can be too severe.

SOCIETY'S DUTY

As for the wretched girls who follow the dreadful trade in question, a good deal can be done by a change in economic conditions. This ought to be done. When girls are paid wages inadequate to keep them from starvation, or to permit them to live decently, a certain proportion are forced by their economic misery into lives of vice. The employers and all others responsible for these conditions stand on a moral level not far above the white slavers themselves. But it is a mistake to suppose that either the correction of these economic conditions or the abolition of the white slave trade will wholly correct the evil or will even reach the major part of it. The economic factor is very far from being the chief factor in inducing girls to go into this dreadful life. As with so many other problems, while there must be governmental action, there must also be strengthening of the average individual character in order to achieve the desired end. Even where economic conditions are bad, girls who are both strong and pure will remain unaffected by temptations to which girls of weak character or lax standards readily yield. Any man who knows the wide variation in the proportions of the different races and nationalities engaged in prostitution must come to the conclusion that it is out of the question to treat economic conditions as the sole conditions or even as the chief conditions that determine this question. There are certain races—the Irish are honorably conspicuous among them—which, no matter what the economic pressure, furnish very few inmates of houses of ill fame. I do not believe that the differences are due to permanent race characteristics; this is shown by the fact that the best settlement houses find that practically all their "long-term graduates," so to speak, all the girls that come for a long period under their influence, no matter what their race or national origin, remain pure. In every race there are some

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naturally vicious individuals and some weak individuals who readily succumb under economic pressure. A girl who is lazy and hates hard work, a girl whose mind is rather feeble, who is of "subnormal intelligence," as the phrase now goes, or a girl who craves cheap finery and vapid pleasure, is always in danger. A high ideal of personal purity is essential. Where the same pressure under the same economic condition has tenfold the effect on one set of people that it has on another, it is evident that the question of moral standards is even more important than the question of economic standards, very important though this question is. It is important for us to remember that the girl ought to have the chance, not only for the necessaries of life, but for innocent pleasure; and that even more than the man she must not be broken by overwork, by excessive toil. Moreover, public opinion and the law should combine to hunt down the "flagrant man swine" who himself hunts down poor or silly or unprotected girls. But we must not, in foolish sentimentality, excuse the girl from her duty to keep herself pure. Our duty to achieve the same moral level for the two sexes must be performed by raising the level for the man, not by lowering it for the woman; and the fact that society must recognize its duty in no shape or way relieves, not even to the smallest degree, the individual from doing his or her duty. Sentimentality which grows maudlin on behalf of the willful prostitute is a curse; to confound her with the entrapped or coerced girl, the real white slave, is both foolish and wicked. There are evil women just as there are evil men, naturally depraved girls just as there are naturally depraved young men; and the right and wise thing, the just thing, to them, and the generous thing to innocent girls and decent men, is to wage stern war against the evil creatures of both sexes.

OTTO RAPHAEL

"A young Jew who had recently, by an exhibition of marked pluck and bodily prowess, saved some women and children from a burning building"

TRAMP LODGING-HOUSES

In company with Jacob Riis, I did much work that was not connected with the actual discipline of the force or indeed with the actual work of the force. There was one thing which he and I abolished — police lodging-houses, which were simply tramp lodging-houses, and a fruitful encouragement to vagrancy. Those who read Mr. Riis's story of his own life will remember the incidents that gave him from actual personal experience his horror of these tramp lodging-houses. As member of the Health Board I was brought into very close relations with the conditions of life in the tenement-house districts. Here again I used to visit the different tenement-house regions, usually in company with Riis, to see for myself what the conditions were. It was largely this personal experience that enabled me while on the Health Board to struggle not only zealously, but with reasonable efficiency and success, to improve conditions. We did our share in making forward strides in the matter of housing the working people of the city with some regard to decency and comfort.

A TRAGIC WEEK

The midnight trips that Riis and I took enabled me to see what the Police Department was doing, and also gave me personal insight into some of the problems of city life. It is one thing to listen in perfunctory fashion to tales of overcrowded tenements, and it is quite another actually to see what that overcrowding means, some hot summer night, by even a single inspection during the hours of darkness. There was a very hot spell one midsummer while I was

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Police Commissioner, and most of each night I spent walking through the tenement-house districts and visiting police stations to see what was being done. It was a tragic week. We did everything possible to alleviate the suffering. Much of it was heartbreaking, especially the gasping misery of the little children and of the worn-out mothers. Every resource of the Health Department, of the Police Department, and even the Fire Department (which flooded the hot streets) was taxed in the effort to render service. The heat killed such multitudes of horses that the means at our disposal for removing the poor dead beasts proved quite inadequate, although every nerve was strained to the limit. In consequence we received scores of complaints from persons before whose doors dead horses had remained, festering in the heat, for two or three days. One irascible man sent us furious denunciations, until we were at last able to send a big dray to drag away the horse that lay dead before his shop door. The huge dray already contained eleven other dead horses, and when it reached this particular door it broke down, and it was hours before it could be moved. The unfortunate man who had thus been cursed with a granted wish closed his doors in despair and wrote us a final pathetic letter in which he requested us to remove either the horses or his shop, he didn't care which.

THE WEALTHY OWNERS OF BAD TENEMENTS

I have spoken before of my experience with the tenement-house cigar factory law which the highest court of New York State declared unconstitutional. My experience in the Police Department taught me that not a few of the worst tenement-houses were owned by wealthy individuals, who hired the best and most expensive lawyers to persuade the courts that it was "unconstitutional" to insist on the betterment of conditions. These business men and lawyers were very adroit in using a word with fine and noble associations to cloak their opposition to vitally necessary movements for industrial fair play and decency. They made it evident that they valued the Constitution, not as a help to righteousness, but as a means for thwarting movements against unrighteousness. After my experience with them I became more set than ever in my distrust of those men, whether business men or lawyers, judges, legislators, or executive officers, who seek to make of the Constitution a fetish for the prevention of the work of social reform, for the prevention of work in the interest of those men, women, and children on whose behalf we should be at liberty to employ freely every governmental agency.

THE TOILERS

Occasionally during the two years we had to put a stop to riotous violence, and now and then on these occasions some of the labor union leaders protested against the actions of the police. By this time I was becoming a strong believer in labor unions, a strong believer in the rights of labor. For that very reason I was all the more bound to see that lawlessness and disorder were put down, and that no rioter was permitted to masquerade under the guise of being a friend of labor or a sympathizer with labor. I was scrupulous to see that the labor men had fair play; that, for instance, they were allowed to picket just so far as under the law picketing could be permitted, so that the strikers had ample opportunity peacefully to persuade other labor men not to take their places. But I made it clearly and definitely understood that under no circumstances would I permit violence or fail to insist upon the keeping of order. If there were wrongs, I would join with a full heart in striving to have them corrected. But where there was violence all other questions had to drop until order was restored. This is a democracy, and the people have the power, if they choose to exercise it, to make conditions as they ought to be made, and to do this strictly within the law; and therefore the first duty of the true democrat, of the man really loyal to the principles of popular government, is to see that law is enforced and order upheld. It was a peculiar gratification to me that so many of the labor leaders with whom I was thrown in contact grew cordially to accept this view. When I left the Department, several called upon me to say how sorry they were that I was not to continue in office. One, the Secretary of the Journeyman Bakers' and Confectioners' International Union, Henry Weismann, wrote me expressing his regret that I was going, and his appreciation as a citizen of what I had done as Police Commissioner; he added: "I am particularly grateful for your liberal attitude toward organized labor, your cordial championship of those speaking in behalf of the toilers, and your evident desire to do the right thing as you saw it at whatever cost."

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AN UNEXPECTED LETTER

Some of the letters I received on leaving the Department were from unexpected sources. Mr. E. L. Godkin, an editor who in international matters was not a patriotic man, wrote protesting against my taking the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Navy, and adding: "I have a concern, as the Quakers say, to put on record my earnest belief that in New York you are doing the greatest work of which any American to-day is capable, and exhibiting to the young men of the country the spectacle of a very important office administered by a man of high character in the most efficient way amid a thousand difficulties. As a lesson in politics I cannot think of anything more instructive."

PROGRESS

About the same time I had a letter from Mr. (afterwards Ambassador) James E. Bryce, also expressing regret that I was leaving the Police Department, but naturally with much more appreciation of the work that was to be done in the Navy Department. This letter I quote, with his permission, because it conveys a lesson to those who are inclined always to think that the conditions of the present time are very bad. It was written July 7, 1897. Mr. Bryce spoke of the possibility of coming to America in a month or so, and continued: "I hope I may have a chance of seeing you if I do get over, and of drawing some comfort from you as regards your political phenomena, which, so far as I can gather from those of your countrymen I have lately seen, furnish some good opportunities for a persistent optimist like myself to show that he is not to be lightly discouraged. Don't suppose that things are specially 'nice,' as a lady would say, in Europe either. They are not." Mr. Bryce was a very friendly and competent observer of things American; and there was this distinct note of discouragement about our future in the intimate letter he was thus sending. Yet this was at the very time when the United States was entering on a dozen years during which our people accomplished more good, and came nearer realizing the possibilities of a great, free, and conscientious democracy, than during any other dozen years in our history, save only the years of Lincoln's Presidency and the period during which the Nation was founded.

THE FULL OF LIFE

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Laughing waters, with cadence low,
  And a soft breeze stealing by;
Flecks of white 'gainst a turquoise dome,
  And the lilt of a bird on high;
Then a tinkling chime from the foxgloves' haunts,
  And the drone of a dragon-fly.

Glint of the violets' veiled eyes,
  With their amethystine gleams;
Blush of a crimson scented rose,
  As, swaying her hammock, she dreams,
And a spider black at a spinning-wheel
  Weaves gems in its web's gray seams.

Attar of grasses newly mown;
  Sheen of the cornflower's blue;
Flash of a daisy's silvery disc
  With her carcanet of dew,—
And then, at the full of life's summer day,
Heartsease—O beloved—and you!

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

AUGUST—THE GLORY OF THE SEA

IF winter represents the slumber-time of the world, August is its noonday siesta. The air is quiet, the sun unveiled, the earth hard and dusty, vegetation slowly maturing its fruits amid drooping foliage. Insects swarm and crawl and whine or buzz about us wherever we go, brilliant but troublesome. No season of the year is more unsatisfactory for a ramble in the parched woods, unless you are bent on making acquaintance with bees, wasps, and termites, now in the height of their interesting activities. Instead, one's steps turn naturally toward the water-side. Fine picking is to be had for the student of small things among the stones of a shrunken river channel, where water-snails and minnows are feeding among the moss and weeds, furry with hydroids and bryozoans, where the water-tiger lurks malignantly, caddis-worms are creeping about in their curious cases, and the sandy floor of each pool is dappled with the shadows of skaters and whirligigs. Along the banks of the deeper reaches motherly bullheads are leading flocks of young, and near the rim of every pond paternal bass and sunfish are guarding and fanning their nested eggs.

But better than all else in August is the walk by the sea. Our most frequented coast is, unfortunately, one of the poorest places in the world for the naturalist. The shore is shifting sand or boulders, upon which few seaweeds can take root or animals maintain themselves, afoot or afloat. Therefore the jetsam which one may gather in a walk along the beaches of New Jersey or Long Island is scant and disappointing. There is neither the warmth nor the shoreward set of wind and current which make the European coast so rich a hunting-ground. Yet in the marshy sounds from Virginia southward, or among the rocky bays and islets from Cape Ann northward, a student may gather in August a fine collection of facts and specimens. The sea water, though so clear to the eye, is full of minute living things. Microscopic algæ flourish in countless abundance, some kinds secreting limy scales, and these now and then become so densely numerous that they give, by their refraction of light, a milky tone to the water. They are the food of animalcules, and these in turn form the fare of countless creatures, some almost as minute and invisible as they, others larger and subsisting, as do the oysters, upon a steady stream of these nutritious particles. Into the same ever-open mouths are drawn also the vast majority of the eggs and larvæ of marine invertebrates, and even of many fishes, whose parents must thus expend hundreds of thousands of attempts at posterity to secure one survivor. It is their fate, if not their intended function, thus to feed the next higher class, which itself repeats the service for higher and freer creatures. Nowhere is life so crowded—nowhere the struggle for it, and the seeming waste of it, so manifest—as in the midsummer sea near shore, where every weedy shallow, every muddy inlet, every tide-pool among the rocks, becomes at once a harbor of refuge and a death-trap. From the microscopic, incalculably multiplied protozoans to the big scarce fishes oceanic existence seems to be nothing but an incessant merciless fight for food and room in a nearly perfect monotony of conditions. What wonder that in much of this fauna there has been no appreciable change since the Cambrian, and that sense and sensibility in marine creatures seem restricted to the primary instincts? But, fortunately, *our* ancestors got out into the freer, more varied and stimulating environment of the land and atmosphere, and so have enabled us to rise to the enjoyment as well as the mere sustaining of existence.

Therefore the stroller by the August sea easily forgets the deadly strife and waste in the glory of the shining plain whose wavelets murmur contentedly as they lap the sand. Graceful shore-birds dance in and out of the ripples, snowy terns poise and curtsy as they face the breeze that rustles the sere, harsh grass behind us, and overhead a fish-hawk wheels lazily against the blue. Out in the offing a band of porpoises is seen tumbling as if for amusement; or a thing like a plow-share slices the surface, and flashes of silver sparkle in the sunshine ahead of it, showing where a swordfish is rushing through a flock of menhaden.

But nearer interests attract the eye. A crowd of scavenging amphipods jump out of our way like fleas from their feeding-place

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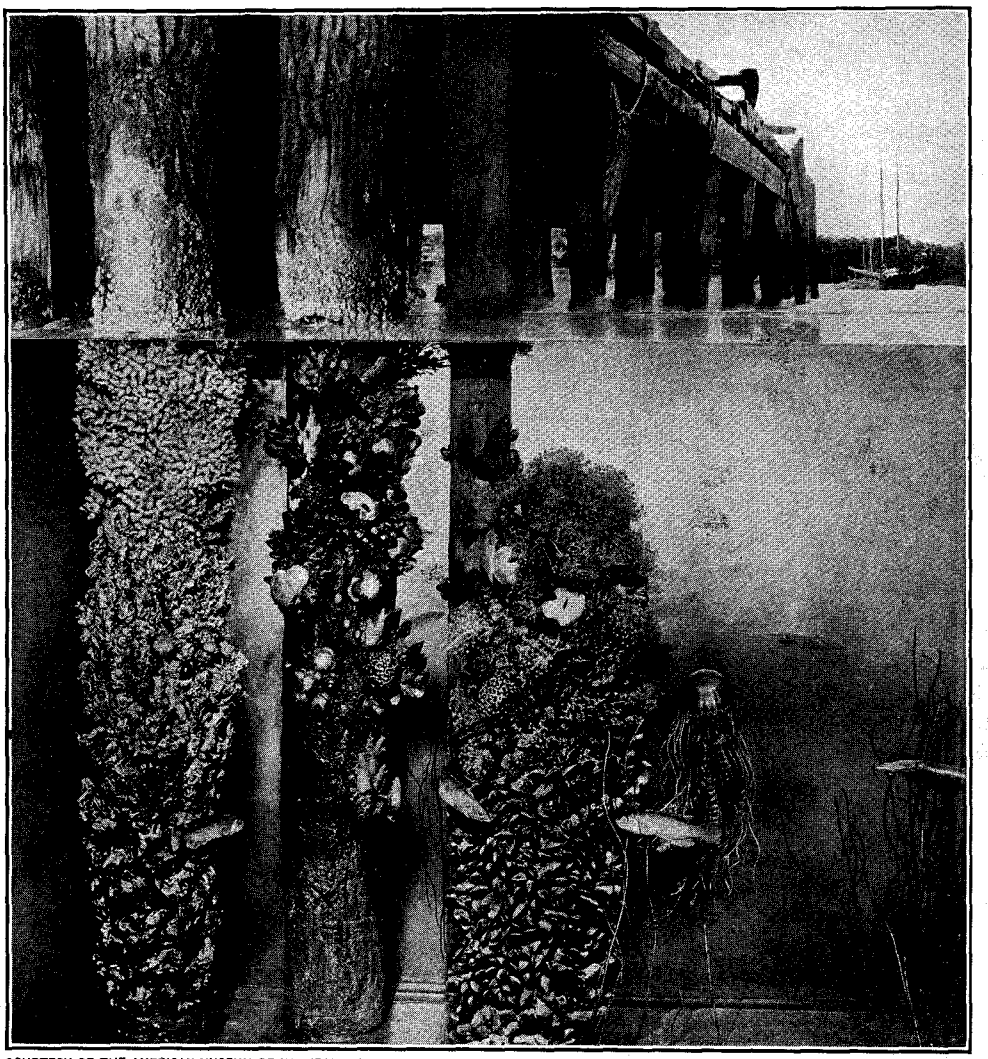

COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FROM THE HABITAT GROUP

THE SEA WATER, THOUGH SO CLEAR TO THE EYE, IS FULL OF MINUTE LIVING THINGS

upon the wrack that marks high-water line, and the wet sand yields to our spade buried porcelain-crabs like pigeons' eggs, "clams" of various sorts, spouting jets of water as they hastily retract their tubes, and sand-worms whose crimson tentacles look like blood. Each rock-pool holds scores of barnacles, patiently grappling with tiny fingers for imperceptible prey, hermit-crabs scuttling about in borrowed cells, and, perchance, a sea-anemone expanding its tentacles like an aquatic chrysanthemum. Stranded jellyfishes lie along the wet beach, some of them dried to mere glassy films, coating the impress of their weight upon the sand; from such imprints, hardened into rock, palæontologists have described many of the medusæ of past ages.

These lambent gems of the sea swarm in incredible numbers and diversity in all summer seas, drifting often in long lines—necklaces of pearls on ocean's breast. Nothing in nature exceeds the elegance and grace of their swimming. "Unsubstantial shapes, of rather than in the water," as the writer has elsewhere said, "palely drawn against the darkness in ghostly outlines by their own phosphorescence, their trailing tentacles mere ripples of light, they pulsate elegantly onward without visible effort by the alternate contraction and dilation of their flexuous discs, reflecting here a prismatic sunbeam, there altogether lost in shadow, and so throb softly, silently, tracklessly, through the liquid—mere passing thoughts in the brain of the Great Deep."

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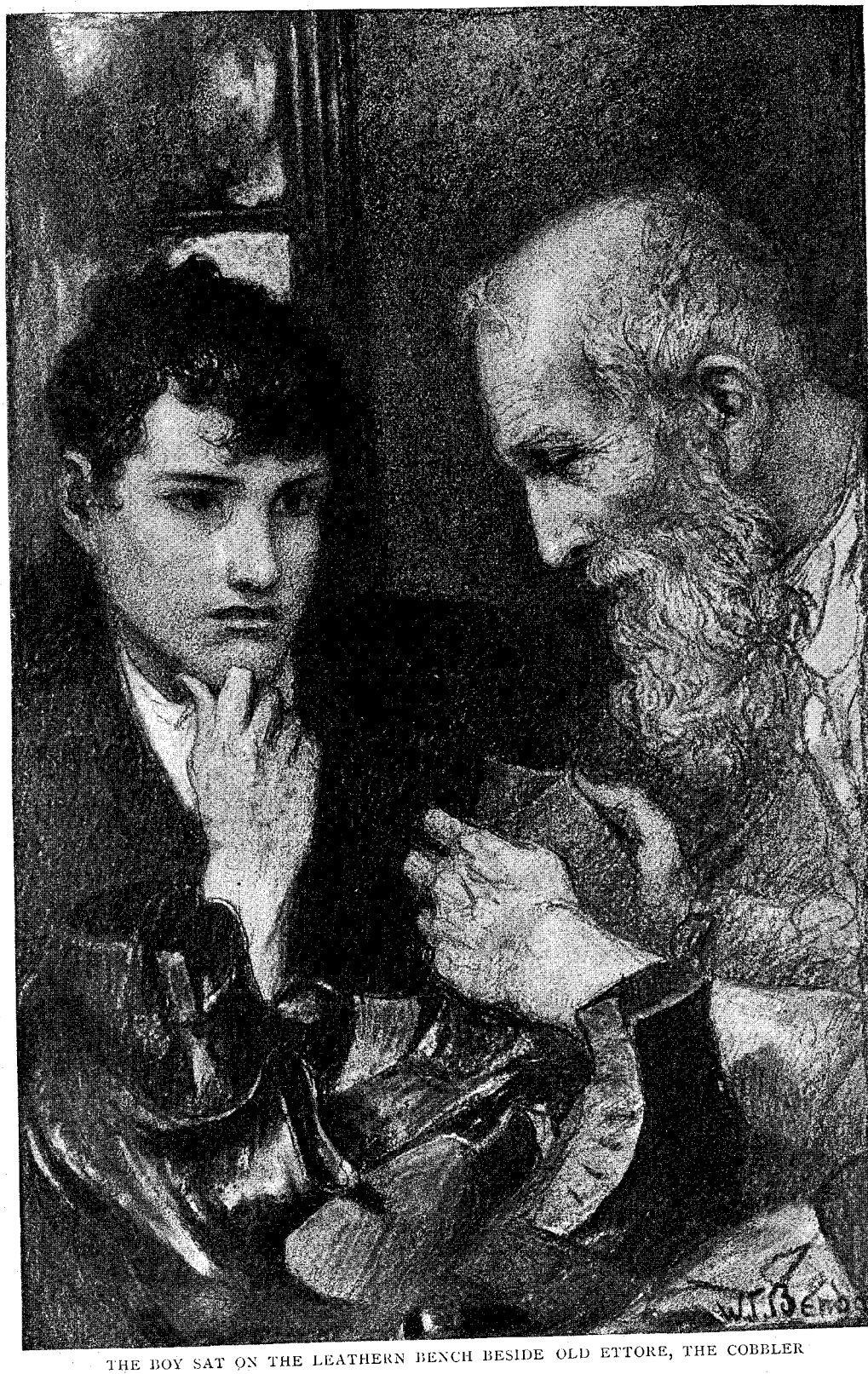

THE BOY SAT ON THE LEATHERN BENCH BESIDE OLD ETTORE, THE COBBLER

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A GREAT MAN

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

THE SECOND OF THREE STORIES OF ITALIAN LIFE IN AMERICA

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

THE boy sat on the leathern bench beside old Ettore, the cobbler. He sat hunched forward, his head down between his shoulders, his near-sighted brown eyes staring straight before him.

"So, so." The old man nodded his rough gray head. "The machine went—zip! and the finger of Luigi lay on the floor."

The boy shuddered. His pale face contracted. The cobbler smiled grimly.

"*Bene.* It makes nothing. It is not the finger of *Signor*, the owner. The finger of one small guinea! What is it? And for such you faint. It is not wonderful that the boss says, 'We want not such boys.'"

"But—I—saw it—wriggle, master, and—it—made—me sick."

"Surely. It moved—the finger—of Luigi—calling men—to witness—deaf—men." The words trailed off. Old Ettore bent over his work. When he looked up again, the boy was watching him. The cobbler laid aside his work and put both gnarled hands on Michele's shoulders.

"Eh, little one," he whispered, softly, "thou art learning. The things the old man tells here in the shop, they are true, all true, is it not?"

The boy nodded. "They are true, master."

"*Ecco!* They are true." The old man's hands dropped from Michele's shoulders. "Here mending the shoes of the poor I have learned. I, who fought with the great Garibaldi to make our Italy one, know now there is no Italy, no America. There is only the rich man and the poor man. And, like the machine in thy factory, the rich man cuts in pieces the soul of the poor. Here, working, I think and learn, learn always, Michele, and I teach thee." The cobbler's eyes burned. His voice came thick through his gray beard.

"Master," Michele Soracco's soft brown eyes pleaded, "will you not ask the father that I stay here and make shoes with thee. It is twice now in one year that they say to me 'Go' from those big noisy places."

The old man's hands went out eagerly. Then they dropped back into his lap. He shook his head slowly. "No, no, Michele; such work is for the old—those who have lived, and have—only to cut the leather—and to think. Thou art young, sixteen. At that age I was a soldier. Thou, too, must fight."

The boy's eyes filled. He bit his lip. Then his head went down upon the counter. "But, not out there, master—I can't—I can't." For a moment the cobbler sat watching the narrow, heaving shoulders. Then he bent and raised the boy.

"But, Michele, *mio*, my more than son, what else is possible?"

The boy wrenched himself free. His breath came in choking gasps. His thin hands beat the air, as if to tear a passage for the words. "I would fight with the brain, master, with the tongue. I would not stand all day like a machine, watching the needle click, click. I would tell to the world the things you tell me. I would not let them cut the fingers and say 'Go' because I cannot laugh—when—the finger—moves. I would learn—everything in—the world. I would write—in the papers of this—wickedness. I would teach—all men—as you teach—me." His straining hands tore the words from the depths of his soul and threw the secret in the cobbler's eyes.

The old man bent forward. His lips twitched. For a moment they moved noiselessly. Then the words came slowly, dropping like tiny stones into space. "Thou—would teach others—to all men—the thoughts—born here—*my* thoughts?"

The door banged open. A small, dirty boy poked in his head.

"Dinner, Michele. There's good spaghetti to-night." He vanished.

The boy did not move. He sat gazing dully into the leather scraps on the floor. The old man, motionless, leaned forward as if he had died in that position. At last the boy got up wearily, without a word, and went. When he had been gone some time, old Ettore stirred, rubbed his hand across his eyes, and began to work. As he pared the new sole he nodded, whispering to himself:

"Why not? Why *not?* He has the brain clear like glass. A few years—to study—in books—and then—together—we teach the world. The way—there—is only—to find the—way."

The boy climbed slowly through the black-

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ness to the top floor of the tenement above. As he opened the door his mother turned from the stove with an iron pot in her hands. She stopped, holding the pot close, and looked quickly back and forth between Michele and the table. For a moment they went on eating, sucking the spaghetti noisily, their faces close to their plates. When they had swallowed the mouthful he had interrupted, they looked up. There was faint curiosity in the eyes of the two boarders, eating a little apart. Carmela moved over to make room for him. Teresa giggled, Beppo laughed outright. The three younger children wriggled. The dark, hairy man at the head of the table sat half turned, breathing heavily, his eyes hard with contempt.

"*Ecco,*" he said at last, "Michelena has come home to eat."

The two boarders roared with laughter. At the feminizing of his name anger broke Michele's nervous fear.

"Am I a stone," he screamed, "to see a finger—go—dripping—" His voice broke. He trembled from head to foot.

"Bah! Thou art a fool, a woman! A finger? Is it thy finger? A fine thing for a father to hear!" He rose. His strong hands, palms up, appealed to the men at the end of the table. "Thy son faints like a girl to see a finger-cut. I have seen hands, twice an arm, and once a man was caught in a belt—"

The boy put his hands before his face. The gesture angered the man. He strode across and gripped Michele by the shoulder.

"Husband!" The woman put down the pot.

"Silence! To-morrow I will take this baby to Paolo, who makes the fine business to carry dirt in a shovel. Perhaps he is not afraid of a shovel."

Without warning the boy suddenly wrenched himself free. Beside himself with anger, he screamed, beating the air with his thin hands, a ridiculous duplicate of the man before him. "I will not! I will not!"

For a moment the man listened. Then he shook the boy. "Silence!" he roared. "I do not understand? I cannot read? I cannot write? At sixteen thou speakest to the father like to a dog." His rage choked him. He pushed the boy away. "Go. Eat the food thy old father earns. To-morrow we talk again." He took his hat and went out to his night's work.

The boy ate his supper alone. The three children ran down to play in the hot dust of the street. The two boarders went out. When the dishes were done, Maria Soracco brought a great bundle of coats from the corner. They sewed in swift silence, broken only by the screaming of children in the street below, the loud, hoarse voices of men in endless argument, the whir of machines from near tenements. When it was late, the three children crawled up sleepily and went to bed. Teresa and Beppo nodded over the black coats.

"Go. We can finish." Maria Soracco smiled approvingly at the finished pile.

She and Michele and Carmela sewed on until the coats were done. As she smoothed the last coat she touched Michele's hand lightly.

"Forget the angry words of thy father, little one. He loves thee, and would be proud of thee, and always that pig of a Santucci tells, 'My Giuseppe is not yet fifteen, and he makes five dollars a week!' And the father thought to see thee growing to be a great man also. In the old country, when thou wert yet a baby, he said always, 'He is smarter than other boys, my Michele.' And now before others he must have shame for thee."

"I will not make that stupidness with a shovel. Such is work for a dog."

"*Bene.* Then thou must go out before he returns in the morning, for he has the heart sore because of thee and will do as he says."

Michele went into the kitchen and threw his mattress down beside the two men already asleep. In a few moments he heard the heavy breathing of his mother from the next room. One of the men began to snore, making choking noises and turning heavily from side to side. Michele felt a wall closing in upon him, sealing him forever in the hot, breathless kitchen. It was a long time before he slept, tossing restlessly on the warm mattress.

He was up early and out before old Ettore had taken the shutters from his shop. He walked along aimlessly through the dirty streets littered with scraps of garbage and half-dressed babies with old pale faces sitting solemnly in dark hallways. Soon the streets began to fill, heavy wagons rumbled by. More people poured out from the houses. Whistles blew. The hurrying stream gathered him in and bore him along. The whole world was working up to its tremendous daily speed. He walked more slowly. From

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time to time he stopped before a factory and went in. Sometimes he went in response to scrawled placards hanging in doorways. He turned from each refusal with a little sigh of relief, which was lost in anxiety before he reached the next place.

Late in the afternoon he came back. He had found nothing. As he passed the shop old Ettore rose quickly from his bench and made violent motions for him to enter. His eyes twinkling, his whole face radiant, the old man led the boy mysteriously into the little room behind the shop.

"Whist!" With his horny finger along the bridge of his nose, he winked solemnly.

"Signor Dottore, at your service." He bowed clumsily, chuckling with happiness. The boy laughed in response. Suddenly the old man's eyes grew serious. He put both hands on Michele's shoulders. "*Caro*, dost remember the Protestant House on Houston Street where the children make classes for many things? And Miss Mildred, who always said, 'I want Michele Soracco to do this, to do that'?"

"Surely. I remember. I went sometimes to the class for little soldiers."

"*Ecco!* They are good people. They think to make the world better with songs and little gifts to children, but the hearts are good. Often they come here to have the shoes fixed, but most often comes Miss Mildred. And always she stays a little to talk. I tell her of the old Italy and of Garibaldi. She listens with both ears. And she never goes without to ask, 'Michele Soracco, is he well? A fine boy, Michele. He has a good head. It is a misfortune he cannot go to school. He would be a great man.' And I say always, 'There are many children and the father is a poor man. Michele must work.' Patience, what use to make too many words?"

Michele looked up, smiling. "She says I have a good head." The tone was complacent.

"Little peacock! So. Be not too proud. Others also have heads, and the worst is not this one." The old man tapped his gray mop. "Listen. Last night I sat alone, sad in the heart because of thee. And I said, there is much money in the world and it takes only a little for my Michele to go to school. In an hour many rich men spend enough; and then, sudden, like thunder—the idea came. At the Protestant House they do much for the poor—often foolish things. Here is something not foolish. I will go and talk with Miss Mildred."

The boy began to tremble. "Master—"

The old man bent and gathered the boy close. 'Michele," he whispered, "it is true, true. This morning she came. She talked to the father. He listened like one to a crazy woman, but he said yes. Each week they will pay to him five dollars for a year that he will let thee go to school. After that—there are other ways. She came afterwards to the shop and the eyes were bright like stars. Why, baby, crying! Psh! A man—to—cry—because—"

The old man and the boy cried together.

At last the cobbler dried his eyes. "Come, come!" He bustled about importantly. "All day I wait for thee to return to make a feast." He brought a small bottle of wine, sausage, crisp Roman bread, and little cakes of nuts from a shelf. When he had spread the table, he went chuckling into the shop. "For two hours the shop is closed. The cobbler celebrates the birth of his son."

While they ate old Ettore talked, planning the future, prophesying many things. Michele listened. He felt that he had died and was in a strange world. He scarcely heard what old Ettore was saying. Like frightened rabbits, his thoughts scurried about in the future. His brain whirled. He was too good to be wasted. Men saw his value. When the last crumb was eaten, the cobbler pushed back his chair.

"And now I must return to my shoes. But there will be many nights so, for thou wilt study down here, where it is quiet, and read the books to me, the English books, telling me the meaning."

He kissed the boy on both cheeks, and for a moment Michele clung to him.

As the boy opened the door Carmela and her mother looked up from the coats. Michele sat down. He felt awkward and self-conscious, as if he did not "belong." He watched and waited for them to speak. When his mother reached the end of the seam, she took the pins from her mouth and passed the coat to the boy.

"There are three dozens, and they must be finished." Michele threaded his needle and began to sew.

Michele sat staring—he sat in the old way, hunched forward, his head between his shoulders—over the city roofs towards the setting sun. Slowly, as if moving against his will, Michele's hand went to his pocket.

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He drew out a square white envelope, opened it in the same mechanical way, and laid six narrow pieces of cardboard on the arm of the chair.

He saw them so clearly: the dark, hairy man with a ragged black mustache and broken nails; the fat, shapeless woman with tired eyes and patient, beastlike shoulders; shy, awkward Carmela; Amadeo, with the green plaid suit, oily hair, and creaking patent leather shoes. Teresa, with her mountain of puffs, her tight skirt, and low-cut lace waist. And Ettore—old mumbling Ettore, with his piercing eyes. Michele took the cards in his trembling hands and tore them to bits. The white scraps dropped to the floor.

Cold sweat broke out on Michele's face. His slim brown hands clenched.

"There's no credit to them. They've lost nothing by my years here. I've tutored enough to support myself and turned my scholarship money over to them. What more can they ask?"

The scraps of paper on the floor stared at him with accusing eyes. He turned to the window again. All about him lights from huge apartment-houses glowed through the dusk. The deserted streets were clean and still. He could feel the smooth, well-ordered mechanism of comfortable homes; could feel it sharply, the reality of the new life into which he had grown so easily. It seemed to close about him, touching his flesh like his own clothes. Between this and the tenement where once a month he spent an agonizing Sunday afternoon there lay a million miles of thought and space. And he had climbed the million miles alone.

"Maybe they've forgotten the day," he said. "If not, it will only be a *festa* more or less. What can graduation exercises mean to them? When I do not come, they will wait a while, but not for long. Some day I will explain."

Michele felt his face flush. The room was dark now; he could barely see the scattered papers on the floor. Slowly he undressed and groped his way to bed. It was morning before he slept.

In his shop old Ettore sat stitching in the flickering gaslight. From time to time he stopped, bent his gray head, and listened. Twice he went to the door. At eleven he put away his work, swept the floor, and put up the shutters. But he did not lock the door. He came back to his bench and sat with his eyes on the clock, his hands idle in his leather apron.

At twelve he turned the big key in the lock, then he went slowly, as if very, very tired, into the little room behind the shop. In the center of the table lay two plates, cakes, and a bottle of wine. He opened the window and threw the cakes out into the darkness of the alleyway.

Early the next morning he was at his bench. He worked steadily without looking at the clock, nor did he go once to the door. From time to time through the long hot forenoon little Pietro came down from the top floor to report the progress of his mother's baking.

"Most surely it will be a fine feast, a very fine feast." The old man nodded without stopping his work.

Late in the afternoon Maria Soracco came. Her eyes were troubled. "It is almost five o'clock," she said. "Soon the husband will be home, and Michele has not come. Last night I had a bed ready for him with clean sheets, a bed for him alone. Perhaps he was busy, but to-day we know not how to go to the school. I am afraid. Too much study is bad for the head. By the hope of Paradise, if my Michele is sick—"

"Holy Mary, have pity on an old fool! I have a head like a broken sieve." The cobbler dropped his work and began searching his pockets, shrugging his shoulders, mumbling angrily at his own stupidity. "*Macche!*" he growled. "No matter. I remember the words. This morning I had from our own Michele a little letter. Last night he was busy. He told me the way to the school. I am to show the way."

"Thanks be to the Holy Mother!" Maria Soracco breathed a deep sigh of relief. "The husband said I was foolish, but—the heart of a mother. It makes me afraid, this working with the head. What if my Michele were sick among those strangers—Americans with hearts of ice?"

The old man's hands made a soothing gesture, but he did not look at Maria. "Michele is well," he said, gruffly. "At seven I come. Yes?"

Maria Soracco bustled happily from the shop. The cobbler looked at the leather he held. "*Ecco*," he smiled crookedly, "the danger is not always to the head from those books; no—it—is not—always to the head."

Tomasso Soracco went first, elbowing his way slowly through the crowd that packed

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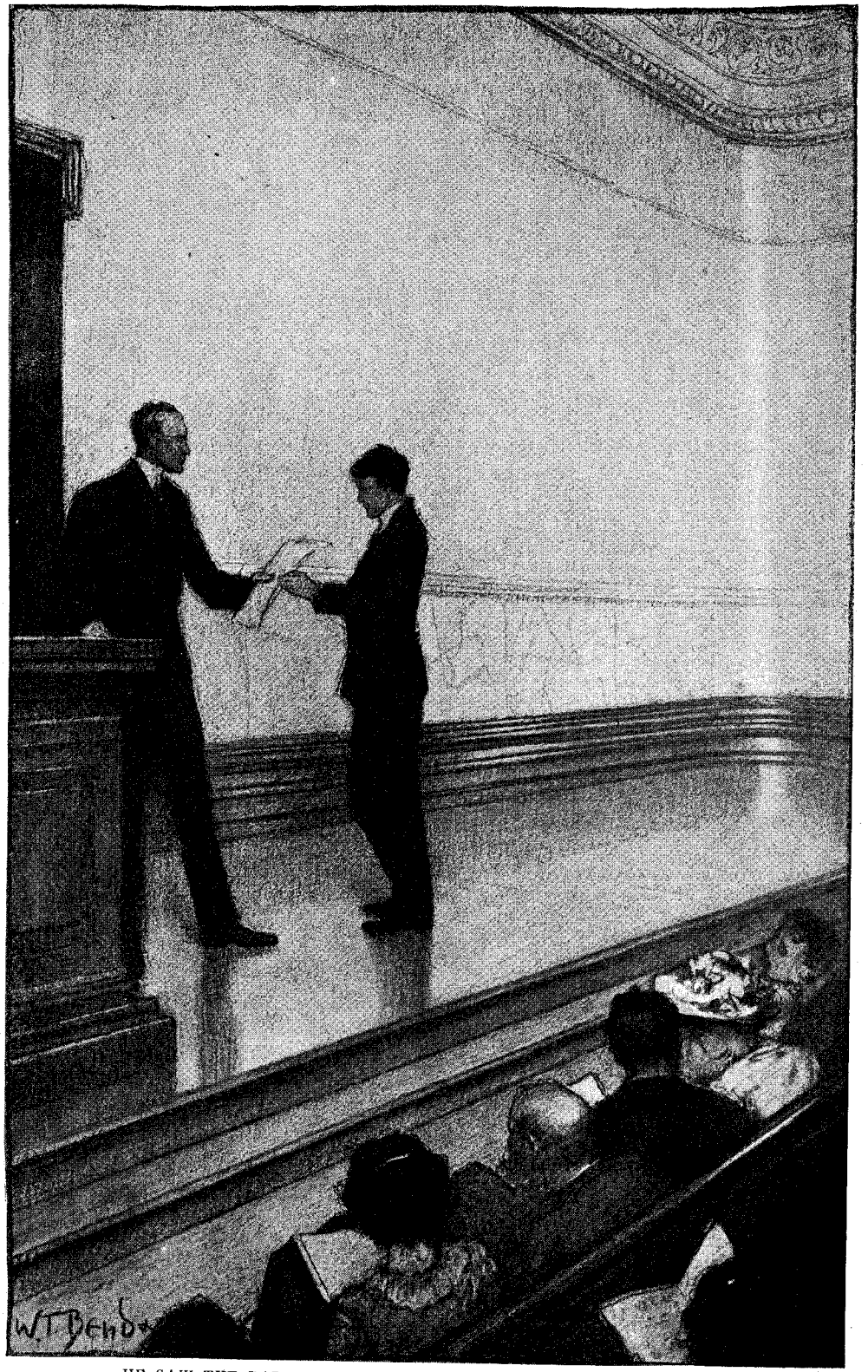

HE SAW THE PAPER IN THE PRESIDENT'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND

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the vestibule of the auditorium. His women followed. Old Ettore brought up the rear. Maria, a little frightened, held fast to Tomasso's coat. Carmela and Teresa, their eyes bright with wonder, stared happily about. Through the wide doors ahead they caught glimpses of a great hall, with gay pennants hanging from the high ceiling and hundreds of lights. Above the low hum about them they could hear the steady shuffle of many people moving to their seats.

At last Tomasso reached the door. They were almost the last of the line.

"Tickets!" a young man dressed like the bridegroom in the window of Giuseppe, the tailor, held out his hand. "Tickets, please!"

Tomasso Soracco smiled and nodded to the hall beyond.

"Tickets!" Tomasso shook his head, spread both empty hands to witness, and nodded violently.

"No one admitted without tickets. Step aside, please."

Tomasso Soracco's good humor vanished. He turned angrily to Teresa. "Come here. Tell this donkey in his barbarous tongue that we come to see Michele. We are the family of Michele, and have nothing to pay."

Those who were waiting to be seated turned quickly. Some one laughed. "Tell as I say," roared Tomasso. Then the throng at the door parted. Through an opening Maria suddenly saw Michele. The red roses on her hat danced madly as she waved to him.

"*Figlio, figlio*," she cried, "come quick! Explain to this crazy one." Tomasso shrugged his contempt of the young man and waited with folded arms for Michele.

For a moment Michele stood just as he was when the crowd opened and the shrill voice of his mother came to his ears. Then he moved slowly forward. His face was white and set. He turned to the boy at the door. "These are my people," he said, distinctly; "I think—they must—have forgotten their tickets."

In the stillness of dawn as before the birth of a new world he moved down the hall towards the front seats reserved for relatives. He saw the suppressed smiles in the women's eyes at the bobbing red roses on his mother's hat. He heard people sniff as they passed, scenting the strong, cheap perfume Teresa used. As they clattered noisily into their seats his mother whispered: "He is getting old, that Ettore. Through his stupidness with the tickets the trouble came."

Michele moved off toward the platform. His place was with the honor men of his class. Somehow he found his seat. He sat down, staring blankly before him. He applauded mechanically when the others did. Vaguely he knew that one number of the programme after another was gone through, checked off as done forever. He heard nothing. From time to time he glanced towards the seats where his people sat. They were all sitting forward, interested, curious, a little awed. Once he caught old Ettore's eyes full on him. But the cobbler might have been dead, so rigid was the mask of his face. Michele trembled as if from cold. Then the blood rushed in a boiling stream to his head. He heard his name called. Michele stood up and stepped forward to take his degree. He saw the President's lips moving. He saw the paper in the President's outstretched hand. In the stillness, like two quick cracks of a pistol, he heard his mother's tense whisper, "*Che fa? che fa?*" and his father's quivering, "Silence! They make him—a gift." He looked about like a criminal trying to escape. In the smooth flat level of faces before him something caught and held his eye. Old Ettore sat forward, his great gray head erect, his twisted brown hands clasped tightly against his gray beard. Carmela's shy eyes glowed with excitement. Teresa's pretty, assertive face claimed him defiantly. But Tomasso Soracco and Maria, his wife, sat quietly hand in hand and the big tears ran unheeded down their cheeks.

It was over. He had slipped away with his people and they had brought him in triumph to the "feast." There was Pepe, the fat "boss;" and Luigi, whose finger had gone "zip" in the machine; and the Santuccis, who had once brought the news of his fainting to Tomasso. Every one was red-faced from eating, and very happy. They laughed and talked, shouting one above the other. Tomasso Soracco kept bringing fresh bottles of wine. Maria filled and refilled the plates of little cakes. It seemed to Michele that he had been sitting for years at the table and had eaten mountains of small cakes. Every now and then Maria Soracco stopped to pat him on the shoulder.

"He loves yet the little cakes of his mother, my fine son!" And every time Michele an-

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swered, "They are the best cakes in the world."

But at last it was impossible to drink another glass of wine or eat another cake. Silence fell in the stifling room. Then, with the air of having waited for just this moment, Pepe stood up. Those about the table leaned forward expectantly, grasping their glasses in answer to Pepe's, held high in his right hand. Pepe cleared his throat.

"Friends, it gives me great pleasure to be here to-night with this happy family and with you all, my very good friends." Pepe's round bullet head rolled on his shoulders as if he would include even the furnishings of the room in his good will. "I am proud to be here. I rejoice with our good compatriot Tomasso Soracco, with his good wife, and with his fine son Michele." Pepe bowed. "We are proud of you, Michele Soracco—we, your family, your friends, all the Italians of New York." Pepe's fat left hand extended New York to include the universe. "You are not yet twenty-two, and already you are first in your class, above the sons of rich Americans. You have brains, Michele Soracco, brains." Pepe paused dramatically. A murmur of approval ran about the table. Michele felt a hot wave of pity and love and self-consciousness sweep over him. Tears stung the back of his eyes.

"*Ecco!* For that reason, here and now, I offer to you, for your own sake and in sign of appreciation for the faithful service of your good father" (Pepe's full black eyes touched softly the oval chin of Teresa), "*one—hundred—dol—lars* a month as padrone of the men I send next week to Wisconsin for one year to make the roads of the State. *Ecco!* One—hundred—dollars."

Tomasso Soracco half rose from his chair. He sank back. He looked helplessly about. No one stirred. They sat, looking toward him, as if the words of Pepe had been a thunderbolt that had killed them where they sat.

Michele's eyes went about the table from face to face. He was smiling faintly. He saw the long, flat roads of gray dust and dark, heavy men tearing the earth. The smile crept down from his eyes to his lips. Instinctively his eyes sought Ettore's. He felt strangely like a little boy again, running down to the old cobbler. He saw again Luigi's finger wriggling on the floor. The smile deepened. But Ettore did not glance from the plate before him. The smile died slowly in Michele's face. He sat staring at the old man. Suddenly he began to tremble. Maria Soracco buried her face in her hands. She sobbed:

"He—said it—always, 'Our—Michele will be a great man.'"

Michele's laugh broke the stillness. He stood up. His glass clicked with Pepe's. "A million thanks, Signor Manelli; for one year I will make the roads of the State."

"To Michele!" cried old Ettore, and his shaking hand spilled the wine as he drank.

The third and last story in this series will be entitled "Americanizing Paolo"

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Pain of too poignant beauty fills the heart
Seeing rich dreams through some rare sunset drift,
Or when on lawns the summer shadows shift
In soft designs beyond Man's clumsy art
To emulate. Quick tears may almost start
When the anointed stars to heaven uplift
Their voiceless adoration, and a rift
Seems shining in the night where pale clouds part.

In hours like these what vast benevolence
Breathes through the world! O God beyond illusion,
Then we divine thou knowest our dark confusion,
With fervent answers soothing every sense;
And yet we feel—what pain—in the intense
Desire for thee to end thy long seclusion!

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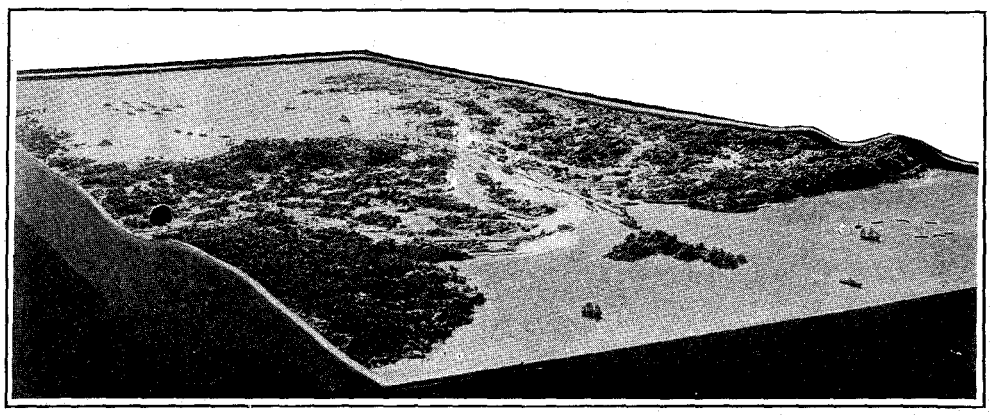

A SECTION OF THE CANAL FROM GATUN LAKE TO THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE

THE PANAMA CANAL IN RELIEF

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE FROM MODELS MADE BY THE PANAMA CANAL EXHIBITION COMPANY

THESE four bird's-eye views of the completed Canal bring home vividly the reality of that vast undertaking. The first three might have been taken from an aeroplane traveling from Gatun Lake to the Atlantic entrance in Limon Bay. Number one shows in the foreground part of Gatun Lake, the great earth dam and the locks at Gatun, the spillway over which the surplus waters from the Chagres River are to flow, and, in the distance, the cities of Cristobal and Colon. West of these cities we can see a fleet of battle-ships. The old roadbed of the Panama Railway, which now skirts the farther shore of the lake, lies somewhere under the keel of the steamer sailing southeast toward the Pacific. The two schooners form the only element of unreality within the picture. No large sailing vessels will traverse the waters of Gatun Lake save under the control and direction of a tug. In the second picture the aeroplane in which we are supposedly seated has passed over the great dam, and the observer is looking backward toward the locks and the lake. One steamer has just entered the upper locks, a second has just departed for Panama, and a third, perhaps a great liner bound from San Francisco to Liverpool, is passing down the sea-level canal leading from Gatun to the Atlantic. The third picture shows the twin cities whose combined names are a memorial to the discoverer of the western world. To the left can be seen a dredge; through the middle foreground runs the line of the old French canal, and in the middle distance are docks, coaling stations, and the terminus of the Panama Railway. The fourth view shows the locks at Pedro Miguel, situated above and to the northwest of the small artificial lake at Miraflores. Almost in the center of the picture can be seen the huge emergency dams that are to stop the outrushing waters should the lock gates be blown up or otherwise disabled. If necessity arises, these structures can be swung out over the walls of the locks, just as a drawbridge is swung across a river, and the dams which they carry dropped almost instantly into position.

The Canal Zone contains about 436 square miles, about 95 of which will be under the waters of the Canal and Gatun and Miraflores Lakes. The cities of Panama and Colon are excluded from the Zone, but the United States has the right to enforce sanitary ordinances in those cities, and to maintain public order in them in case the Republic of Panama should not be able, in the judgment of the United States, to do so. Of the 436 square miles of Zone territory, the United States owns about 363, and 73 are held in private ownership.

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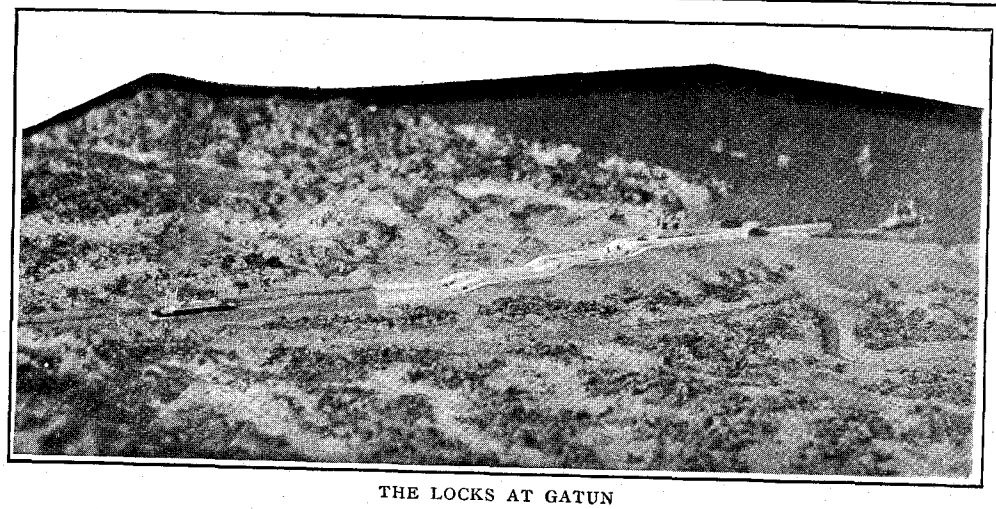
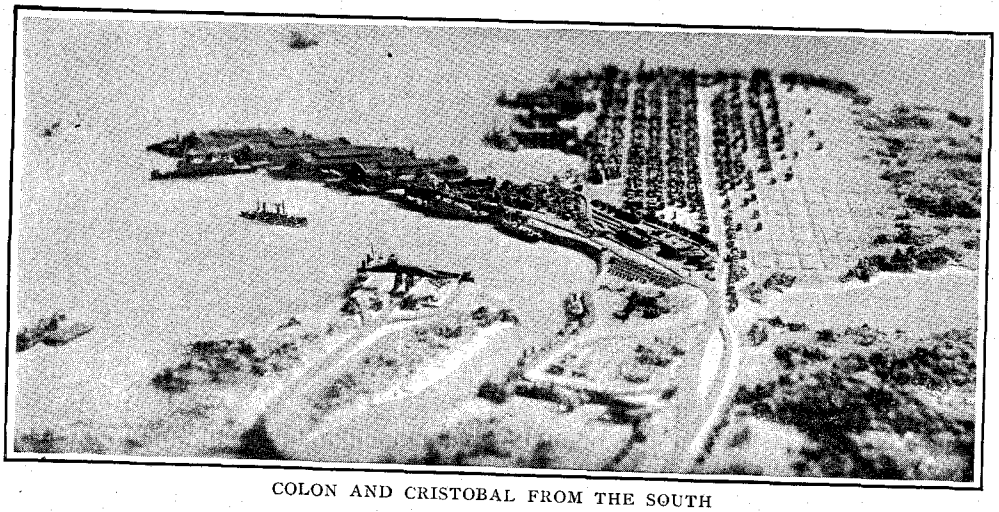
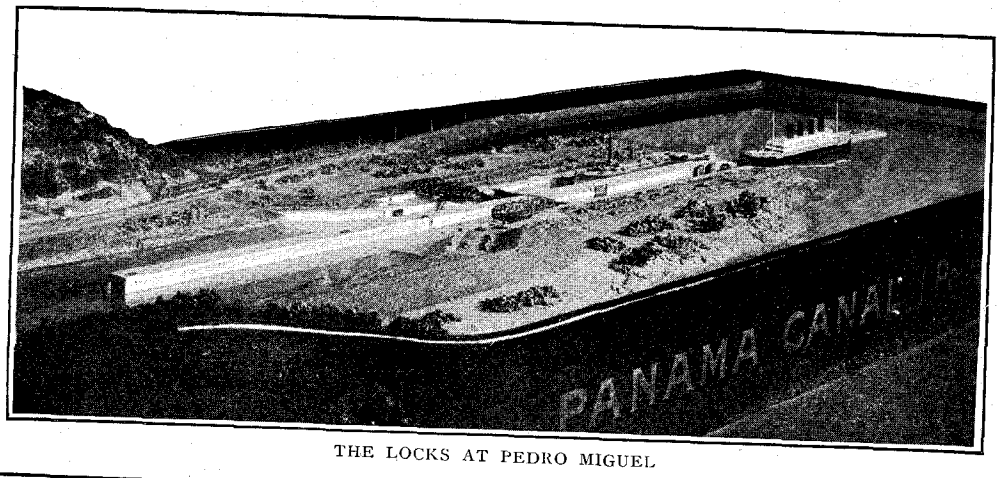


THE LOCKS AT GATUN



COLON AND CRISTOBAL FROM THE SOUTH



THE LOCKS AT PEDRO MIGUEL

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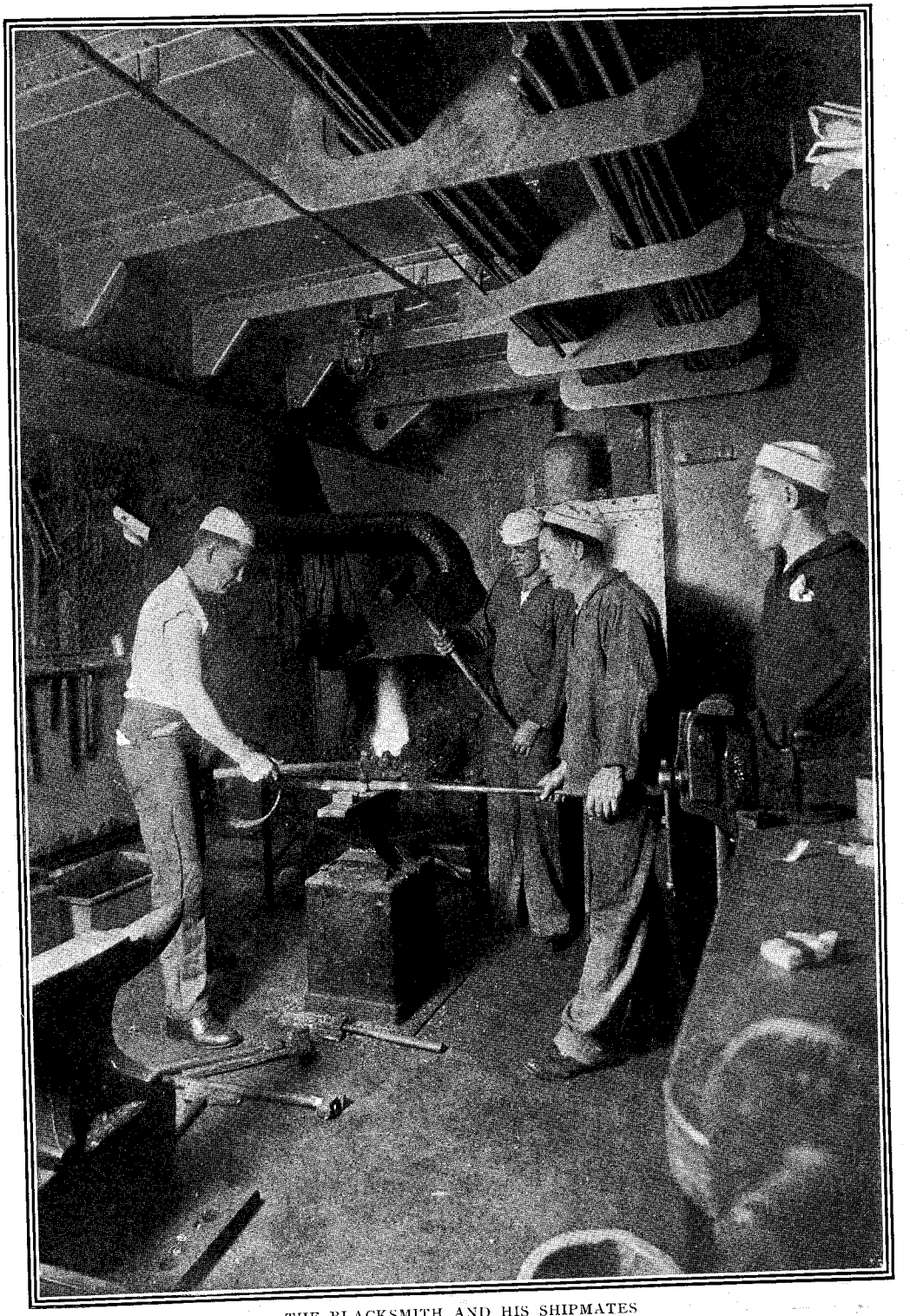

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS SHIPMATES

The bluejackets get practical instruction in welding, making shackles, chains, and bolts at the forge

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A SCHOOL FOR BLUEJACKETS

THE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

THE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OUTLOOK ON BOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP WYOMING

"HOW are the men behaving?" asked Admiral Osterhaus the other day of the Secretary of the Naval Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. "Spendidly," replied the Secretary; "I have not seen a drunken man in the building for over a month." "Well," said the Admiral, "it's so long since I have seen a drunken bluejacket that I have forgotten what one looks like."

The old-fashioned type of hard-drinking, hard-swearing sailor is a thing of the past in the navy, and the days when a liberty party ashore meant a fight all along the water-front have gone forever. The new ships, aggregations of the most intricate machinery, demand a new class of sailor, and qualities different from the ability to lay out on a yard in a gale of wind or to haul away on a rope. The mechanical demands of these ships are so great that they have produced an entirely new type of bluejacket, a clear-eyed, clean-limbed young man, mentally alert and physically active, fitted for the high pressure of the duties which have come to him under the new order of things.

As a matter of fact, the navy has become one vast public school where everybody, officer and sailor, is employed in learning or teaching, very often in both. The duties on board our modern men-of-war are so highly specialized that it is impossible to find men fitted for them outside the service—they have to be trained in it. Consequently, from the day the apprentice sailor arrives at the training station until he leaves the service, his life is occupied in learning one thing or another, sometimes along the lines of a particular trade, always in the absorption of certain moral lessons and the acquirement of certain points of view which are, after all, the most valuable things which he gets out of his life in the navy.

Getting into the navy is no longer the easy thing it once was. A recruit must be an American citizen, in the first place, and he must be intelligent, more or less educated, and of good moral character. Thanks to the number of men who apply for enlistment, a large proportion of whom are from inland cities, recruiting officers can see to it that these conditions are fulfilled, both for the good of the service and for their own comfort, for they are going to command these young men later, and it is pleasanter and easier to handle bright boys than dullards, and well-behaved ones rather than ruffians. Indeed, the good behavior of our sailors has come to be a matter of gratified comment everywhere. Admiral Evans said, with pride, that when he took our battle-ship fleet around to San Francisco the authorities of every port at which the fleet touched complimented him on the behavior of his men; and evidence to the same effect is continually forthcoming. The officer in charge of the detachment of men sent from the battle-ship Delaware to the inauguration of President Wilson gave his men two days' leave after the ceremonies were over, and plenty of spending money. At the end of the two days every single man reported at the railway station, and the train drew out a quarter of an hour ahead of time.

Only a few weeks ago the correspondent of the New York "American," in Panama, described how nine hundred sailors from the fleet were taken at one time over the Canal works, and how on their return there was not a single straggler, but every man reported on his ship. Considering that these men had not left their ships in over a month, and remembering the attractions which Panama and Colon offer to young men of the college boy age, which is that of most of these sailors, it is reasonable to ask whether an equal number of collegians from any institution in the country would have made as good a record.

There was a time, indeed, when the navy was regarded as a sort of reform school, and magistrates would consent to suspend sentence on condition that the prisoner "would enlist in the navy," but that sort of thing is discouraged by the recruiting officers, who refuse such men when they know their histories, and happily it is becoming less in favor with magistrates themselves. Not long ago Justice Goff, of the New York Supreme Court, refused to suspend sentence in a case

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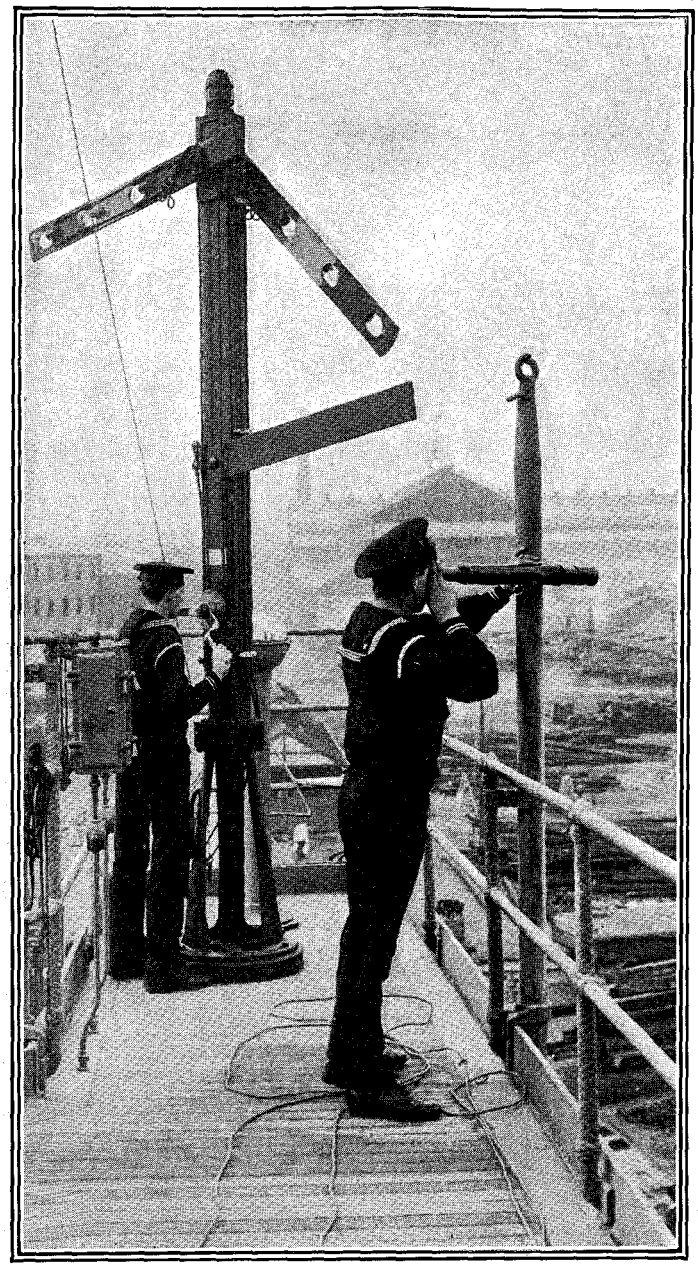

THE NEW METHOD
The semaphore arms are raised or lowered at different angles, and at night these arms have three distinct color lights which are flashed at intervals

of this kind, saying that "the navy does not want criminals. The day has passed when crooks and scoundrels can get into the navy. It is composed of respectable young men."

As all enlisted men must be citizens of the United States, and the lowest age limit for enlistment is seventeen years, all of them have a certain amount of education, while a number are high school graduates, with a sprinkling of college men. The motives for enlistment are various. Some go in because they have not yet settled on a career. Others go in because the navy affords them a better prospect than most ordinary trades. Railroading is considered to be an unusually good trade. At the time recently when the engineers were demanding increased pay it was calculated that the average pay of railway men was $640 a year; the average pay of the bluejacket is $420, but he has in addition free board, lodging, and medical attendance, while there is no danger of loss from strikes or lay-offs. Hence it is clear that the net amount which the sailor has in hand at the end of the year, after all expenses have been paid, is very considerably larger than the railway man has.

Another feature of life in the navy which attracts many young men is the prospect of seeing something of foreign countries. Some years ago I attended the funeral of a retired naval officer in a suburban town, and on my return in the train sat next the petty officer (a gunner's mate, I think), in charge of the firing party of bluejackets from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He asked if he had not seen me in the church, and added that he was interested in church matters because his brother was the rector of a large church in a neighboring city. I talked to him for some time, and then, impressed by his faultless English and evident good breeding, ventured, with due apologies, to ask him how it was that he, a man of such obvious cultivation, came to be an enlisted man in the navy. It was clearly not habitual dissipation which drove him to it; his rank precluded that. He was evidently intelligent

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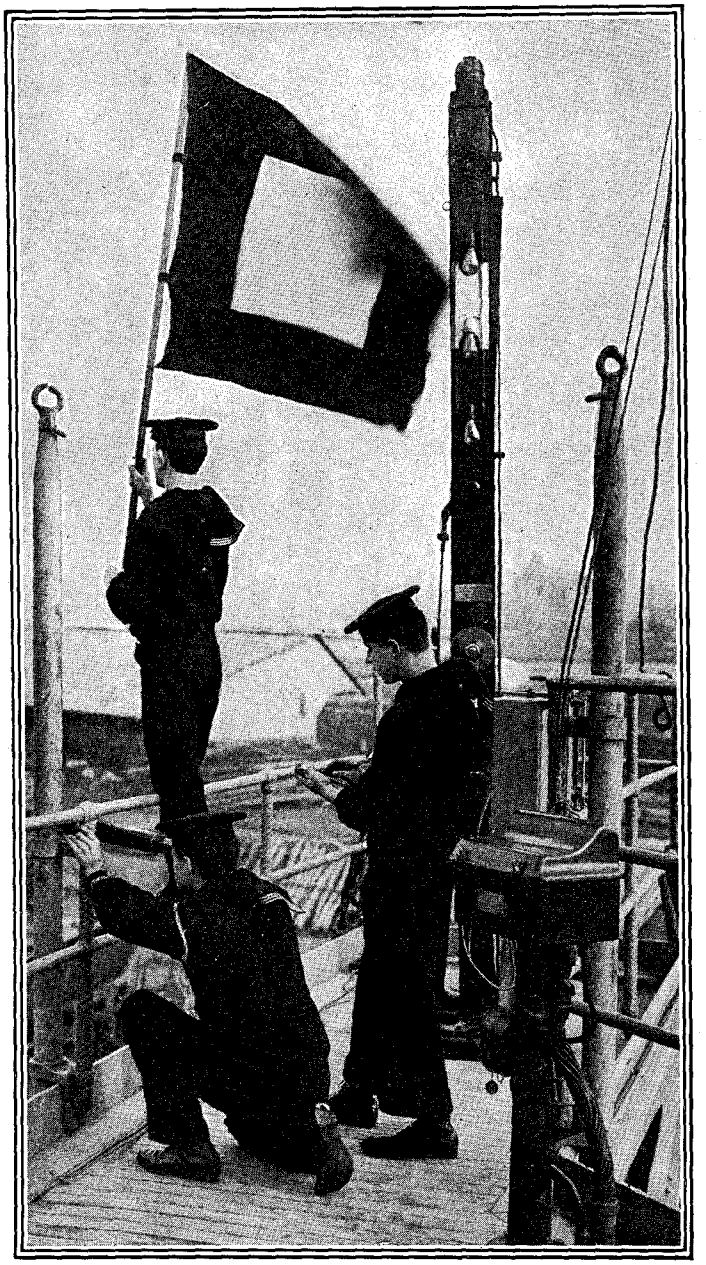
enough to have made his way ashore; what was it?

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I love to travel and see the world. I could never be rich enough to have a yacht and go about, so I get it in the navy. I have been all over the East and in the Philippines, and around the Mediterranean. When my last enlistment expired we were in Beirut, Syria. I meant to re-enlist, of course, but not there. The regulations compel the Government to send us back to the place of our last enlistment, and mine was New York. They had to send me back by way of Constantinople, and I was there just after the Armenian massacres. It was very interesting."

Then he went on to tell me that these massacres were not the result of religious hatred, which was the pretext, but of economic causes. The Armenians were the Jews of Turkey, who by their usury and sharp practice had so enriched themselves at the expense of the Turks that they were hated as the Jews were in Russia, and these massacres were blind outbursts of that hatred. He told me, too, the Levantine proverb that "It takes three Scotchmen to beat a Jew, three Jews to beat a Greek, and three Greeks to beat an Armenian." This was all very interesting, but so utterly at variance with the generally accepted views that I did not think anything more about it.



THE OLD METHOD
The "wigwag" or signaling with flags is slowly giving way to the semaphore. The recruit is trained first in "wigwagging"

A few months later, however, I was at a dinner table in London, and there I heard the same theory advanced by an English member of Parliament, who stated that this view of the case had only recently been accepted, because the Armenians had been trying to attract sympathy to themselves by posing as victims of religious persecution. When I told this gentleman that I had heard the same thing some months before from an American bluejacket, he had difficulty in crediting what I said. Yet here was nothing more than any intelligent man might have learned in the circumstances; and the fact is that life in the navy is every day opening just such opportunities for self-education to the

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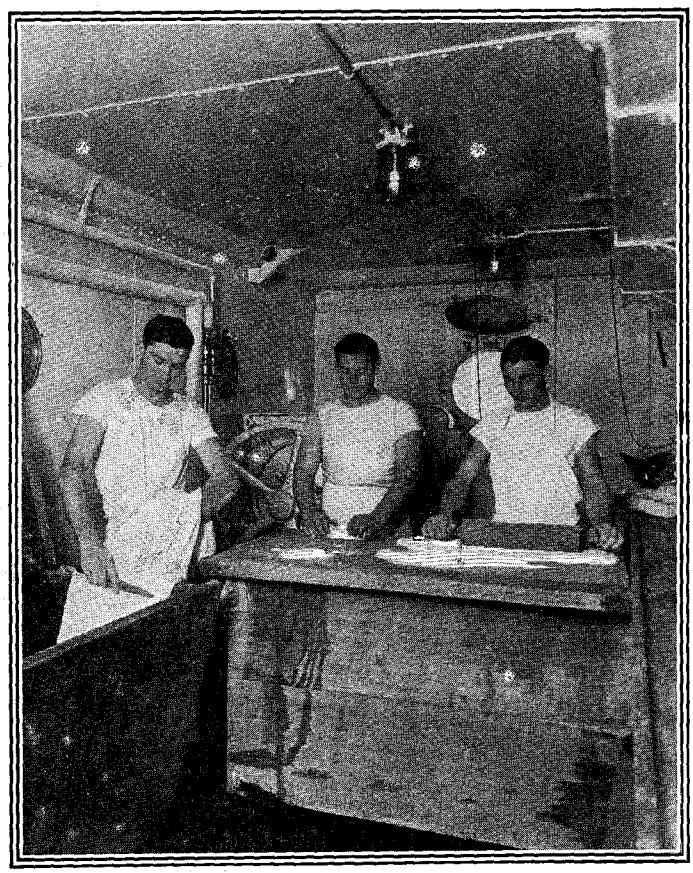
young men in it, opportunities for which rich fathers pay great sums of money when they send their sons round the world or to Europe with tutors, sometimes in ships especially chartered for the purpose. There is no other public school anywhere which can offer so much to the young men in it.

But the tuition in the navy is not all, nor for the most part, indirect. When the apprentice seaman enlists, he is sent forthwith to a training-station where he is put to school in the most literal sense. He has athletics and setting-up exercises for his physique, and lessons for both his head and his hands. He is taught to box the compass, to make splices and hitches and bowlines, to handle sails and oars, and all the other things which are needed to turn the landsman into a sailor. He is put into a battalion and taught to drill and maneuver. He is given a rifle and taught how to shoot with it. He is taught signaling with arms or flags (semaphore or wig-wagging). He is taken off on short practice cruises; and, finally, after a few months of this preparation, he is examined, and if he passes, he becomes a full-fledged seaman with increased pay.

But do not imagine that this is the end of his education; it is only the beginning. It corresponds to the entrance examination of a college, and from that time on the similarity between the two institutions becomes stronger. There is, for instance, the elective system, which is found in one shape or another in many of our colleges, only in the navy it is the officer who does the electing, not the student.

Examinations are held every six months or so, and if an enlisted man is found to have a turn for any special work he is encouraged to develop along the line of that work. If he shows clerical ability, he is put in the way of studying for a position as "yeoman," as a ship's clerk is called. If he has a turn for mechanics or electricity, for hospital nursing or cooking, he is detailed to one of the schools maintained for training in these branches. He may be sent to the school of carpentry if he shows ability along that line, or to the school for seaman gunners if he develops capacity in that direction. There is a school for torpedoes, another for wireless telegraphy, and it is likely enough that, by the time this article is printed, either a school for marine aviation will have been established or arrangements will have been made to send sailors to the army school, for aeroplanes are just as important to warships in enabling them to detect the presence of submarines as they are to armies on land in detecting the position of masked batteries.



THE BAKERS OF THE SHIP

These young men enlisted as landsmen, and received instruction at the Commissary School, where they qualified and are now bakers

Instruction in all these branches is carried on on board ship, and the progress of the men is watched with eager interest. If a man works faithfully, he can take the examinations for petty officer, and before

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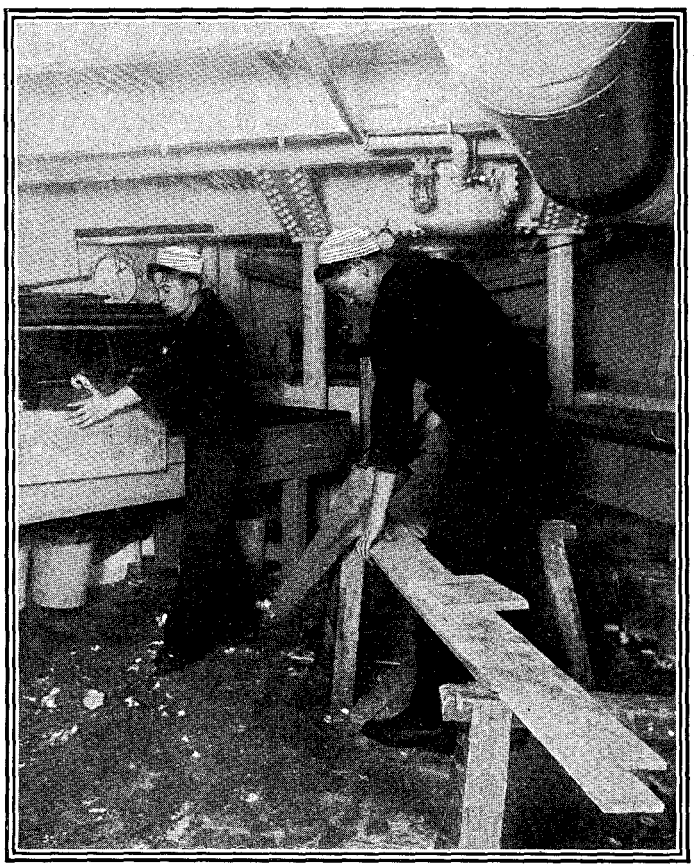
his first enlistment expires he can tell pretty well whether it is going to be worth his while to take up the navy as a career. Eighty per cent of the enlisted men do not re-enlist, but that is precisely what gives the navy its character as a public school. Twenty per cent remain, acting as teachers and trainers of the younger men (just as a certain per cent remain as teachers in an ordinary school), while the other eighty per cent go back into civil life, taking with them the lessons which they have learned under the flag. Some, of course, never get anywhere; they remain in the freshman class, so to speak, throughout their four years' enlistment. But these are relatively few in number—not a larger proportion than the failures in college life—and even they are benefited by the training which they get. It is asserted that no man who can show a recommendation from the navy ever fails to get a good job. Employers know what the navy guarantee means.

If the enlisted man is ambitious, he can try for a commission. Napoleon said that every one of his soldiers carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack; and in the same way every enlisted man in the navy carries a commission in his ditty-box. The proportion of those who have won commissions in the navy is larger than that of those who reached the rank of marshal, but neither is large. It takes a man of exceptional force and self-denial to devote himself, day after day, to the studies which will enable him to pass the necessary examinations; and yet, if he is determined to go at it, he will find no lack of interest and help. Officers are glad to aid their men with explanations and suggestions, and the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is present at every navy yard with direct teaching, and with instructions how to take advantage of the correspondence courses of various universities. Only the other day there came proudly into the Sands Street branch of the Association, in Brooklyn, a young assistant paymaster who, only four years before, had enlisted as a yeoman. He had studied during those years faithfully with the excellent teachers connected with the Association, had come up for examination when ready, had passed, and with the winning of his commission had entered on a career which placed him on a level with the other commissioned officers of the ship, and opened to him all the positions in his branch of the service—paymaster, pay-inspector, pay-director, and finally paymaster-general.

Not long ago there happened to be in the service a young machinist who possessed brains and ambition in the requisite quantities to lift him from the ranks. He studied under a friendly Association teacher, kept at correspondence courses while at sea, and finally passed his examinations for the rank of ensign. There is nothing in the world to prevent his attaining the rank of admiral of



THE CARPENTER'S MATE

At the Artificers' School the sailors are taught the general construction of vessels, carpenter work pertaining to the putting together and repairs of different parts of the vessel in wood

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the navy, if he has the necessary capacity and the luck to get the opportunity to show it. At any rate, his foot is on the lowest rung of the ladder, and that is all that any ambitious man can ask.

Another respect in which life in the navy resembles that in college is in the opportunity for the indulgence in sports. A healthy, cheerful ship's company is sure to do better work than a dull, discontented one, apart from the fact that it is a much more agreeable thing to live with. As competition between ships of the navy is fostered in every way and is intensely keen, efficiency is absolutely essential, while the commonest selfishness would make officers prefer a cheerful ship. Consequently the athletics which conduce so largely to these conditions are regarded with a most sympathetic eye, and heartily encouraged by the officers.

Rowing is of course the most vital interest, and the races between the crews of the various ships are to the full as keenly contested as the races between rival colleges, and create as intense an interest on board. The cups presented for these races are extremely handsome, and the wardroom of many a battle-ship can show an array of splendid plate.

Football is a popular game, and so also is baseball, each being played when the ships are in harbor at the proper season. Boxing is in exceptional favor, basketball has its devotees, and of course all recruits are taught swimming as a matter of course. Then there are track teams and gymnastic teams, whenever there is a gymnasium, and the officers often take part in the athletic competitions and in the games, sharing with the enlisted men the labor and the glory of supporting the honor of their ship, and it makes a strong bond between them.

When the young seaman has passed the four years of his college course, he has learned a lot of things which will be useful to him in after life, but, as in college, the most valuable things are the moral lessons. A brilliant lawyer, who had worked his way through one of our leading universities and had won himself a position of eminence in the community, once said that the "greatest benefits which he got from his college course were power of concentration and the habit of work." So the most valuable products of our naval training are moral, such as respect for authority, submission to discipline, and devotion to duty. Not long ago one of the most distinguished soldiers in our army declared at a public dinner that we were the most lawless people in the world, and made that fact a plea for compulsory universal military service. That this gentleman was right there seems hardly a doubt. The evidences of it are on every hand, in contempt for law and courts and legislatures, and the books are full of it. So sympathetic a critic as Mr. Walter E. Weyl, in "The New Democracy," says that the American people is, in its collectivity, "aggressive, impolite, and socially irreverent." He might have added that, to a very large extent, Americans have these unlovely qualities individually too.

The instinct of discipline becomes ingrained in the navy. Shortly after the Spanish War one of our ships was engaged in charting in Philippine waters. She was a converted yacht, with flaring bows. A number of her boats were out taking observations, and as evening approached she began cruising about, picking them up. One of them was brought alongside in a careless and unskillful manner under her overhanging bows, as she was going at full speed. The boat began to careen and fill, and it looked as though she must surely capsize and sink, with a possibility of drowning some of her crew. There was just one thing to do, which was to stop the ship's way as soon as possible. One of the enlisted men, who was helping to get the boat alongside, saw the danger. The proper thing would of course have been to report the facts to the captain, who was walking aft on the quarter-deck, and ask for orders, but the urgency was so great that the man never thought of that, but sprang to the indicator and shoved it to "stop." The ship slowed up, the boat did not upset, and the danger of drowning those men was averted by the quick thinking of that enlisted man; yet when he realized what he had done, he was so ashamed of his breach of discipline that he slunk away and was grateful to the captain, who had seen the whole thing, for taking no notice of it. "He was a fine man," was the bluejacket's comment on his commander's forbearance. It never occurred to him that he had done anything worthy of praise. That is not the spirit of our navy. With it, whatever is done is part of the day's work, and, no matter how brave or clever it may be, it is no more than a man's duty, and what is expected of every one who wears the uniform.

It is this spirit of discipline which furnished the world with the story of Casabianca, so

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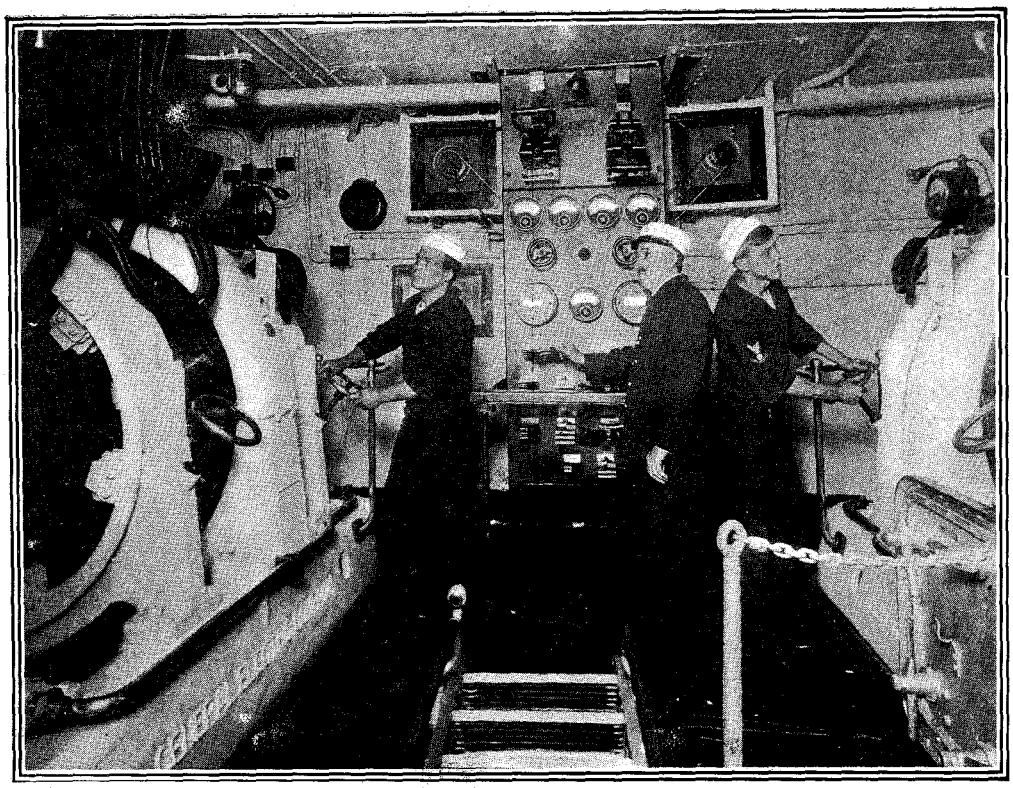

THE DYNAMO ROOM

The young men of a mechanical turn of mind receive practical and theoretical instruction at the Navy Electrical School

famous through Mrs. Hemans's poem. But our navy too has its Casabianca, and a finer example his is than the French boy's, for it was an intelligent exhibition of a sense of duty. During our pseudo-war with France in 1799, the frigate Constellation, under Truxton, fought an action with the French frigate La Vengeance. At that time it was customary to place a force of seamen in the tops of war-ships during action, not only to handle the sails but to maintain a musketry fire on the enemy, and so keep down theirs. It will be remembered that it was a shot from the mizzentop of the Redoutable which killed Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. For the same purpose, a force of twenty-nine men was stationed in the maintop of the Constellation, under the command of Midshipman James Jarvis, a lad of twelve. In those days they entered the navy young, sometimes as early as nine.

As the action progressed the Frenchman directed his fire against the spars and rigging of the Constellation, for his chief desire was to escape. The Yankee, on the other hand, directed his at the hull of the Frenchman, and with such effect that his commander twice hauled down his flag in token of surrender. This, however, was not seen by Truxton, for the action was fought after dark, and the Constellation kept up her fire, which the Frenchman returned in despair, convinced that Truxton meant to sink him.

His constant fire at the rigging of the Constellation in time had its effect, and the shrouds supporting the mainmast were completely shot away. Seeing this, and that the mast must soon go by the board, a gray-haired topman came up to Jarvis and, touching his cap, reported the fact, saying that they had better get down and save themselves while there was yet time. "No," said Jarvis, "our place is here," and turned again to directing the fire of his men on the enemy. In a few minutes the mast fell, and of the thirty souls in the top, one alone was left to tell the story of Jarvis's heroism. Casabianca stayed at his post in the face of certain death because his father put him there; Jarvis stayed at his in order to do his duty.

Another lesson taught by this great public school of ours is the habit of quick thinking

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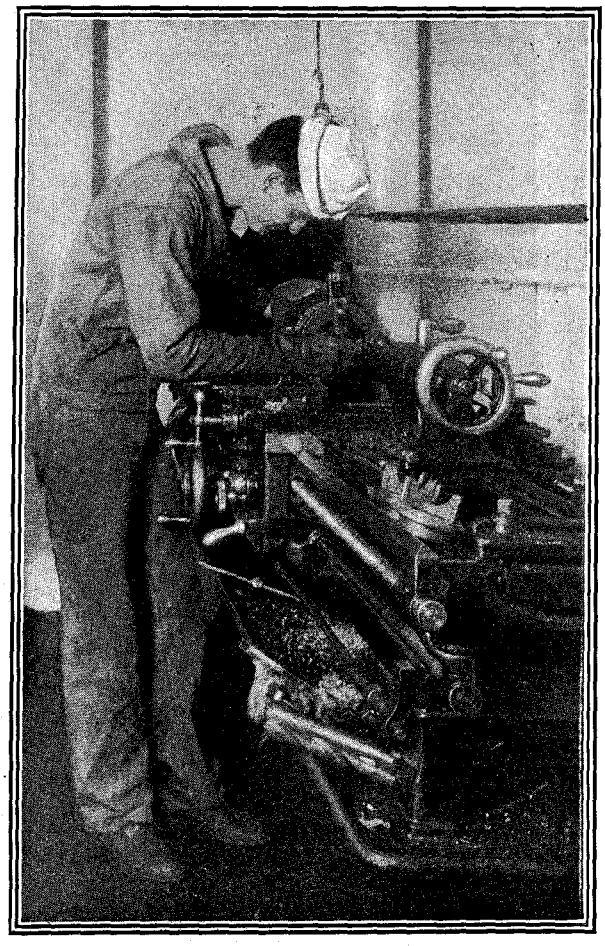

AT THE LATHE

A careful training in practical mechanical work is provided in the shops of the school

and instant decision. In 1906 there occurred a turret explosion on the battle-ship Kearsarge. In order to understand just what happened, it is necessary to know a little of the interior arrangements of the turrets. In those days there was a large opening behind the guns all the way down to the handling-rooms, which are situated below the water line and directly underneath the turret. The magazines, full of powder in tanks, opened off all four sides of the handling-room. Now, the smokeless powder in use in the navy is in "grains" of various sizes, according to the caliber of the gun, those for the 13-inch guns being cylindrical in shape, one and five-eighths inches in length and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. These grains, when ignited in the open air, do not explode suddenly, like the old-fashioned black powder, but burn relatively slowly.

The Kearsarge had been engaged in target practice off Cape Cruz, Cuba. A 13-inch gun failed to fire, and the charge was being withdrawn in order to see whether the failure was the fault of defective ordnance material. The powder had been taken out, in three sections, and was lying on the floor of the turret. As one of the men was inserting the shell-tongs into the gun to withdraw the shell, they slipped from his hand, and as they fell cut through and short-circuited an electric wire. This set fire to the powder, and in an instant the interior of the turret was a mass of swirling flames and choking gases. There were two officers and twelve men in the turret, and as the flames shot up, the officers, Lieutenants Hudgins and Graeme, sprang before the men, pushed them back, and interposed their own bodies to shelter them from the fire. As the wounded men lay in the sick-bay that night, one of them was heard crying out in his delirium, "Mr. Hudgins, you're saving me, but you're being burned yourself." The action of those officers, who both died of their burns, was practically instinctive; there was no time to stop and consider what they should do. It was the result of their years of training in quick thinking.

This instinctive action is not confined to the officers; it is just as much a quality of the men. In this same Kearsarge accident, George Breeman, an enlisted man, won promotion and a medal of honor by his quickness of thought and decision. When the powder in the turret caught fire, a shower of burning grains fell down into the handling-room beneath, and threatened to carry the fire to one of the magazines, which was open. Breeman tried for an instant to stamp out the burning grains, and then, seeing that the task was beyond him, sprang into the magazine, slammed the door after him, and set about putting on the covers of the powder-tanks. In a similar accident on the Missouri in 1904, where the explosion was caused by a flareback, the powder grains poured down into the handling-room, set fire to a couple of other charges which were lying there ready to be hoisted to the gun, and, what was worst

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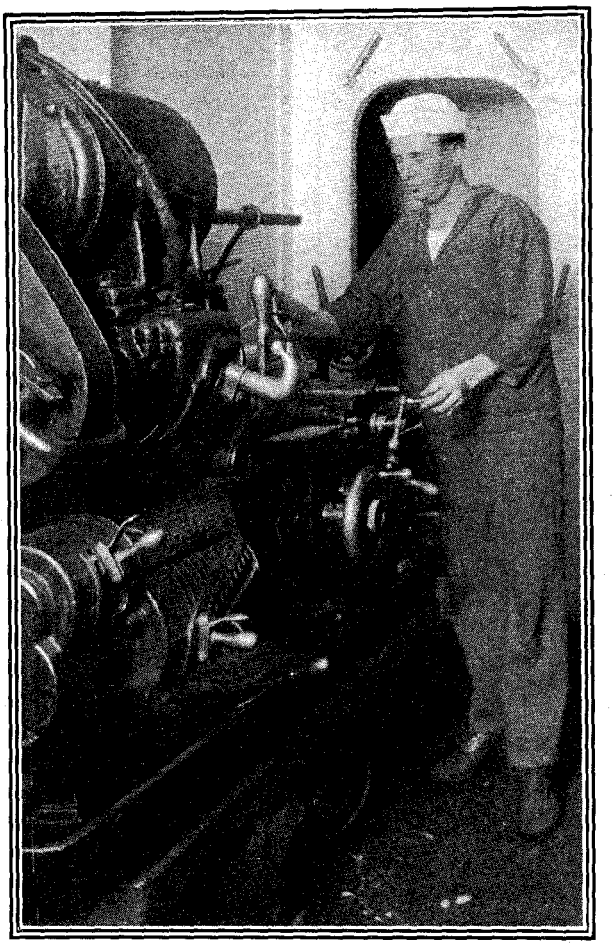
of all, set fire to the wooden racks on which the powder-tanks lay within an open magazine. About a ton of smokeless powder was in this magazine, and the result of an explosion would of course have been to blow the ship to pieces. The danger was imminent, for though the magazine had been flooded, the water had not reached the upper racks, which were those on fire, and the hose had not been run down into the handling-room. Chief Gunner's Mate Mons Monssen climbed through the scuttle of the door into the magazine, an opening only eighteen inches square, and with his hands threw water from the floor on to the burning racks until the arrival of the hose, when the fire was finally extinguished. There was no idea of flight to save himself in Monssen's mind; in the face of this appalling disaster, his only instinct, after these years of training, was simply to do his duty and save his ship. In the same way, Koster, captain of the Kearsarge's turret when the explosion took place, after making his way on deck, frightfully burned, turned back and tried to get into the turret again to help his shipmates. As he stood on the deck, sightless and dying, one of the officers told him not to touch himself, for the flesh was hanging in shreds from his body. "I'm not saying anything, but I'm hurt bad," said he, and tried to go back to his work. Admiral Chadwick, Sampson's captain at Santiago, was president of the board of inquiry in the Missouri case, and he writes that he never received a greater impression of real heroism than on the part of all concerned; but every disaster in the navy presents just such examples of presence of mind and courage. There is little to choose between them, and they are all the result of the navy training, one of the splendid lessons learned in this public school.



REPAIRING PART OF AN ENGINE

Putting into actual ship's work the mechanical knowledge learned at the school

The assistance of the navy, too, is always at the service of humanity, wherever the need may show itself. After the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet in 1882, the first foreign detachment ashore, when the city had been evacuated by Arabi Pasha, was the company of American marines, and it was owing to their efforts that a large section of the city containing the most important buildings was saved from destruction by the incendiary Arabs. One of the most brilliant feats which our sailors have to their credit occurred at Marseilles in 1872. The frigate Wabash, flying the flag of Admiral Alden, was lying in the Napoleon basin in the harbor of Marseilles, moored to the sea wall. In the middle of the night the anchor watch reported that a German bark, lying just ahead of her, was on fire, and the flames were shooting up with alarming rapidity. On board the Wabash all hands were called, fire-fighting apparatus was put aboard three cutters, and volunteers were called for to take a fire party aboard the burning ship and extinguish the fire. The first to volunteer was Midshipman John C. Fremont, Jr., son of the Pathfinder and later a Rear-Admiral

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himself, who was put in command of the expedition.

When the party reached the bark, they found her blazing furiously, deserted by her crew, which had fled in a panic, and small blame to them, for the bark was laden with petroleum, which might explode at any moment from the heat. The result of this would have been appalling, for the harbor was crowded with small wooden craft, fishing boats and coasters, and the burning oil, flowing over the face of the water in the harbor, would have destroyed every one of them in a few minutes. The fire might even have extended to the houses on the quay, and there was no telling where the disaster would stop. Meanwhile the boats in the harbor were making frantic efforts to escape, but the time seemed all too short, and in their eagerness they were continually interfering with one another.

When Fremont reached the bark, it was clear that he could never hope to put the fire out; it was too far advanced for that. The only chance was to tow the burning vessel out of the port and into the open sea, if such a thing was possible in the short time before she blew up. It was a frightfully dangerous operation, for if she blew up before he could get away from her it meant practically certain death for every man in those three cutters' crews. But there was no hesitation. If they were given time, they would save all that shipping in Marseilles Harbor; if not, they would go with it.

Fremont discovered, when he sprang on the deck of the burning bark, that the warps which moored her to the quay were burned, but that she was anchored hard and fast by a chain cable. There was no time to get the anchor up; the only thing to do was to unshackle the cable. Now unshackling a chain cable, which consists in driving out an iron pin from a link into which it has been driven by powerful blows, is an operation demanding a certain amount of time, the necessary tools, and a composed manner, for it is an operation of some delicacy. How these men ever accomplished it in the face of such an appalling form of death hanging over them every minute while they were working is a mystery; but at last it was done, the cable slipped into the water, and the bark was free. Free, yes; but the fire had eaten closer to the explosive cargo, how close they could not know. There was need of haste, yet Fremont, as his men tumbled into their boats, which were attached to the ship tandem fashion, gave the orders, "Up oars," "Let fall," "Give way," as coolly as if setting out on an excursion. The procession started, and then, indeed, Fremont, who was in the rearmost boat, that nearest the flaming ship and in the greatest danger, went after his men, and with every means of persuasion at his command—threats, promises, abuse—got the last pound out of them. The little procession moved slowly out of the harbor amid the frantic cheers of the excited and grateful Frenchmen, who saw the danger slipping away from their means of livelihood, their homes, their very lives. The boats towed the bark well out into the Mediterranean, dropped her, and the order was given to make all speed away from her. The three cutters had hardly gotten out of range when the bark blew up, and the water for a quarter of a mile around was strewn with burning timbers, while the blazing oil spread far and near, a lambent flame.

Admiral Alden could have cast off his moorings, slipped his cables, and had his ship towed out to sea and safety by his boats, just as Fremont towed out the burning bark, leaving the crowded harbor to take care of itself. That, however, never occurred to him, though it was the simple, obvious thing to do, and what was perhaps his duty, since it might be argued that the first duty of an officer is to see to the safety of his own ship. But self-preservation, while it may be the first law of nature, is the last law regarded by the navy. The lesson of self-sacrifice is so thoroughly learned there, it is so universally exhibited, as in the case of the officers of the Kearsarge, who sheltered their men from the flames with their own bodies, that the efficiency of the teaching of this public school of ours is beyond all question. The examples, great and small, are legion; one more story must suffice.

In the spring of 1899 one of the periodic revolutions in Samoa was under way, and the sailors from our flag-ship at Apia, the Philadelphia, were employed in enforcing the decrees of the Chief Justice, the supreme authority recognized by our Government. A punitive expedition of American and English sailors and marines was sent out to destroy some hostile villages, and, having accomplished its purpose, was returning to Apia. It was a column only about a hundred strong, and in view of the hazardous nature of the errand was dangerously small. Moreover, instead of following the road along

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the beacn which it had taken on its outward journey, and where it was protected by the guns of an English war-ship lying off the coast, it had taken a road inland, which was shorter, but which bristled with opportunities for ambush, for it lay everywhere through open fields, while it was commanded throughout its length by thick underbrush.

Among the American officers on the expedition were two, Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale and Ensign John Robert Monaghan, who had served much together on different ships and on surveying expeditions ashore, and between whom there had sprung up a friendship of the closest character. Lansdale, the elder by ten years or more, had served in some sort as a mentor for his young friend, and Monaghan, a man of the finest sort of nature and great depth of character, had come to regard his elder with a feeling amounting to devotion.

The greater part of the journey back had been accomplished without molestation, when suddenly the column was attacked on three sides by an overwhelming force of natives. There was nothing for it but to retreat across the plateau, down the bluff and on to the beach, where alone there might be safety under the guns of the English man-of-war. The recall was sounded by the bugler, and the whole force began to retire across a cocoa-palm plantation which lay between the road and the edge of the bluff. Half-way across Lansdale was shot in the leg by a bullet which shattered the bone just below the knee. As he sank down Monaghan ran up with some of the sailors, and two of the men picked up the wounded lieutenant and carried him across the field. At the top of the bluff there was a wire fence, and it was necessary to lay Lansdale down there and get him through the strands of the wire. As he lay on the ground one of the men heard him say to Monaghan, "Don't leave me, Monny," and the younger replied, "Never, sir."

They got Lansdale down the bluff and through a swamp which lay at the bottom between it and the shore road, and then the men who were carrying him could go no farther, for he was a heavy man. Monaghan placed his wounded friend on the ground with his back to a tree, in as comfortable a position as he could devise, and then bade the sailors go in search of help for them both. Lansdale, as unselfish as Monaghan, and realizing the danger they were in, felt that it was time to release his friend from the promise which he had exacted, and, looking up at him, said, "You go now, Monny; I can't go any farther." Monaghan never replied, but stood watching the brow of the bluff where the enemy must appear. Lansdale repeated his words: "Monny, you go now." But still the faithful boy stood silently by his side. A marine, plunging down the bluff, brought up beside them, and stopped to aid in the defense of Lansdale, for the natives were by now firing down from the edge of the plateau above them. He, too, was soon wounded and disabled. Monaghan, who up to this time had had only his revolver, took the marine's rifle and some cartridges and bade him also hurry off for aid. But no aid came, for the Europeans were driven still farther back by the natives. The next morning, when a relief party reached the spot, the two friends lay dead, side by side. Monaghan, who could have escaped not only with no blot on his honor but with no stain upon his conscience, had preferred to stay with his friend till the last chance had passed them by, and had died fulfilling to the utmost the divine measure of friendship, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." That is the spirit of our sailors.

The navy has no monopoly of heroism; the army, the police, the life-savers, the firemen, all have their heroes. And we have training-schools aplenty. But here is an institution which turns back into civil life every year some twelve thousand young men, each equipped with a useful trade and hardened by four years of discipline. They have learned that discipline is easy, for it is only another name for obedience to law. They have learned respect for authority, and particularly for authority of their own choosing, since enlistment in the navy is voluntary, and so have gained respect for the authorities whom they elect to office—and the lack of that respect is one of the greatest evils of our society to-day. As these young men marry and settle down and become the fathers of families, there will be thousands of households all over the land which will serve as centers of order and reverence for law. Finally, these men have been filled with a spirit which prompts them, when the need arises, to perform such deeds as those of which I have written, deeds performed for the most part in time of peace and not under the hot impulse of battle. Is there any other public school in the country of which so much can be said?

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THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
A lithograph by Joseph Pennell

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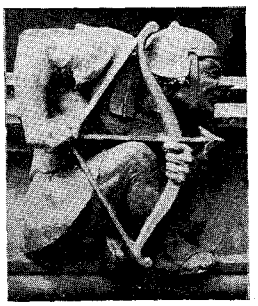
SONS OF THE CITY



BY

PROFESSOR CHARLES F. HORNE

OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WITH A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL AND GROTESQUES FROM THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS, MODELED BY THE ATLANTIC TERRA COTTA COMPANY

DO you know where New York City's most important manufactory is located, and what sort of product it is turning out? The city itself is the proprietor; and the factory is making neither steel, nor electricity, nor money. It is making men, citizens capable and broad of spirit, some of whom have in their turn made and remade the city itself. Yes, the most remunerative investment of New York City's funds, the most profitable business in which it ever engaged, the most far-seeing of its visions and yet the most practical of its plans, is the City College.

Our city stands as the gateway through which pours the vast flood of European immigration. The high tide of that immigration sweeps beyond us and spreads wide over every State of the Union, but enough of the tide remains here by the gateway to make our city the most polyglot in the world. More than two-fifths of our populace are foreign born; more than half are of foreign parentage.

This flood, as the English Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, recently pointed out in an address to the College, this never-ceasing rush of immigrants, would, if left unguided, assuredly swamp New York. Our city would be overwhelmed, not only by the numbers of the foreigners, but by their blank and colossal ignorance, their bitter, long-inherited prejudices, their European suspicion of every form of government and hatred against those who rule. That is where our public schools step in to save us. And above these, doing for the older and abler youths what the school does for the children, stands our City College.

THE COLLEGE SEAL

Did you ever pause to think just who the lads are who go to that College? They are the ablest of all our children, the pick of all our less wealthy youth, both American and foreign. Wherever a poor father and mother are most earnest, most ambitious, they resolve that their son shall have the chance of education that was denied them. In every human soul there burns a spark which may be kindled to the flame of genius. Wherever a Russian rabbi has most keenly yearned for the knowledge barred from him by Russian law; wherever an American farmer has most chafed against the endless physical toil which shut him out from the wider world of books; wherever an Irish or Italian peasant poet has most dreamed of the wonderful visions denied his ignorance; wherever a sturdy Saxon has most panted for that opportunity to guide and dominate other men which was denied him by narrow circumstances, there you will find a family whose son is at the City College.

The public school lad who has measured his intellect against that of his classmates and overmatched them, the Arab of the streets who has looked for a larger success than his fellows, the leader of a childish "gang" who has wanted fuller power and passionately resolved to earn it, these are the boys who have won their way into the City College. The pick of the land are there, both native and foreign born.

Last term I had, seated next to each other in one of my classes, an Irishman, an Ameri-

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JUSTICE

can of English ancestry, an Italian, and a Pole. Taken separately, there were some things those four lads didn't know. But taken together they comprehended everything. Never did I start a subject without catching an appreciative glint from at least one pair of eyes, and each lad hastened to spread his appreciation through the group. Celtic wit and Slavic emotion, Romance joyousness and Teutonic strength, what shall not these accomplish when each seeks to give the others of its best!

And what is the College itself doing for these—the most earnest, the most important, of our future citizens? Teaching them to make more money? To hold more attractive positions in society? Perhaps—incidentally, but not principally. Chiefly it is training them to become desirable citizens, capable of carrying on the highest traditions of our Republic. It is striving to turn out, not money-grabbers, but patriots, seeking the public good. Its graduates have been truly impressed with the worth of what the State has done for them in uplifting them above their fellows. They are eager and resolved to repay to humanity the benefits they have received.

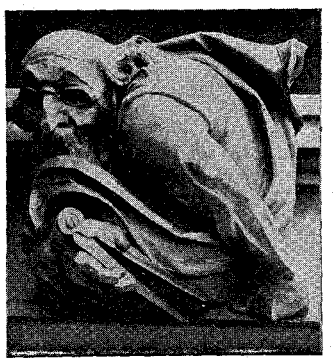
The narrow-minded foreigner has been made broad; the anarchist has been taught patriotism and faith in government; the self-seeker has been made generous; the dreamer has been roused to the active facts of life. At the College we are all at least this much in accord with Mr. Roosevelt, that we are all what he has called himself, we are "practical idealists."

READING

What, then, is the practical method of manufacturing in this shop whose products have proven of so much consequence to the life of our city and even of our Nation? The City College stands unique among colleges in many ways. First, it is unique in that it is the only college in the world supported solely by a city, and giving tuition to the citizens absolutely free. Its teachings have thus reached a class of students who could never otherwise have hoped for higher education—those who are not only unable to pay college fees, but are also unable to support themselves in a college town away from home, a home perhaps partly dependent on their services. At the City College more than half the students are doing paid work of some sort in hours free from study. Probably a quarter of them are not only supporting themselves but aiding their families, rather than demanding help from these.

ART

Even more unusual is the attitude of the students toward their studies. Is it not a surprise, indeed, to hear of an institution where lads have to be driven to their play—not to their work, mind you, but to outdoor games? Teachers here do not insist that a youth must take so many courses each term and study so many hours for each course. Instead, they restrict him by saying that he must not take more than a certain number of courses. The office of the college dean is besieged every term by a long line of eager students entreating to be allowed to add just this or that one more study to their schedules. And, within the courses, the faculty is forced to step in and set a limit, informing the students that only a certain amount of home study is to be done in each subject.



CIVIL ENGINEERING

This eagerness for study is the dominant characteristic of the institution, for the stu-

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MEDICINE

dents who come to it are not chiefly, as in our other colleges, boys. They are men, most of them, young in years but hardened by experience. In the rough contact of poverty with life they have grown to intellectual manhood before their time. They have learned the value of education and the hard cost price of every squandered hour. They know exactly what they want, and they mean to win it as simply as they may. In other colleges you read of students debarred from athletics because of deficiency in their studies. Here the teacher receives constant notice that So-and-so is debarred from his studies because of deficiency in physical training.

Thus one of the most serious duties of the College becomes the watching over the physical condition of its charges. Like eager young race-horses, these boys would run themselves to exhaustion were they not held constantly in rein. Members of the teaching staff are specially appointed to urge, yes, to drive, them to open-air exercise and active participation in the milder forms of athletics. Many a student who comes here with nothing but a brain goes forth with a body as well—with stomach, limbs, and heart all fitted for their duty.

A beneficent friend of the College has just united with its perpetual benefactor, the City, in giving it an athletic "stadium," a wonderful and beautiful structure in the old Greek style, which before the end of this year will be completed. It will cover two large city blocks to the south of the College, looking out from its height upon the city below, and furnishing a center for every form of the city's public entertainments and lighter, brighter days of leisure.

PHARMACY

Other forms of the "play" of life have also to be encouraged at the College, that oversomber young men may learn to laugh. Theatrical performances are given under faculty coaches. Comedies, old comedies, are selected that insist upon the sunny side of fate, while teaching history and literature and knowledge of life as well. Debating clubs are fostered by a faculty "department of elocution," and teach readiness of thought and speech, that most valuable ability to decide in the very instant of action what is best to do and say. If we have given the student a body and a mind, we try also to give him a will, a power of decision, and a strength of soul.

PHYSICS

What is the consequence of all this training? Good citizens, yes. That we have already said, and it is amply proven in the city's records. But, more than that, and in a larger sense, the result is a general harmonizing of the widely diverse races which meet here in New York to be remolded into Americans, created all over again in our great "melting-pot." The Russian Jew often comes to us deeply permeated with anarchy. "Professor," said one of them to me a few years back, "have you ever really studied the principles of anarchy?" "Only superficially," I replied. "I'd like to talk it over with you," he urged, a full-fledged man, though much below our age of citizenship; "I think I could convince you of its righteousness." So we talked it over, not once but on several occasions. And though he did not convince me of his doctrines, I learned much of how he had acquired them, much of the underground life of Russia. And though I am by no means sure I convinced him, he

WIND MUSIC

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FENCING

THROWING THE HAMMER

LEADING MUSIC

at least learned that even an anarchist is not, to our government, a thing of blind fear and bigoted hatred, to be trampled on at once by every official. That was the opening wedge in penetrating the darkness of his soul, the first step to clearer vision. That youth is now a loyal, useful, prospering citizen, who laughs at his own ancient narrowness.

And look beyond the immediate effect. The broadening of the mind of each one of those immigrants means the broadening of his entire family. For he is the center of his little group, the nucleus from which all are fed; his views become theirs, his loyalty to America is theirs. Mr. Cahan, editor of the Jewish "Forward," tells of his talk with an orthodox Hebrew who insisted on sending his son to the College. "We have had enough barbarians in this family," said the aged father. "We are a lot of savages. We are know-nothings. I should have liked to make this Jacob a student of the Talmud. But what would be the use? What does New York care about the Talmud? No; we shall send Jacob through college, and let him come home and teach us fine manners. Ah! He will know us for what we are, this Jacob. Come; let us make our plans."

Nor is it only the poor immigrant who prospers in the atmosphere of the College. The native American youth joins us and his eyes are opened. Life in his sheltered family—for many come to us whose parents are fairly well-to-do—has been an easy thing; he has moved comfortably through the world, joyously, thinking not too deeply, striving less hard at his studies, perhaps, than at his games. Suddenly he comes face to face with the poorer men who are to contest with him for the rewards of the larger future. He learns how hard the immigrant will work, how earnestly he has thought, how deeply suffered. And the native-born is roused to his fullest power. He throws aside his sense of easy superiority over foreign minds and foreign feebleness. He learns the stern truth that only by fullest effort can the American retain his supremacy in American life; and he turns his back forever on the mental laziness which is the chief weakness rising from an easy childhood.

DESTRUCTION

A New York mother of old colonial family consulted me about her only son.

"He isn't getting on a bit well at private school," she said; "he doesn't seem to do a bit of study."

"Send him to us," I advised.

"What!" protested she, astonished, "among all those poor boys? He might get some disease."

"With our strict medical supervision," I answered, "despite our handicap in being located in a great city, our records show us to be one of the healthiest colleges in the land."

"But the associations will be so bad for him."

"Do you want your son," I asked, "to grow up only with the wealthy, to be a 'little brother of the rich,' or do you want him to learn life as it really is? Send him to us, and we will teach him to make his own way."

He came. "Gee," said he to me the first week, "these fellows study a lot!" "Gee," he said the second week, "they'll soon own New York

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CARVING

CASTING

SLEDGE-WORK

at this rate and crowd everybody else out!" "Gee," he said the third week, "I've got to hustle if I want to keep my own share of earth!" And he "hustled" and stood high at the College, and is hustling now in the outer world, in the best and most vigorous American fashion.

The city has given us a splendid factory for this great work. The old building that sheltered the College for sixty years in East Twenty-third Street still stands; but a few years ago five great new structures rose on Washington Heights between 138th and 140th Streets. They are supplied not only with every dignity of architecture which can make education impressive, but also with every form of modern scientific tool and appliance which can make it of practical value. That note of practicality is and has always been strongly emphasized at the College. When its founders, the New York Board of Education, in 1847, applied to the State Legislature for a charter for the institution, they said that it "should be so organized that the course of studies to be pursued would tend to educate the pupils practically, and particularly qualify them to apply their learning." Upon this theory are our courses built. The "humanities" are kept to give breadth to the "practicalities." Through the first two years of study we aim to develop the mind and the means of expression. A lad who has already a high school education is taught two foreign languages, the basis of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and biology, given a general knowledge of history and a fluent and appreciative use of English. Then the two remaining years direct him along the lines of special study which he selects to constitute his practical life work. And when our students leave us, they have had experience in the practical ways of working at every art or science they have taken up.

CONSTRUCTION

To-day the College stands with welcoming arms, experienced and secure of success in its chosen field among young men; and it begins to reach out and offer its educational aid to the city in other ways. President Finley, who came to the College to lend it the impetus of his energy, the guidance of his broad vision, and the encouragement of his high earnestness, is leading the institution into wider roads of usefulness. A "night college" was organized four years ago, to offer collegiate instruction to older men who were unable to attend in the day. This department of the institution has grown very important. It filled what had obviously been a long-felt need. Over seven hundred men, ranging in age from eighteen to at least one I know of over sixty, are already enrolled in its classes. Their ranks include doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, and civil service employees from every branch of the city's business. These amazingly grown-up students are there for work, though they play a bit at being college boys. They have their fraternities and their class dinners, their "smokers" and other frolics. They even held last fall an imitation of a political "national convention," exactly like the real thing, with nominating speeches, a committee on credentials, and even a steam roller. But principally these evening classes are notable as forming what in my judgment are the most earnest, able, and intellectually mature "college boys" that any professor ever

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had the fortunate opportunity of addressing.

Another recent effort to extend the usefulness of our institution is the plan to have it establish, in each of the other boroughs of the city, junior departments covering the first two years of the course. The object of this is to keep pace with the expansion of the metropolis and extend the benefits of higher education to youths whose distance from the present site of the buildings makes attendance at them too costly or impracticable.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Then, too, there are "extension courses," or university lectures for teachers. Over twenty-five hundred adults, mostly the teachers from our city public schools, enroll for these courses every year. Through them the College reacts upon the common schools and high schools. Every specialist among us who reaches one of these teachers reaches through him or her the thousands upon thousands of the children of our city, and gives them a better education.

Other city institutions have begun to recognize the expanding field of usefulness of the College, and to express their appreciation of the great work it is achieving. The city fathers recently intrusted sixty thousand dollars to the College to repair the old Twenty-third Street building and turn a portion of it into a civic museum for budget exhibits. Then the New York Chamber of Commerce promised to enlarge this fund to half a million dollars, so that a new building could be created to become a branch of the College specially devoted to training young men for the employ of the city. Such a department as this is but the fitting fruition of that high civic idealism which has been the guiding spirit of the College throughout its eventful history.

BALL PLAYING

Said President Finley of the College recently in bidding farewell to a graduating class: "You are the city's sons—the sons of her free spirit. More than any other young men among her thousands are you to toil for her, are you to defend her against her enemies, are you to carry forward her work, her ideals."

In ancient Athens each youth about to become a citizen pledged himself to the city by the sacred ephebic oath. More than one of our classes have taken that same oath voluntarily in a body when leaving the College. There is no pressure put upon them; each man takes it or not as he will—and those who take it keep it. This, in part, is the pledge: "We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those about us who are prone to annul them and set them at naught; and we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty." If we may be allowed to paraphrase the laureate of an English public school:

This is the word which year by year
While in her place the school is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hear it will forget!

BALL PLAYING

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A REAL LUCKY PENNY

BY

JACOB A. RIIS

READERS of The Outlook will remember the genesis of the Christmas Stamp. It was a Danish postmaster, Einar Holboell, who dreamed the dream of benevolence that has built in Denmark a large sanatorium for tubercular children, three convalescent homes for those who are getting well, and a hospital in Copenhagen for children born to a worse fate, if that is possible—with the taint of syphilis. And all over the world the little stamps have become bullets in the war on the White Plague which humanity is at last in the way of winning.

Postmaster Holboell has dreamed another dream. It was while he was lying ill in a hospital, threatened with the loss of his sight, that it came to him with results even swifter than those which attended his first vision. The "lucky penny" was born this winter, and already it is justifying its name in other lands besides his own. The warm-hearted friend of the children wrote to tell me of his joy in it, and here is the story.

"You remember," his letter runs, "Hans Andersen's story of the little girl's grief because she could not go to the funeral of the pug, not having the suspender button that was the price of admission. It came into my mind while I lay with bandaged eyes, and it worried me, for the sorrows of childhood are as real and as bitter as those of our older years. And naturally I thought of the poor blind, whose lot is getting even harder as more and more the work of their hands is displaced by the products of our age of machinery. All at once I saw the way to start every Danish child in life with a ray of sunlight that should make the little one rich and shed its radiance down the dark way so many have to tread. That was how the lucky penny was born."

This is how it does its work: By arrangement with the association, "Denmark's Blind," every Danish midwife presents to the happy father of a new-born child at the psychological moment the penny, together with a post-office money-order blank that has this note in the margin: "On the occasion of my child's birth I give —— to the needy blind, acknowledging receipt of my child's lucky penny," and over all the device, "A gift from one who sees the light for the first time to those who will never see it."

The amount is left to the giver. It may be five cents, or five dollars, or five hundred dollars, according to how happy he feels and how deep is his purse. The lucky penny began work in February, and in that month it brought in six thousand kroner. A krone is a little over a quarter, but its purchasing power is more nearly that of a dollar. Seventy-five thousand children are born in Denmark every year. Very few of them will be without their lucky penny, and they are not likely to part with it. It is easy to foresee in it a very considerable revenue for the blind. As for the child: "I call it the lucky penny," writes my postmaster friend, "because to be able to give is the best of luck. And what better start could any one have in life than that the first thing done by him, or in his name, was a kind deed?"

The lucky penny is of bronze, the size of one of our old copper cents. It is struck in the Copenhagen mint by the Government for this purpose only. On one face it has the word "Lykke"—Danish for luck, under a six-pointed star; on the other the head of Denmark's Queen, with a four-leaf clover. Curiously enough, it bears no date, though it is the one real original birthday penny. The lucky penny is not current coin. It buys only what its name implies; but what golden sovereign could do more? And how many of them can do that?

Sweden already has started the lucky penny

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upon the path broken by Denmark. In Norway and Germany they have enlisted it with the Christmas stamp in the campaign for open-air schools for anæmic children. All Europe wants to know about it. Has it no suggestion for the friends of the needy blind in our country?

HOW RUSSIA LOSES GOOD CITIZENS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

THIRTY-TWO years ago, Isaac A. Hourwich,[1] a student in the University of St. Petersburg, was arrested and thrown into prison at the age of nineteen, upon the charge of "political untrustworthiness." His accuser, an *agent provocateur* of the secret police, declared that the young man was a dangerous character, and produced, in support of his accusation, the manuscript of an essay entitled "What is Constitutionalism?" which the prisoner had written and which had been found in his apartment. After spending some weeks in a solitary confinement cell of the House of Preliminary Detention, young Hourwich was brought before the Procurator of the Crown (Pleve, afterward Minister of the Interior) for examination. There was no evidence whatever to indicate that he had been engaged in a seditious conspiracy, or that a year's study in the University had made him a dangerous enemy of the State; but his passport showed that he was a Jew, and when a Jew, in Russia, begins to ask such questions as "What is Constitutionalism?" it is time to put him in jail. Pleve, therefore, sent the youth back to the House of Preliminary Detention, where he might meditate on constitutionalism without imperiling autocracy.

A few months later, when the Liberal statesman Loris Melikof became Minister of the Interior, the case of the "politically untrustworthy" student was again taken up, and, after another examination, Hourwich was expelled from the University and sent back, in disgrace, to his native town of Minsk. Under such a government as Russia then had, it was practically impossible for an intelligent, thoughtful, and energetic young man to keep out of trouble long, and in the latter part of 1881 Hourwich was arrested again—this time for organizing "Self-Improvement Circles" and reading to small assemblages of boys or girls Mill's essay on "Liberty," Buckle's "History of Civilization," and Professor Ivanyúkof's "Political Economy Since the Time of Adam Smith."

From an official point of view, the asking of such a question as "What is Constitutionalism?" by a nineteen-year-old Jewish boy was serious and dangerous enough; but the teaching of liberty, political economy, and the history of civilization to school children by the same boy was a menace to "social order and public tranquillity" which could not possibly be tolerated. Hourwich, therefore, was sent by administrative process to western Siberia.

Russian political exiles, as a rule, do not allow enforced change of environment to serve as an excuse for discouragement or idleness. They may be arrested, imprisoned, and banished; but in the remote and often inhospitable regions to which they are sent they generally find something to do that is useful, if not pecuniarily profitable. Some study anthropology, and compile grammars and dictionaries of little-known native languages; some turn their attention to botany or geology; some collect traditions and folk-lore stories of the Samoyedes, the Kirghis, or the Buriats; and all work industriously at one thing or another. Hourwich, who at the time of his banishment was twenty-one years of age, made a painstaking and exhaustive study of Siberian immigration. In the course of the four years that he spent as an exile in the province of Tobolsk he interviewed twelve hundred families of Russian immigrants, as they passed through Yalutorfsk and Ishim on their way eastward, and obtained from them all possible information with regard to their economic condition in the widely scattered provinces from which they came; their reasons for leaving home; their pecuniary resources; and their food, expenses, sick rate, and mortality on the

[1] Pronounced in Russia "Góor-vitch" or "Hóor-vitch." The Russian alphabet has no letter with precisely the value of "h" in "hope," but in the transliteration of such English words as "hypothesis" and "hypnotism," or such names as "Homer" and "Hayden," the Russian "g" is partly aspirated and used as a substitute for "h."

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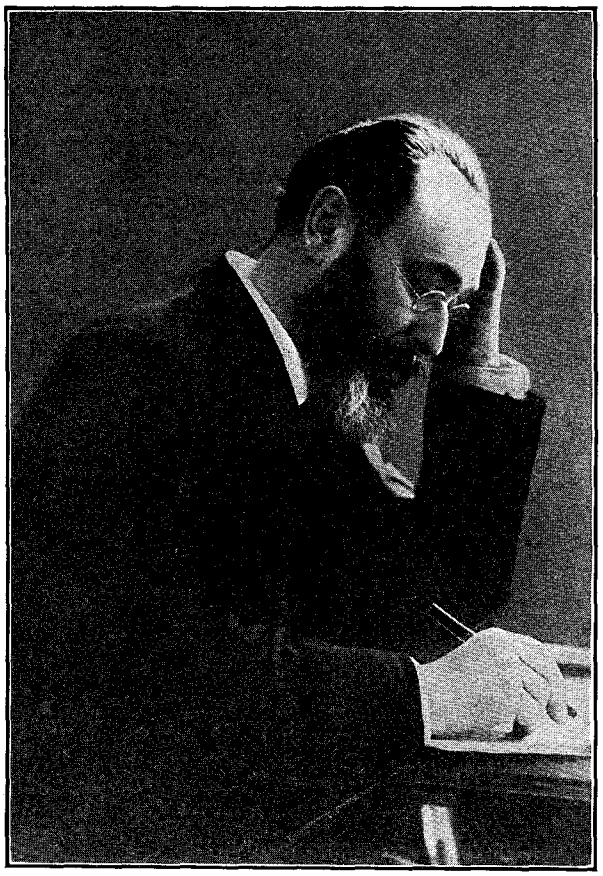

ISAAC A. HOURWICH

road. This information he sorted, arranged, and embodied in a monograph entitled "Peasant Migration to Siberia," which was subsequently published in the "Juridical Messenger" of Moscow, and was characterized by the Russian expert Kaufman as "one of the most serious and profound investigations ever made of the emigration question"—and this was the work of a boy hardly more than twenty-one years of age, who had had only twelve months of university training.

In 1885, after four years and eight months of imprisonment and exile, Hourwich was permitted to return to his home. His chief aim then was to complete his interrupted education; but all of the State Universities required candidates for admission to furnish a certificate of "political trustworthiness" from the police, and this he could not obtain on account of his "criminal" record. He soon ascertained, however, that in the Demidof Juridical Lyceum of Yaroslav there was no such requirement; and, proceeding to that ancient Russian town, he entered as a student in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Great natural capacity and untiring industry enabled him to complete the four-year Lyceum course in two years, and in 1887 he took his final examination, received his degree, and was admitted to the bar. Returning to Minsk, he opened an office and began the practice of the law.

Early in the year 1890 the life of this talented young Russian Jew suddenly became complicated with mine. I had never seen him, nor even heard of him, but the inscrutable Fate who stands by with our *dramatis personæ* in her hand, while we imagine that we are choosing acquaintances for ourselves, made me not only an unconscious actor in the drama of his life, but a powerful influence in the shaping of his future career. It happened in this way.

Late in the year 1889 the French police, acting upon information furnished by an *agent provocateur* from St. Petersburg, arrested in Paris half a dozen Russian refugees upon the charge of conspiracy to assas-

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sinate the ruler of a friendly state. Among the letters found in their apartments were a number from a Russian landed proprietor named Foinitski. An investigation of the latter's record showed that he was a "politically untrustworthy" person, and that, in going back and forth between St. Petersburg and his estate, he had made a practice of stopping in Minsk to see young Hourwich. It was at once assumed that Foinitski and Hourwich were implicated in the plot said to have been discovered in Paris, and orders were immediately issued to search their apartments and put them both under arrest. Hourwich happened at the time to be in St. Petersburg on business. Just as he was about to return to his home, he received a telegram from a friend in Minsk warning him that the police had made a search in his house. It was then that his life began to be affected by mine. We had never seen each other, and I was not even aware that a man named Hourwich lived; but when the search was ordered I suddenly became a menace to his liberty and his career. My "Century" articles on "Siberia and the Exile System" had just been translated into German, and a copy of them, in book form, had been sent to Hourwich by a friend. This copy he had left in his house, where the police could hardly fail to discover it. Possession of such a volume, added to a record of imprisonment and exile for previous "untrustworthiness," would be reason enough for another arrest, and perhaps for a second term of banishment. If he had not imprudently left "Siberia and the Exile System" in his library in Minsk when he started for St. Petersburg, the search would not have prevented his return, because he had no other compromising literature, and there was no reason even to imagine that his acquaintance with Foinitski had connected him with an alleged plot in Paris of which he had never so much as heard. My book, however, was enough to make a return to Minsk perilous,[1] and, after a few hours' reflection, Hourwich decided to abandon his country and seek refuge and safety in America. Getting together what little money he could, he made his escape through Finland and Sweden, and early in 1890 landed, almost penniless, in New York.

A foreigner who is not accustomed to manual labor, and who has no influential friends, finds it very difficult, at first, to earn a living in such a city as New York; but Hourwich was no weakling, and, taking lodgings with a Jewish apothecary named Wollman, on the East Side, he attacked the problem of self-support with cheerful courage and with an almost unlimited capacity for steady, patient labor. He edited a Yiddish newspaper at a salary of eight dollars a week; established a Russian newspaper named "Progress," which brought him in six dollars a week; gave lectures to the Jewish population of the East Side at three dollars per lecture; and devoted every spare hour that he had to the study of the English language. Although I had been mainly responsible for his flight from Russia, I had never seen him, nor become aware of his existence; but Dr. Wollman, the Jewish apothecary with whom he was living in New York, had brought a letter of introduction to me, some months before, from the exiled Russian novelist Machtet, and through Wollman I made the acquaintance of Hourwich. The latter, at that time, was about thirty years of age, and impressed me as a man of character and cultivation. He had been studying English only three months, but had made such progress that he had little difficulty in carrying on any ordinary conversation. French and German he had learned in Russia.

He had already begun to think of writing for American periodicals, and in order to help him in the realization of this ambition I gave him a note of introduction to Walter H. Page, who was then editing the "Forum." Six months later that periodical published an admirable article on "The Condition of the Jews in Russia," which Hourwich had written only nine months after he arrived in New York. For this article he received one hundred dollars, a sum that was very helpful to him at that stage of his American career. About the same time he translated for "Harper's Weekly" a number of Siberian stories from Orfanof's "Afar;" obtained a certificate authorizing him to teach the English language in the public schools of the East Side; and then wrote for the "Political Science Quarterly" an article on "The Russian Judiciary," which in style and matter was almost a model of what such an article should be. During all of this time he was hard at work preparing himself for a post-graduate course in one of our higher educational institutions. In 1891, a little more

[1] The finding of three of my "Century" articles by the St. Petersburg police in the house of the Russian author Belokonski had already resulted in the latter's arrest and imprisonment.—G. K.

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than a year after his flight from Russia, he was awarded a fellowship in Columbia, and in 1893 that university conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D. His doctor's thesis was entitled "The Economics of the Russian Village," a work which was soon published in book form, and which was described by a competent Russian critic as "almost the first attempt that has been made to treat, theoretically and statistically, the social and economic conditions of Russian village life."

Having obtained by this time a fair working knowledge of the English language, Hourwich sought and obtained a position as *privat-docent* in the University of Chicago, and proceeded to study American law while he gave lectures to a large class of students on statistics and economics. Among his pupils was Charles R. Crane, afterward nominated as Minister to China, and still later prominent as a candidate for the position of Ambassador to Russia. In 1895, after having been admitted to the bar, Hourwich resigned his position in the Chicago University, returned to New York, and began the practice of the law. As his clients were mostly foreigners of small means on the East Side, he did not find his business interesting or profitable enough to satisfy him, and in 1900, with a view to obtaining a foothold in the Treasury Department in Washington, he took a competitive examination for the position of translator in the Bureau of the Mint. As he then spoke four or five languages, he had no difficulty, of course, in securing the place. His knowledge of economics, statistics, and European tariffs soon attracted the attention of Secretary Gage, and when, a year or two later, the question of putting a countervailing duty on Russian beet sugar came up, Hourwich, as a Russian lawyer and a tariff expert, wrote the opinion upon which the Secretary based his decision. The imposition of the duty led to a tariff war with Russia, as well as to protracted litigation in this country; but in the end Hourwich's opinion was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. The Russian Minister of the Interior would have been surprised, perhaps, if he had been informed that the author of the opinion which determined the action of the United States in the sugar case was the same man who had been exiled to Siberia for reading Buckle and Mill to "self-improvement circles" in Minsk.

In 1902 Hourwich resigned his position as translator in the Bureau of the Mint, and secured more congenial and more profitable employment as expert on mining statistics in the Census Bureau. His life during the next ten years was filled with useful work. Upon the completion of the Twelfth Census he became statistician of the Public Service Commission of New York; wrote more or less on Russian subjects for American periodicals; defended successfully nearly all the political refugees whose extradition from the United States or Canada was sought by the Russian Government; and, finally, in 1909, went back to the Census Bureau as Chief of the Division of Mining. This position he continued to hold until the spring of 1913, when he resigned in order to become Chairman of the Committee on Mediation and Arbitration for the garment workers of New York, under the so-called "protocol of peace."

It is an interesting and noteworthy fact that although Hourwich has devoted most of his life to statistics, economics, and law, his earliest work and his latest work relate to immigration. At the age of twenty-one, while still an exile in Siberia, he made his first study of that subject, and at the age of fifty-one he returned to it, and has just published in New York a most comprehensive and enlightening volume entitled "Immigration and Labor," in which an attempt is made to ascertain how and to what extent immigration from Europe has affected wages, unemployment, and standards of living in the United States. The Russian expert Kaufman described Hourwich's "Peasant Migration to Siberia" as "one of the most serious and profound investigations ever made of the emigration question." The American expert is likely to use the same words in describing "Immigration and Labor"—the latest work of the same author.

In reviewing the American record of this Russian Jew one feels impelled to ask, "In what respect has he shown himself to be an undesirable member of a civilized community?" The Russian Government first imprisoned him, then exiled him, and finally forced him out of the country, and every year it is banishing or expelling hundreds of men like him. What does it gain to compensate it for the loss of such citizens? Nothing but the possibility of continuing an existence that should have ended long ago.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator has the bazaar habit. He has chaffered in the Moorish bazaars of Gibraltar, where the cross-legged followers of the Prophet sell jewelry and live chickens; and in the mountain bazaars in Switzerland, where the spruce yodelers sell jewelry and carved wood and scenic post-cards; and in the Arab bazaars in Egypt, where the descendants of the Pharaohs sell jewelry and imitation scarabs and antiquities; and at Rag Fair in Rome, where the Hebrews of the Ghetto sell second-hand jewelry and embroidered vestments and kitchen hardware and everything else under heaven. If he went to Bokhara and Samarcand, he would expect to find jewelry there in the lead, too, and probably carpets and fat-tailed sheep next. All bazaars are alike in the fundamental fact of their being, which is jewelry.

The Spectator, therefore, when he plunged into that great American bazaar which is known to fame as the Atlantic City board-walk, was not surprised to find it glittering with the sparkle of a myriad gems. This is heightened by the fact that, unlike the Oriental ones, the board-walk shops are open to the full glare of seaside sunlight. On one side the sea gleams wide to the scene; on the other trays of chains, bracelets, pins, and rings of every known and many strange and unknown jewels flash in the light. On a rough guess, every third stall along the walk is a jewelry shop, and the long line would have made Haroun-al-Raschid feel as much at home as in Bagdad.

The first requisite of a successful bazaar is a crowd that can be counted on. Atlantic City always has a board-walk crowd. It varies from high fashionables at Easter to summer trippers in August; but it is always there, with more or less money to spend. All the vender needs is a few feet of space along this never-deserted thoroughfare, and the buying public belongs to him. If he cannot get a shop window, he can crowd into a hallway, and hang it with laces and embroideries or line it with post-cards and sheet music. He can take a space of ten feet and back it with rugs and draperies to auction in the open. He can camp in the entrance of an unfinished building and sell Japanese fern seeds that produce a growth, when planted in a dinner-plate, like a Circassian girl's hair done in green. Whatever he sells, the public, some of it at least, will stop and buy. Filipino embroideries, California fruits and ostrich feathers, London hats, Paris clothes, Japanese curios, Oriental rugs, Irish lace, Florentine faïence, Naples coral, Indian baskets, Mexican drawn-work, German toys, Egyptian scarfs—the list is endless, and so are the opportunities of bargaining. All the experience of Italy and Egypt can be brought into play here. The merchants of the board-walk are themselves from every land—Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Japanese, Hebrews—and they bargain *con amore*.

The most exciting feature of bazaar bargaining, however, is the auction. The arrangement reminded the Spectator of the Mad Tea-Party in "Alice in Wonderland." Every few booths, it seemed to him, there was a placard up, announcing an auction sale of goods. After this the parties remove to the next block, and those who are being auctioned out there simply change places. Nobody is harmed, and the interest is kept up. The Spectator dropped in on one auction. The auctioneer was a fat man with an impressive voice, and was taking bids on a gold-filled mesh-bag. "What am I bid for this bag—this bag that will become an *heirloom?*" he boomed. "$9.80—why, ladies, you buy a Paris dress, and in a season it is gone. What is $9.80, in comparison, for a thing that can be handed down, always *priceless*, for GENERATIONS? I can see what it is—you are afraid you will not get your money's worth. You have no *confidence!* What is life without *confidence* in each other? It would be well for you all to *pray*, night and morning, for more TRUST in your fellowmen!"

And all that brought only five cents more. $9.85 was all that heirloom and that high philosophy reached!

From the rug booths the sound of other auctions came floating out on the air. "One hundred and three dollars—will any one give one hundred and four—one hundred and three is bid!" showed a rug sale in progress, with a crowd of men and women sitting in the rows of chairs, or lured forward to examine the rugs. "Twenty-six dollars for this carved Indian chair—twenty-six!" came from the next doorway. There was a crowd there

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too—auctions appeal to the heart of humanity, and can dispose of things that never could be sold in cold blood. But that is one striking feature of the board-walk bazaars, that they sell, easily and continually, all sorts of things that normally are valueless. Talk about the preposterous trash that is sold at the Christmas season! The Atlantic City merchandise might be called the Christmas present raised to the *n*th power—and yet it sells, and sells, and sells. There were, for instance, the "Genuine Japanese corylopsis talcum" marked with a gay label of "Samurai," and the lurid Naples landscapes on pearl shells—the Blue Grotto was the favorite—with tasseled cords to hang them by, and an inexplicable frame representing bricks and cement, and the spun-glass aigrettes, and the gold lacquer photographs, and the impossible baskets in gaudy colors, woven by the Indian maiden who chewed gum steadily.

The board-walk sows the land broadcast, above all, with the picture post-card. The Spectator found an endless variety, pictorial and philosophic, lining thewalls of the booths. To send to friends at home were such gems, in large letters on a bright red ground, as

"I AM HAPPY BUT BROKE"

and

"THIS TOWN IS OURS"

with the more melancholy message:

"ATLANTIC CITY IS NO PLACE
FOR A MINISTER'S SON"

Then there were such abstract hits as:

"AN IRISHMAN
DIES EVERY TIME THEY
ARE SHORT AN ANGEL IN
HEAVEN"

"MAN WAS MADE TO WORK
AND BE WORKED"

"THE REASON WHY
ALMOST ANY WOMAN CAN GET MARRIED
IS BECAUSE
A MAN WANTS TO INVESTIGATE
SOMETHING HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND"

"GOD MADE THE WORLD
AND RESTED.
GOD MADE MAN
AND RESTED.
THEN GOD MADE WOMAN
AND NEITHER GOD NOR MAN
HAS RESTED SINCE"

Honeymooners are provided with a great choice in postal cards to send to their friends, and so are people away from their families; and there are always crowds buying and writing and stamping cards at the desk which is a feature of each booth.

Behind the salt-water taffy stand, next to the stall where Indian moccasins, kewpies, and Teddy bears overflowed the narrow shelves, something huge and formless glowered at the back, where long glass doors seemed to extend. Was it an elephant, or a rhinoceros, or a purple cow? The girl who sold taffy smilingly explained that it was the merry-go-round, which would open next week. Shut in behind the bazaars, the tigers and tapirs and lions and giraffes whirl upon their rearing round and help the sale of Teddy bears and taffy. The kitchen novelties need no calliope to aid them. Further down the line they hold an entranced audience of matrons in rolling chairs, who sit and watch, for example, the making of "Sarah Bernhardts" out of turnips which are supposed to represent potatoes. To make a Sarah Bernhardt you take an instrument like a gimlet and bore into the turnip. It comes out at the other side, bringing its sheaves with it, in the form of a fluted cylinder looking like a short, fancy candle. One gentle twist more, and the cylinder comes apart into two chiseled spirals, ready to fry in the highest style of art. Why even the finest spiral potato fry should be named after the divine Sarah did not appear, however. Another handy "novelty" cut an apple, in the twinkling of an eye, into a water-lily candle-holder, with opened pointed leaves, and with a central candle of core left standing in the midst.

"The Juvenile Shop," with a stork and tall white lilies in the window; "The Vienna Delicatessen Shop," with its pyramids of cheese crowned with strawberries and flanked with sausage and sardines; "The London Shop," three of it (perhaps there are more, but these the Spectator saw without effort); "The Lace Shop" (five of it at least); and "The Paris Shop"—are all in the endless string along which the buyers loiter, themselves a part of the show. "I come to Atlantic City because I like to bathe in *people!*" said an acquaintance of the Spectator's, on the brink of a plunge into the board-walk sea of humanity. That is one reason why the world's great bazaars perennially attract, and Bunyan knew what he was about when he brought his pilgrims to Vanity Fair.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Southland of North America (The). By George Palmer Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

We know of no book on Central America which puts the reader into more actual touch with that country than does Mr. Putnam's. It seems of equal value whether we consult it to get some particular bit of information about Central America or whether we wish to enjoy the more relaxing pleasure of a vivacious description of a well-planned journey. As to the first value, suppose, for instance, that the recent Guatemalan incident with Great Britain, concerning practically repudiated bonds, moves us to seek for more knowledge about Guatemala's resources and government which might throw some light on the situation. In these pages we quickly discover that Guatemala is governed by a dictator masquerading under the title of President, and that the Presidential elections in that country are but a travesty. As to the second value, a reading of one chapter only may change the reader's preconceived opinion of Central America. For, despite all lacks of civilization, the region is very well worth visiting, whether the visitor be an archæologist or a fruit-grower, a lover of natural scenery or an observer of changing political and economic conditions.

Outline History of China (An). Part I. By Herbert H. Gowen, D.D. Sherman, French & Co., New York. $1.20.

No nation seems making a more rapid advance than the newest of republics—China. The sudden change in its form of government is especially striking when we reflect that China has a longer continuous history than has any other nation. The present volume gives a clear outline of that history. It is written by the Lecturer on Oriental History at the University of Washington, and should take its place among valuable books of reference.

New Testament Documents (The). By George Milligan, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

This volume of lectures by the accomplished professor of Biblical criticism in the University of Glasgow is a valuable gift to non-specialists in its subject. His successive themes are the original manuscripts, their language, the literary character of the several writings, their circulation, and their collection as a whole. He holds that we are to-day in a better position for recovering the very words of the New Testament than many textual critics are ready to admit, and that, although there are still many grave textual problems unsolved, we may believe "that in all substantial particulars the words of the autographs have been recovered." Large reference is made to recent valuable finds in Egypt, the probable limit of which has not yet been reached, and a dozen facsimile plates accompany the text. The trend of recent criticism has been toward the conservative side. With the exception of II Peter all the New Testament writings may safely be assigned to the first century. They constitute "more than a book," says Professor Milligan—"the record of the life which is life indeed."

Spirit of Paris (The). By Frankfort Somerville. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Somerville's "The Spirit of Paris" seems misnamed. As one takes up a volume with this title, the text of Theodore Child's "Praise of Paris," or Edmondo di Amicis's "Ricordi di Parigi," or Richard Whiteing's "Paris of To-Day" comes to mind. The cover design, however, suggests that this new text may be chiefly about cabaret life. Then one opens the book and discovers some exquisite illustrations of notable Paris buildings, and expects that the text will describe them. As a matter of fact, the text has mostly to do with Paris life as affected by Parisian women—the *grandes dames*, the leaders of the *salons*, the famous actresses and singers, the dressmakers, the *midinettes* and other working-girls. The text has one patent fault. It gives too much of one side of the picture. We learn about the excellences—and they are many—of French women. We do not learn so much about the less attractive side of their characters and lives.

Dante and Aquinas. By Philip H. Wicksteed. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Dante lovers and lovers of St. Thomas Aquinas will welcome a book devoted to these two characters. The great age of mediæval theology is fortunate in having two such guides as Dante and Thomas Aquinas. Dante was a poet, a prophet, and, above all, we learn, a layman; Thomas Aquinas was a theologian, a philosopher, and, as Mr. Wicksteed points out, above all, an ecclesiastic. Mr. Wicksteed's text brings out the significance of Dante's work in the direction of philosophy and theology, and describes the scholastic philosophy of Aquinas. In doing this the author makes interesting digressions into Greek philosophy, into Christian Neoplatonism, and into the later transformations of the philosophy of Aristotle. Mr. Wicksteed's style might have been somewhat more captivating; his book, because of this lack, will hardly appeal to the ordinary reader. But it will appeal to the thoughtful reader.

Safety. By William H. Tolman, Ph.D., and Leonard B. Kendall. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

With the comprehensive title "Safety," Dr. Tolman and Mr. Kendall have published a book which ought to be in the hands of every one interested in instituting new methods for pre-

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venting accidents and disease. The book has not so much to do with railway accidents as with industrial accidents. It is therefore a book, first of all, for industrialists and especially for managers of industrial enterprises, for no sane manager should conduct his business without surrounding his workers with adequate safeguards and without promoting shop hygiene. With regard to hygiene, Dr. Tolman considers successively sanitation, industrial poisons, and chemicals. With regard to accidents in general, he considers in detail the dangers from various railings and hoists, from cutting and grinding tools, from illumination and fire, from transportation, mines, electricity, and so forth. He justly contends that we should prevent at least half of our industrial accidents. The book closes with some information concerning Museums of Safety, located in cities as far from each other as are Amsterdam and Barcelona, Berlin and Budapest, Helsingfors and New York. The American Museum of Safety, in New York City, is the only one of the kind in this country. Dr. Tolman is its efficient Director.

Fringe of the East (The). By Harry Charles Lukach. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

As Mr. Lukach says, so many vicissitudes have lately befallen the Turkish Empire that it is not possible to adapt a book to every changing phase. Apparently, therefore, he gives up the attempt—which might otherwise have fascinated him—to describe the new political status of that part of the Empire through which he traveled. He tells us first of all about the monasteries of the Levant. He then describes the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, and devotes a number of chapters to Syria. He then journeys from Aleppo to the Euphrates. The whole volume is interesting; its author knows how to draw pictures of present-day life against a historical background.

Principles of Irrigation Engineering. By F. H. Newell and D. W. Murphy. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York.

The experience of Mr. Newell as Director and of Mr. Murphy as Drainage Engineer of the United States Reclamation Services insures the technical knowledge of this work and its inclusion of the fullest and latest information. It deals with water supply, storage, the construction of dams and canals, and is intended for engineers and special students interested in irrigation enterprises and projects and in several cognate subjects.

Influence of Monarchs (The). By Frederick Adams Woods. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Dr. Woods's volume is a scholarly work. It is the first application, he tells us, of the methods of historiometry—or historical measurement—to the questions of national growth or decline. The main fact which he impresses upon us is that only very rarely has a nation progressed in its political and economic aspects save under a strong sovereign's leadership. Dr. Woods takes up the histories of France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, America, Scotland, and England to prove this. But when he comes to England he is in danger of disproving it, for of all European nations no one can show such growth and progress, unassisted by sovereign aid, as can England. It is true that, prior to Elizabeth's time, the sovereign's personal influence was very strong. But, as the author is careful to point out, even in that pre-Elizabethan period there are to be found a number of milestones marking the rather spasmodic growth of democratic evolution. Certainly they are significant as forerunners of that wonderfully continuous popular progress which began with the Elizabethan era. Parts of the book could be read with profit by young students of history, but most of the text is not so popular in style. A particularly interesting feature of the volume is the first of the three appendices, in which the various countries are graded according to the sovereign.

Ravenna. By Edward Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

No one who loves history or who loves poetry can have visited Ravenna without longing to own some such book as Mr. Edward Hutton's latest publication. And no one who loves serene and profitable reading for a quiet hour could, we think, do better than to buy a copy of this book. The present volume is a geographical, historical, and critical study of Ravenna, it is true; but Mr. Hutton could not keep the account from being adorned with the picturesque phrasing he well knows how to use. He affords us glimpses worth having of the ancient city, of its history in Cæsar's time, of the Ravenna which afforded Honorius a refuge, of the city of Theodoric's Gothic kingdom, of its mediæval appearance when a greater than Honorius—Dante—found refuge there, and finally of its more modern and less interesting aspect. Mr. Harald Sund's illustrations reinforce the text. The book as a whole may not appeal to the most serious students of history. Many of them seem to require a work more of the "dry-as-dust" order, and unadorned by the very human and poetic touches which a Froude, for instance, would give and did give. But other readers will be grateful to Mr. Hutton for his latest volume.

Handbook of Modern Japan (A). By Ernest W. Clement. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.40.

Mr. Clement's handbook appears in a new edition. It is a work of little "atmosphere," but it includes many facts in a small space, and should prove a valuable book of reference.

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MANY INVENTIONS

A SAFE AEROPLANE?

No doubt fame and fortune wait the man who can solve the problem of making the aeroplane surely safe. Even promising experiments in this direction deserve careful attention. Mr. Christopher J. Lake thinks he has the secret, and it is announced that he will soon make a public demonstration. What is known, as stated in the daily press, is as follows:

The inventor is vice-president of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, manufacturers of the Lake submarines, and is father of Simon Lake, the inventor of the submarine which bears the family name. He says that in his aeroplane he has applied the same principles which were used in creating stability in the submarine, and adds that the problems of under-water and air navigation are much the same.

If a gust of wind strikes one side of the Lake machine, its inventor says, or if one side falls into an "air hole," the aeroplane will tip slightly and then recover its balance of itself. Because of its even keel in descending, the new machine presents a broad surface to the air continually and comes down like a parachute, except that it takes a long glide.

In his experiments with models Mr. Lake suspended a model from a considerable height, bottom upward, and cut the string. The machine righted itself, he says, like a cat and glided down a long air incline to the earth. Dropped sideways also the machine righted itself and sailed down safely.

Mr. Lake places strong emphasis on the ability of his aeroplane to take the air and stay in the air at reduced speeds. The driver of the type of machine now in use has to have his engine going very fast before the plane will leave the earth at all. Mr. Lake says that his machine will rise at a speed of only a few miles an hour —an easy driving gait. This machine is of the hydro-aeroplane type, and is a "multi" with the planes arranged like steps, but his new method will work just as well with monoplanes or biplanes.

TIME BY WIRELESS

There has been held in Paris an International Congress of Radio-Telegraphy which has had before it questions relating to wireless transmission of weather signals and time signals; the importance of this matter to navigators can hardly be overestimated. An accurate, regular time service by wireless would be of serious value in verifying longitude at sea, and even on land much is hoped from this form of time regulation. Professor David Todd was an American delegate to this Congress, and in "Harper's Weekly" gives an interesting account of what was accomplished:

Three years ago the French Government led the world by sending out hourly signals from the Eiffel Tower, and soon created a demand for extension of the service. The German Government followed with signals twice daily from Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, and a series of American stations has gradually been established. . . .

First, a single prime meridian was necessary, and it was agreed by the conference that Greenwich time shall be used throughout. Even the French acquiesced in this. But do they find the mention of an English "First of Aries" so humiliating that they must still call it, not Greenwich time, as all the rest of the world does, but "Paris time *minus* nine minutes and twenty-one seconds"?

Next came the agreement among the delegates that no two stations shall transmit time signals at the same hour; and a further convention specifies that an identical wave-length, say 2,500 meters, shall be adopted by all stations. Choshi, in Japan, has been sending out daily signals for the past six months, and this Government will join with the others that are provided with powerful apparatus for long-distance work. . . . A signal by both day and night will soon be receivable at every point on the globe.

Here follows a list of the stations that will be in active operation, effective July 1, 1913, together with the hours (Greenwich civil time) when their signals will be transmitted:

Paris, 0 (midnight); San Fernando (Brazil), 2; Arlington, Virginia (U.S.A.), 3; Manila, 4; Mogadiscio (Italian Somaliland), 4; Timbuktu, 6; Paris, 10; Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, 12 (midday); San Fernando (Brazil), 16; Arlington, Virginia (U.S.A.), 17; Massowah (Erythrea), 18; San Francisco, 20; Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, 22.

AN INCENTIVE TO INVENTION

Some time ago President Mellen, of the New York and New Haven Railroad, offered a prize of $10,000 for the best automatic stopping and speed-control device which would safely arrest trains disregarding fixed signals. On July 1 2,816 persons in all had entered the competition. The applicants represent every country, including China, Japan, and Australia. The officials of the railway add some facts which show not only the interest the offer has excited among inventors, but the need of such a device:

While a total of 2,816 persons have responded to the original offer, and may be said to have entered the competition, only 704 of the applicants thus far have submitted plans in reply to the circular sent to each applicant giving the conditions and requirements of the competition. This does not eliminate the others, because the conditions prescribe that to be acceptable a device must be adopted for general use by either the New Haven, the Pennsylvania, or the New York Central roads "within the years 1913, 1914, or 1915." Consequently any inventor who got his name on the list of applicants on or before July 1 has the right of qualifying until January 1, 1916.

The amount of labor involved in President

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Mellen's offer may be estimated from the fact that C. H. Morrison, Chief Signal Engineer of the New Haven, who has been placed in charge of the competition, up to July 1 had written 4,062 letters, and 1,483 copies of patents had been obtained from the Patent Office.

One of the reasons underlying President Mellen's offer was the fact that at the present time there is no automatic stopping device in regular operation on any of the steam surface roads of this country, though some roads are conducting experimental tests. The New Haven road, however, is the only road which has thus far offered a reward to inventors for such a device. The stopping devices operated on some elevated and subway lines, notably in the New York subway, while effective on such lines, have not been designed to meet some of the conditions required by steam surface lines, one of these being the ability of the device to work under all weather conditions and to be impervious to either sleet or snow.

In inaugurating such a competition the New Haven has practically taken up the work left unfinished by the Train Control Board of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which went out of existence last year. This board, appointed in 1908, tested twenty of the most meritorious of the many automatic stop devices submitted. While it did not find any which exactly met its requirements, it announced that some might in the near future be developed possibly to the point where the railroads might use them.

Of the 704 devices of which plans and models have been submitted thus far, it is announced that not one has met condition No. 1, which reads: "The apparatus should be so constructed that the removal or failure of any essential part would cause the display of a stop signal and the application of the train brakes; and if electric circuits are employed, they should be so designated that the occurrence of a break, cross, or ground, or a failure of the source of energy in any of the circuits, should cause the display of a stop signal and the application of the train brakes."

A few of the devices already submitted might be perfected, it is said, so as to meet this requirement, and no doubt this will be done. A very large percentage of the devices have failed to embody any speed control feature, also one of the conditions, this being a provision that a train at a speed less than a predetermined number of miles per hour might pass the automatic stopping device without application of the brakes. Also many have failed to meet the requirement that the device should work under snow, ice, sleet, or freezing conditions.

Despite the fact that not all of the requirements have been met, the railroad will proceed at once to test the more meritorious of the devices submitted.

AN ELECTRIC DUST CART

The city of Berlin has recently adopted a new type of dust-collecting cart which is driven by electricity. It is mounted upon three wheels and has a small tip-up body. Power is furnished from a battery of twenty-one hundred and fifty ampère hour-cells driving a motor built into the front leading wheel, through reducing gear. The machine can be driven either forward or backward, the battery current being reversed by means of a special switch. The vehicle has a traveling speed varying from fifteen to nineteen miles an hour, and can cover ninety miles on a single battery charge. As the body is made detachable, the vehicle, after its street-refuse collecting duties are completed, can be used for other work. The vehicle is also fitted with a sanding device, the distribution being carried out by a second small motor driven by the main battery. The results of the vehicle's operations are being followed with great interest, as it is a smaller, more compact, and lighter vehicle than those generally employed in such work.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SEA LEATHER

There are several varieties of leather made from denizens of the sea—the shark, the sturgeon, and less well-known finny leather-producing fishes. We find an interesting description of some of these products in an exchange:

The skin of sharks is a beautiful burnished gray or bluish color. The surface resembles finely grained leather, inasmuch as it shows many tiny prickles set all one way.

This property of shark skin renders it especially valuable to the manufacturer of "shagreen." Since the skin is at once tough and easy to work, it can be used for many purposes where decorative effects are desired.

In spite of its lumpy armor, the sturgeon furnishes a valuable and attractive leather. It has been found that when the bony plates are removed, the patterns remain on the skin, just as the patterns of alligator scales remain on alligator leather, a circumstance that adds greatly to the value of the product. From the sturgeons that abound on our Pacific coast and in the Great Lakes we get a tough leather that is used for the making of laces to join leather belting for machinery. It is said that the lacing frequently outwears the belting itself.

There is found in Turkish waters a strikingly unattractive fish called the angel-fish, classed among the littoral sharks. This fish yields an extremely high quality of green leather, much esteemed in the Ottoman dominions.

In Russia certain peasant costumes are trimmed with the skins of a food fish, the turbot, and in Egypt men wear sandals made from the skins of fish caught in the Red Sea. In our own country, too, the cod has been used in a similar manner, for in bygone days a good many shoes and gloves have been made in Gloucester from the skin of the humble cod.

Eelskin is useful for many purposes, among them the manufacture of leather binding for books and for braiding into whips.

The garfish, a fish found along our coasts, has a skin that can be polished till it resembles ivory. It is used in making picture-frames and jewel-caskets. The skin of this fish was used by certain of our Indian tribes to make a sort of armor. It is so tough and hard that, according to some accounts, a breast-plate made of it will turn a knife or a spear.

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BY THE WAY

English judges seem to lose their nerve when a suffragette case is brought before them. A recent despatch says: "Miss Emerson and Harry Golden were each sentenced to a month's imprisonment at hard labor. . . In the afternoon the magistrate recalled the prisoners and told them he had forgotten to offer them the alternative of a fine. He fined them $10 each. They paid it and were set free."

Columbia University, New York City, is one of the greatest summer schools in the country. The number of students registered this season is more than 4,500. Practically all the regular courses of the University have been thrown open to the summer students.

At a recent book sale in London $1,000 was paid for "a second folio of Shakespeare's Works as expurgated by the Inquisition of Spain, dated 1632." Such a volume would seem to make it clear that, whatever else Shakespeare may or may not have been, he was a heretic to the Church of Rome.

Is an automobile company responsible for an accident due to defective materials in one of its motor cars? A case has been carried to the Supreme Court at Washington to decide this matter. In the lower court the company's defense was that it had bought the defective spokes that caused the accident (oddly described by the complainant as "dead and dozy" spokes) from a reputable wheel manufacturer and had no further responsibility in the matter.

Dr. Joseph Swain, President of Swarthmore College, has been elected President of the National Educational Association by a unanimous vote.

The Water Gallery of the Simplon road, says Professor McKibben in "Good Roads," is one of the interesting features of that international highway built by Napoleon I. It is an arched structure over the roadway, constructed so that a stream passes over the road instead of underneath, while openings in the masonry give ventilation to the gallery. Though the railway tunnel now carries most of the through traffic, more than 10,000 persons annually still cross the Alps by this road.

George Frederic Watts, the English artist, had, according to one of his friends, the temperamental irritability of the artist, yet he so mastered himself that he became the hero of this anecdote: "When he declined a baronetcy, Thorneycroft, the sculptor, said to him: 'So you won't let them make you Sir George? Well, never mind, you will be Saint George, anyway!'"

A German church dignitary, says the "Christian Register," recently asked a curate, who had delivered a sermon before him, how long he had worked on it. "Three hours," was the reply. "What, only three hours? I devote several days to my sermons, sometimes beginning them on a Monday." "Ah, well, as the apostle tells us, there is a great diversity in gifts."

At a recent "Exposition of the Moving Picture Art" in New York City inquiry was made in vain for the "talking pictures" that are the real novelty at present in the "movie" world. Somehow one fancies that if the exhibition had been held in a Western city the managers would have shown more enterprise.

The newest field for the moving picture is the broad one of agriculture. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Galloway announces that educational films illustrating the work of the Department of Agriculture are to be prepared for use through the regular moving picture circuits, and for universities, colleges, and public schools.

A traveler in the dining car, says the "Irish World"—which in this story seems to have used the wrong dialect—had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stops." "Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

In Iowa not all the farmers' daughters are seeking positions in the cities. More than one hundred farm girls, an agricultural exchange states, are enrolled each year in the purely and technically agricultural courses at the State college.

An enterprising New York City department store is reaching out for the trade of that important class of customers, the commuters. It advertises: "When you come to town in the morning, on your way to the station, leave your order at our booth. Stop at the booth and get your package when you pass through on your way to the train at night."

Scientific experimenters in all lines of research have to pay the penalty of ignorance as to the forces they investigate. A physician states that during the past decade nearly a score of deaths have occurred in the United States among medical men from the effects of experiments with the X-rays. At present improved methods largely prevent the danger formerly incurred.

The finest hotel in the world, according to the plans of its projector, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, a member of Parliament, is to be erected in London, opposite the entrance to Hyde Park. It will occupy nearly two acres and will cost over six million dollars.

Is any one left who can say that his father fought in the Revolutionary War? John Adams, of Holden, Massachusetts, who died two weeks ago aged nearly a hundred years, was one of the last of the real "Sons of the Revolution."

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